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MEN AND EVENTS OF FORTY YEARS

Autobiographical Reminiscences of an active career
from 1850 to 1890

BY THE LATE

JOSIAH BUSNELL GRINNELL

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

PROF. HENRY W. PARKER, D. D.

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PREFACE.

By Prof. Henry W. Parker, D.D.

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The author of this volume lived to complete the book, except the preface, which has been assigned to me, who knew and loved him for nearly half a century. Much of the volume was written in Mr. Grinnell's last days, in the midst of manifold business and while suffering from disease — sometimes in severe pain while dictating to an amanuensis. Still, it is one of those valuable books of reminiscence (probably the more photographic because rapid and free in expression), of which there are too few in the past, and which give a better insight into events and men than formal history — in this case, both state and national. How few men, of wide acquaintanceship and action, appreciate the future value of their recollections, not prized by them for the same reason that posterity would highly prize the story, namely, the narrator's familiarity with the facts. I once urged upon a septuagenarian, who could well say *pars fui* of early western New York, and of much of New England in the first half of this century, the duty of talking out his reminiscences on paper; but he persisted rather in compiling a useless book on the French Revolution, which, naturally enough, had made as hearsay a profound impression on him in his boyhood.

To look *through* the eyes of Mr. Grinnell's memory in this book is to behold a great panorama of events and men, in the most interesting stages of our progress — the founding of States and the upholding of the Union and Freedom. To look *into* his eyes, as one can almost do in reading his pages, is to look into a large, noble nature of marvellous activities, of remarkable individuality;

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and this alone renders the book a blessing to the youthful who may be inspired by his energetic and lofty example.

A full appreciation of Mr. Grinnell's chapters, in the minds of those who knew him, carries with it a vivid impression of his remarkable personal qualities. The reverse of tall, of very solid build, with a short, strong neck and fearless temperament, all his sturdy fighting endowment took the direction of indomitable energy in enterprise and of intrepid assertion of everything right and good; and the always overflowing surplus of his vital energy took the shape of superabounding good nature. His manner was the freest and cheeriest to all persons, on all occasions; his plans and opinions, of the largest pattern; his disposition, utterly devoid of selfishness and any trace of meanness; his feeling, so bright and hopeful as to exclude the thought of anything dark in the universe, except it might be present injustice to be righted, or want and suffering to be relieved. Though not a theoretical, he was a practical communist, holding every hour and power and possession ready for the common good. Indeed, he must have struck every thoughtful acquaintance as a rare, even unexampled, phenomenon of exhaustless activity and generosity. Of course, with such a nature he was frank, never stinting expression of his thought and feeling, in any presence whatsoever; and so frank that sometimes, as in this book, his felicitation over all persons, all things, when it included himself might seem like egotism, whereas he most certainly held a modest opinion of himself and his deeds. In fact, he lived outside of himself in enterprises, in beneficence, and in a singularly worshipful regard toward men justly eminent, as shown by much of eulogistic tone in this book.

Some of the passages, quoted from himself in the following pages, give some hint of his pithy style, his happy humor, and his truly poetic flights, as an extemporaneous speaker — such that he was sent for or called upon on all occasions, never failing to fulfill expectation. The most of the pages give little impression of all this, written as they were in intervals snatched from business, without the stimulus of occasion and audience; and the very nature of the work, together with advancing disease, lending the sober coloring of retrospect, combined with prospect of life's termination. Genius of every kind, and especially the literary, is simply a keen perception of the subtile or manifold inter-relations of things, with daring and persistence in embodying the consequent conceptions; and I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Grinnell was a genius, and would have made his mark as an author, if he had devoted time and elaboration to literary work. The only man, so far as my limited knowledge goes, who distinctly recognized this, was Rev. H. Melville Tenney, his last pastor, who in the funeral address, said, "He was of an essentially poetic temperament . . . He caught the ideal in every situation . . . This element characterized his deeds, his writings and his public addresses. His thoughts, tinged with poetic glow, rushed out into expression, sometimes faster than logic could arrange them, and sometimes they seemed to mingle in inextricable confusion, but almost invariably emerged in some telling climax that justified all that had gone before. There was a real Carlylian strength in his style when at his best."

One period of Mr. Grinnell's early life, otherwise overlooked, was touched upon by Ex-President G. F. Magoun, D. D., on the same funeral occasion. "In the employ of the American Tract Society, he was the most useful man ever engaged by that great truth-distributing organization. He could see more people and say more in a day than any man I ever knew. He was a herald of light and truth to the early villages of Iowa and Wisconsin."

Besides being the founder of several towns (including Chapin, Iowa, named after his wife's family), and both founder and president of a university and of two banks, and other institutions, Mr. Grinnell held the following official civil appointments: Special Agent of the Post Office Department for the North-west — by President Lincoln; Arbitrator in adjustment of Wool Schedules under the tariff law — by the Secretary of the Treasury; Agent to report on Animal Industry in the United States — by the Commissioner of Agriculture. The following offices he held by popular election: State Senator, 1856, on a platform of Free Schools, no saloons, and no extension of Slavery; Representative in Congress in 1862, and re-elected in 1864, by 6,000 majority, but declined to canvass for a third term. The following were honorary appointments: Referee in the Treaty purchase of the Cherokee Neutral Lands, and as such conferring with United States Senators and the President; Receiver of the Central Railroad of Iowa, and acting Superintendent, and more than vindicated in his management by the Courts and the Press; selection by the National Cattle Association as Chairman of the Committee on Pleuropneumonia to draft the Bill passed by Congress, affecting millions of property by its enactment. Add to these, numerous presidencies and other offices in State and district associations, directorships of railroads, etc.

From a long editorial on his life and work, in the *Iowa State Register*, of Des Moines, the ensuing extracts may be made as indicating the great public estimation in which he was held, far and wide:

"Mr. Grinnell's life record would be a history of Iowa. He was one of the leaders of the noble pioneers who settled in the state within the first decade of statehood, and his unceasing efforts have done more to develop the central portion of the state than has been accomplished by any other citizen.

* * * * * *

"It is difficult to write of Mr. Grinnell in a brief article. His splendid life record has been a continuous labor of love for his State and Nation. He was a close student, a constant reader, a deep thinker and one of the most condensive writers and speakers of his time. His short, vigorous and expressive sentences always betokened his conscientiousness, fidelity to principle and unswerving integrity. Of a progressive mould he was continually striving for improved methods and better regulations in all the affairs of life No state boundaries could encompass his good work. He has been a prominent and zealous laborer in the business, church, educational, temperance and political affairs of the State and Nation, and had gained the personal acquaintance and respect of more of the leading men of the past forty years than any man who has lived continuously in Iowa during the period named. He had a personal acquaintance with Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Thad. Stevens, Horace Greeley, Henry Ward Beecher, John Brown and nearly all the other noted statesmen, scholars, ministers and patriots of his time, and was popular with all of them, as he has always been with all good people.

* * * * * *

"He was engaged for several years in compiling reminiscences of the past forty years. His notes, library and memory were all stored with data gathered by himself, and we understand that he completed his book, or nearly completed it, before he was compelled to cease his labors, by the disease that finally conquered the spirit that never acknowledged defeat from any other source. This history will be invaluable to all coming generations of this state as he has included Iowa men and times in his reminiscences of the past four decades.

* * * * * *

"After Emancipation, the good heart of Mr. Grinnell took up the work of education for the negro, as actively as he had participated in the struggle for freedom. To the black race he was the foremost and most conspicuous friend and champion in Iowa. When this state, first of all in the Union, enfranchised the negro in 1868, he was the leader of it all, and made every stump eloquent with his appeals for justice to the oppressed race. Deep in the heart of the black men always will live the memory of Mr. Grinnell.

"Mr. Grinnell's life began in Vermont in 1821, and closed in Iowa in 1891. Between the cradle at New Haven, Vt., and the deathbed at Grinnell are seventy long years of high thinking and noble living—a pilgrimage that reads like the scriptural accounts of the lives of the elect who walked with God and who in their hearts carried the consciousness of a divinely appointed mission on earth. The two facts that stand out most prominently in the earthly pilgrimage of this divinely gifted man were his devotion to truth and his love of freedom. Fearless because deeply conscious that he was right and had truth and justice on his side, he remained until the great struggle was over, a leader in the ranks of anti-slavery and pro-Union thinkers and workers. Of the end he never despaired. The dark days came, the clouds lowered, human hearts were burdened with almost more than human strength could bear, God and victory seemed to hesitate between the North and the South, the Right and Wrong — but here was one strong man, whose hope dimmed not, whose faith faltered not, and whose courage forsook him not.

"Distinguished in public life, Mr. Grinnell was loved in private life. He was a man of the home before he was a man of the rostrum, the forum or the school. With him the home was the beginning of all that is noble and all that is pure. It was with him the source of personal strength and National security. He loved his own home. He loved the wife of his heart who tenderly consecrated there her life. He loved his children with the warmth of a great heart. This man's life, so fearless in the discussion of public questions, so brave always, was as tender and as gracious as a woman's in his own home. Outside of the love of his family he was loved by thousands. He had troops of friends and never were friends more loyal to any man. He held them in the grasp of his strong love, and as he neared life's end they grew nearer and dearer to him. They thought of him and he thought of them. They inquired more and more earnestly after him as he grew weaker and weaker, and from a deeper depth of gratitude sent back to them his fervent, 'God bless you all'.

"Mr. Grinnell, by residence belonged to Grinnell, by faith to the Congregational Church and by politics to the Republican party, but in a wider, truer sense he belonged to no city, no sect and no party — but to the people, to the state and to the cause of the greatest good for all men. His good will, sympathy and assistance were denied to no good cause. He investigated all subjects of human thought. He labored in all fields of human endeavor. And whatever he espoused, whatever he touched, he enriched with the love of a warm heart and the genius of a determined spirit striving for success. Poor, struggling, full of hope, full of ambition in his youth; active, pushing, energetic, enterprising, determined in the prime of life; in old age an oracle, and in death mourned and regretted — such are the life and death of Iowa's noble pioneer and honored citizen, who lies awaiting the last sad rites, at his old home in Grinnell."

Mr. Grinnell died of throat disease, complicated with asthma, March 31, 1891, at his home, fronting the park in Grinnell. The eloquent tributes paid to him by his neighbors and the western Press would make a volume; some extracts are given in an Appendix. He was buried with the heartfelt mourning of the whole community.

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REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF FORTY YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

Birthplace — Ancestry — Family Pioneers — Childhood — The Old Church and Minister — Youthful Episodes — The Boy Schoolmaster — The Harrison Campaign.

I KNEW the fortune, if it might so be counted, of rural life and humble poverty. The sorrows of orphanage were mine, but from the dissipations and perils of youth in cities I had a happy exemption. My claim as a loyal Vermonter has ever been unquestioned, and I refer to my oration in New Haven, after nearly a half century of absence, while speaking in the old church in the presence of veterans, friends of my parents, and the later generations, as to the minister who moulded the people, and the rude but virtuous life of the pioneers.

My father's name was Myron, the eldest son of Reuben Grinnell, whom I introduce later. I was born in New Haven, Vermont, on the 22d of December, 1821, Forefather's day. My father, as the orator of the day, was addressing a crowd of grown-up pilgrims, in the church, at that hour, rather than greeting the arrival of myself, a young pilgrim.

Josiah was the name given me, in honor of a noted clergyman of the town, Josiah Hopkins, while the second name, Bushnell, was said to be jointly for the Reverend Jedediah Bushnell, of Cornwall, and (that the youth thus heavily laden with honor might be inclined to the ministerial vocation) the famous Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, a leader of progressive theology, honored by a public park and a monument. Then, Hon. Campbell Bushnell, a lawyer of fame, ever claimed that I was named for him, also, by his next friend, my father, which is confirmed by a correspondence; and if there were wanting an apology for myself, a humble actor in the role of the ministerial and legal professions, I might find it both in the names borne and honorable associations of friendship and blood.

Grinnell is a reminder of Huguenot origin, and an ancestry rich in traditions of history, and of men tried and true in the dark hours of religious persecutions — men with iron in their blood. In peace, their children were men of affairs. They could scale mountains, navigate seas, and must be classed with the great reformers, without "principles for sale" or religious convictions to barter. It is the common remark of those who have studied our genealogical tree that there has never been one of the name convicted of an infamous offense, which opinion I have no occasion to discredit, however indifferent many of the name may have been to their blood, and a fortunate history and environment.

Grinnelle, in the original French, became the same name withont the terminal "e" or with one less "l," and abbreviated by the loss of an "n"; thus arose the variations of a name from one root, being many branches from the same trunk. There was a family "Coat of Arms." I only look at it, but I do not presume to wear it, as I think our children will not. I do not forget the more than traditional honor of the family. Grenelle Spring, in Paris, so noted, was once in their possession, and is still known for its medicinal value and historic surroundings.

It is no idle boast that our ancestors were real Huguenots. Their faith and manhood were tested on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685. The issue was sharp — the renunciation of their Protestant faith, or the alternative of a bloody strife and expatriation in poverty. They chose a peaceful course, and the chronicles of the time give their exit to a home on the chalky cliffs of Cardiff, Wales, leaving parks and gardens to their intolerant foes. Here, for twenty-five years, enterprise and sturdy manhood were blended with patriotism and religion. Then the family was lured into the migratory tide across the ocean, where they found a rude home at Little Compton, Rhode Island, in 1710. Their early shelter, a stone house, from which went forth kindred of various tastes and ambitions, is still standing. The late Moses H. Grinnell, some thirty years ago on the high wave of prosperity, commissioned me to make a purchase of the historic stone house for the family, a service which I regret was omitted, and the possession will be left, if ever gained, to some member of the family of enterprise.*

Persons bearing our name are few, but they are of diverse tastes, and found engaged in many vocations. There was one branch in the South, planters, whom I regret to say developed into enemies of the Union, and are known, many of them, to have fallen in the late war, and are now unknown by their loyal kindred in the North. There was the commercial branch, Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, being one of the most conspicuous members, just deceased, over ninety years of age. He was a banker, a railway president, and held a place in congress forty years ago, shaping our commercial policy as a nation. Henry Grinnell, of New York, died in 1874, at the age of seventy-five years, a quiet merchant prince, who, with munificent liberality, instituted search for Sir John Franklin and party, and thus was discovered what is known as "Grinnell Land." His enterpise became more than national. Moses H. Grinnell, another brother, was of the renowned firm of Grinnell & Minturn, New York, great ship-owners. Mr. Grinnell was elegant in tastes, liberal, as evinced by the contribution of $20,000 in a single political campaign; long a member of Congress, Collector of the Port of New York under President Grant, losing the mass of his fortune in building the Hudson River Railroad, and spending the later years of his life abroad, offended in his political honor by President Grant, who would not accept his resignation, but later appointed an enemy rather than a friend to the Collectorship. I forbear to give the details of this painful episode, but remember well his last allusion when I said, "President Grant asked yesterday for your health," on which I gained the reply: "Will you please inform the President that he is the last person to whom I should answer; for in my dealings with men in the last forty years he is the only official who had the power and inclination to bring to me shame, I will not say dishonor." This circumstance I related to the President, who said it pained him that his friend would not tolerate an explanation of an occurrence which he had many times regretted when too late to make atonement to his great-hearted, public-spirited friend.

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*I do not forget that there are persons of our name who insist that there was an arrival of a branch of our family at Plymouth, in the early colonial days. Proud of a noble origin, embracing the traditional "three brothers," whose families became widely scattered in various pursuits, I do not hold this a simple family legend, and we must wait on the leisure of some one curious in genealogical research for names and dates.

The late Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, Mass., gave my version of their origin, migration and settlement. Still, if antiquarian researches are prompted by this, and we are found to be of a family of higher repute, it will be no cause of regret.

The New England Society of New York elected Mr. Grinnell its President for some ten years, and a fashionable club-house of that city deemed itself fortunate in possession of his late palatial residence, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, so long distinguished for the elegant and liberal hospitality of its owner.

Of this family I mention only the daughter of another brother, Cornelia Grinnell, who married the poet, N. P. Willis. She opened and maintained in her widowhood a ladies' school in New York. Admiral Hy. Walton Grinnell, the son of Henry Grinnell, served in the navy during the war with honor, later in the service of the Mikado of Japan, still later public adviser to the Republic of Ecuador, and now, I think, has retired after a distinguished career.

Hon. George Grinnell, of Greenfield, Massachusetts, was long a member of Congress, afterward wearing the ermine of a just judge, an officer in the Congregational church for half a century, and lived to an advanced age. His descendants have upheld the repute of the family. Hon. James S. Grinnell, known as an agricultural writer, is an authority on rural affairs. Hon. W. F. Grinnell, long in the Consular service, married a sister of our Vice-President Morton, of whom he was a business partner, and with whom he now holds a confidential and honored relation in Washington. Leaving unmentioned a large class less distinguished, but alike worthy of honorable family mention, I pass now to

OUR OWN FAMILY.

Our grandfather was Reuben Grinnell, a farmer, who removed from Salisbury, Connecticut, to Lanesborough, Massachusetts. In the year 1791 he migrated to what is known as Lanesborough Street, in the town of New Haven, Vermont. His children were seven, none of whom survive, nor are their descendants numerous. Among the sons was Heman; his only son was the late Josiah Hopkins Grinnell, M. D., of Messina, New York. His son, Professor Ashbell Parmalee Grinnell, M. D., is at the head of the Medical University at Burlington, Vermont. He is a surgeon of merited distinction, for whom not his kindred alone predict greater professional eminence. Another son, Judge Julius Sprague Grinnell, of Chicago, is a graduate of Middlebury College, Vermont, who has early attained national fame, by the arraignment, prosecution and conviction of the Chicago anarchists in 1887. The world knows of their imprisonment and execution, deemed a severe blow to Socialistic theories, and the violence of agitators under our flag. Julius is now an able and popular judge of the Superior Court, and justly a favorite in the professional ranks which he adorns.

Myron Grinnell, my father, was a brother of Heman, and the eldest son of Reuben, with whom, after a mention of my maternal ancestors, the family narrative will continue.

Grandfather Nathaniel Hastings was born in Scotland; proud, according to the family traditions, of the eminence of his name in the annals of that country of renowned heroes. He was the son of a farmer. While yet a youth he came to this country and bore a part in the war with Great Britain, serving on the side of his adopted country, and was wounded at the battle of Plattsburg, with honor dying from his wounds. There was left a dependent family, among whom was Catherine Hastings, who gained a good education by her own exertions and became the wife of Myron Grinnell, to whom there were born four sons; the second being Josiah Bushnell, the writer of these sketches.

As to our family tree: It was neither gorgeous nor traced to a deep root. If it were, I would not minister to family vanity by a genealogical record, on which, in want of personal force, so many ordinary mortals lean heavily. My parents were from the common people, grand as was the French ancestry. Father was an elegant writer, and a school-master, whose pupil was the only New Englander knighted by the Queen—the late Sir Curtis M. Lampson, Bart., of London. He, through regard for my father, asked me to become a guest at his home in London. Mother was early an orphan, born in Barre, Massachusetts, her father having been mortally wounded in the war of 1812. She was intelligent, wise and kind. I once thought her too rigid in discipline of the boys, but not now, after the lapse of thirty-nine years since she passed to her sure and great reward.

Grandfather Reuben Grinnell, and grandmother Mabel, were characters whom their descendents remember with pride. Too early they fell by the fatal epidemic in New Haven, in 1814. I learned more of them by the lips of our early minister, Josiah Hopkins, D. D., for whom I was named, than from all other sources—that not being our day of newspapers and biographies.

A WEDDING TRIP.

What changes! We ride in the Pulman cars. It is true tradition that Grandfather Reuben, with an ax, "blazed his way" from Salisbury, Connecticut, up through the forests of Vermont, made a clearing, put up a log house, and returned after marriage to the new home with his bride, on a sled drawn one hundred and fifty miles by oxen. Their arrival was at night, only to learn that the cow, left at the spring by the stack of marsh hay, had been killed by the Indians or white marauders, and the cabin burned so far as the green logs would allow. The bride admitted in later days to the children, that she dropped tears over their calamities and perils by the Indians.

"We can go back," said the husband, "or to the nearest settlement." "No, no," was the sharp answer, "I came here to stay, and am not going back to be laughed at—until we hear the Indian whoop. We can put on a new cabin roof, and there is the spring left, and no fear of starvation, with plenty of fish and game for the winter.

There is your heroine! The spirit of the Vermont mothers, worthy to rear and impel the boys, even the grand boys, to deeds that have since been heralded over the world.

This is Dr. Hopkins' description of grandfather, his next man for twenty-one years: "Energetic, brave, but a stammerer—no stumbler in locomotion—very thick in speech, except when he prayed; then he was clear, fluent and fervent." By his history I judge they were not mere words. Families came in good numbers to New Haven with the tidal wave of immigration, and the next thing was a church. He said, passing through the woods, "That pine tree is the finest in the forest, and must be saved, with its like, for the meeting-house." Fifty years after it was felled and placed in the church I sat upon the tree-stump, proud of my ancestral relation.

How came the church? On this wise: Grandfather said, "Let the land rest one year—Moses was the best farmer as well as lawmaker, and he ruled that at periods of seven years the land should rest. Ours is overplowed, and I move that there be no sowing of grain this year. I have spared my best trees, handsome as the cedars of Lebanon, and our land is worth no more than acres in old Sodom, if, with our rising families, we cannot have a church and a minister." A grand pioneer!

The meeting-house went up, and it stood the only one in town, spacious, comely and firm, until, after ninety years, it was destroyed by fire. The grandchildren have replaced it with an edifice of elegant adaptation.

The adoption of Moses' plan, allowing the land to rest, enforced an ancient theory in farming, the next year bringing the equal of two ordinary crops. A minister was the next demand. From the records in the old town I learn that the first minister received as salary, "Five dollars a Sabbath, one-fourth cash in the spring, and three-fourths cattle in the fall." It was a Yale College graduate, Rev. Silas Bingham, who was the first recipient of this munificence. Then came Mr. Hopkins, who had been reared a farmer, and was anxious to lessen the salary burden by labor, if land could be had on which to work. Grandfather took up the plan of utilizing the generosity of the able-bodied young minister, who had heard it hinted that a very fine chopper was spoiled to make a common divine. The response being, "Well, let me keep my hand in, if I should return to at least an honest occupation." There was a parish meeting. A home for the minister was the living question, and grandfather hinted to the large landholders on the Street that this was the time to test how much they valued the worth of a minister in the community. No one responded. "Well," said he, "I'll give the land"; then, to the question, "How much land do you propose?" the answer was, "For the Lord's cause, and not to shame my rich neighbors, —— steps on front, down through the sugar orchard, cedars and all. Who'll measure it? The honest man who'll live on it."

This was related by Dr. Hopkins, forty years afterward: "The parish seemed to be out the next morning to witness the land measuring; I declined the delicate service, a wag saying it wasn't fair to take the steps of the tallest man in town in cutting off a man's farm; but I stepped it, and while I heard no regrets at the gift, it was rumored that your grandfather did say, 'I thought he had the longest legs I ever saw.' The stakes were set, and the land was over twenty acres, the most liberal act, and the best stroke of policy for the church, during my stay of twenty-one years in New Haven."*

Dr. H.'s resignation is fresh in memory. I came from school hungry, and father and mother came home from the church meeting. Mother, with closed doors, I could hear sobbing in the bedroom. After coming out we plead to know what was the matter. She could not speak. At supper nothing was eaten save by the boys; father saying with a trembling lip, "Children, do you know Mr. Hopkins is going away?" It dispersed the family, and there was too much grief to partake even of breakfast.

There was little of excitement for the boys in these early times—no water near for swimming or to make ice for skating. I was not, by a mythical spaniel, brought out near drowning, for real safety was in my ignorance of either skating, swimming or rowing, which may account for my aversion, in all my later life, to water in large quantities.

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*On Saturday, p. m., the wife of Deacon Tripp called on the family, to find a cold room in mid-winter, thereupon Mrs. Hopkins informed the Doctor in his study over the wood-shed, that there was no wood in the house. The reply was, "Neither is there outside, and Sunday is upon us." That was an announcement—a bee in the bonnet of the deacon's wife that buzzed over Sunday, bringing out a captain for a frolic, enjoining a surprise with a load of wood from every parishioner, fowls plucked and in feathers, pork and beef, in halves and quarters, urging a contribution from every heated oven, and the presence of matrons and young maidens. The surprise was only more perfect than the carnival was gay, in a house overflowing with gifts and guests, the tea-cup stimulating within, and the flask, bottle and the jug without, up to the going down of the sun, when the house became too narrow for the provisions and the wood-yard and garden too small for the loads of maple and beech, from the trees felled from the parish lot and those gained by trespass over the fence from the Grinnell woods. Within the house there was reported seven cheese tubs of cake and pastry and thirteen quarters of beef; and the greater curiosity, a wood pile not fully worked up and burned for ten years. It was the scene of hilarious conviviality, and on the departure of the guests, the minister was called on for a speech, which he gave from the top of a wood-pile, as recalled after twenty-five years:

"Friends, I am cornered, not '*corned*,' but crippled in my labors, ruined as to my garden, covered with logs from the sugar orchard. If you wish me to save you from a suit for trespass on the Grinnell woods, over the fence, I will make your plea—'the deep snow covered fences.' Do you think I can live long enough to burn up this wood-pile? It will be only by a providential interposition and life far into dotage. I was a chopper in my day, but it calls out the perspiration to think of these huge logs. Can I ask a favor, that you relieve the house by taking back, or to your neighbors, loads of provisions more than my horse can draw?" The crowd shouted, "No, No!" "Then if I am to distribute, you may understand that preaching in the parish is suspended until spring."

Great red-letter day for the parish, but loud calls from other churches, with friction growing out of the Masonic excitement, led to a dismissal for Auburn, N. Y., with warm counsel, praise and sorrow in the town.

I indulge only in an optimistic view, and say not that "the former days were better than these, for thou dost not speak wisely." Dare I give you a farmer boy's recollection it would be of bare feet and nursing stone bruises; binding Canada thistles with stray stalks of wheat; guiding in locomotion a string of steers at a plow, with a rebound at stumps and stones, which struck one's anatomy with the handles, but in a severer shock at the doctrine of the "perseverance of the saints." Families rode to church in springless lumber wagons, over hubs and stones, affording painful exercise rather than amusement to the young, and to the mothers in weariness a doubtful means of grace. Money to most was not a snare, nor its possession a delusion. I recall a half day kept from school to ride a horse in corn ploughing on a scant sheep-skin and a sharp backbone, often impaled on the harness hames by a sudden collision with stumps and rocks — and, as my mother was a widow I was generously paid with a bright, full-orbed silver five cents. As a carrier of letters from the post office, I have withheld for twenty-five cents postage a letter from "The Ohio" to the fond "girl I left behind me." On the one newspaper subscriber there were many calls, and if they who "go a borrowing, go a sorrowing," there was much grief in the neighborhood. The great church early gave the wood ashes to the sexton for his service, and on his retiring, fires were made by charity and the bell rung later by chance. Those high gallery pews screened card players behind the choir, and boys in the corner at play at fox and geese; on the stealthy approach of the tithing-man, one boy could swallow the black fox and the other pocket the geese. I recall now the jutting tufts of hair in the high, remote African pew, giving nearer access to their God in worship than to brother mortals. Hymns were usually in dolorous long meter and sermons in longer measure; which, with hard seats and chilled extremities, the genius of mental and physical punishment seemed to have inaugurated a preparation for the abode of the incorrigible.

Sheep-washing was a frolic, and like the return from the barn or house-raising, there was much reeling, and the usual admixture of profanity, not confined to the grown men. A story is told of father, which places him in the family line as a pioneer in thought.

After a temperance address by father, a moderate toper protested against signing the pledge, saying that he "washed sheep and must have it," to which father replied, "I can prove it is a delusion, wait and we will see," and, at the next washing, father was set upon and wet all over by dashing the sheep on a chilly day, yet not taking cold, and fully sustaining his total abstinence theory. A brother wag of the toper would take the pledge with a reservation, "at weddings and sheep-washings." This was said to be the ludicrous device: tethering a sheep near the house, and dipping it in a trough of water as often as a drink was taken, which cut short the life of the animal without prolonging by abstinence that of its owner. I do not vouch for the verity of this last story, but it was neither a humane nor a philosophic expedient of the veteran toper.

The cider mill, which was an established institution of the time, I recall, for we were partners in a concern which I now see to have been an insidious foe of good order, and leading to the first steps in a career of drunkenness, poverty and crime.

To travelers all was free at the cider mill; the sweet, little tasted; the hard, well patronized. And there was real stimulation in taking out the bungs from the old barrels and inhaling the fumes; next in effect to a draught of cider-brandy. I was an imitative boy, and bantered the young company to see who could longest inhale at the bung. Soon I began to be pale and reel, and, to test my condition, not simulated, there was a race, and in the contest my plunge was into the head of a barrel, from which I was borne and placed in bed, and a doctor was called, to pronounce, "alcohol on the brain," and my recovery doubtful. Mother said it was brutal to encourage a race for sport, and she would like to see the old mill go up in flames. This was my first and last boy exhibition in a state of intoxication, and has found me not more inclined to smile at the reeling and drivel of a drunkard than to take pleasure in the urging of peaceable dogs to a brutal contest, by their owners and supposed superiors.

To mother I have alluded in her indignation. She was strict, but not severe in discipline. A home Sabbath-school was known in my early boyhood, and "it was verse a day, and all the same verse," and these must be committed, and repeated correctly before the Sunday supper — no verses, no supper; and there was for years no modification of this maternal edict. It seemed a severe exaction then, but a hundred times since I have used the verses learned, as more than the small change in society; an accomplishment to quote and repeat in story or argument what I learned under an early regime, as serviceable as passages in Homer or Shakespeare. If one asks as to the rigid exactions of those days, I cannot advise. There were not as now many books, and a religious newspaper was a luxury. A family could draw at Sabbath-school a small book, and borrowing papers from the neighbors was in line of service with that of bringing up mugs of cider on a friendly call; both monotonous, even humiliating.

Our mother took a high view as to religious duties. No matter what the pressure, it was the rule, not an incident, that we were called into the quiet corner room for morning prayer — the door bolted. It was my firm conviction that she expected Divine direction after father's death, and that she would be wisely guided in mapping out a course for, and in the training of, her four rather rollicking boys.

My first and last profane oath was uttered when ten years of age. Not that I have not "felt swear" a thousand times, and used the common "by," etc., of youth; but even in anger or war time never got down to the plane of a vulgar oath. If this seems a boast, I rather call it a proof that a common and profane practice is without excuse. I was driving the cows to pasture, and clandestinely indulging in a barefoot race, when I struck my toe against a stone, to make a bruise, and bring out an oath. Horrors! Mother, I thought, would know it, and the heavens seemed full of accusers, and I so fainted in my fright as to be compelled to sit down on a rock, and made a resolve, which by the grace of God I have kept — never to use a profane word, no matter what the temptation. My veneration is not large, and to good counsel and example, rather than to any special goodness, I must attribute at least negative virtue.

A RIDE WITH SPURS.

The horse was to me an early and a great attraction, and I should be pardoned for an almost idolatrous equine devotion in later years. A boy must have his experiences. There was no colt in the neighborhood on whose back I did not covet a seat; impatient with our "old Kate," reputed very lazy. The troopers I had seen with their spurs and plumes, and the only striking picture I can recall in my bed-room was one of Bonaparte on his steed, crossing the Alps. A pair of spurs I borrowed, and when some distance from the barn, in a field, put them on to test the speed of old Kate. A saddle was a necessity to good riding with spurs, a serious fact I soon learned. Mounting, there was at once too much speed for the safety of the rider, and the tighter I clung the sharper was the piercing, and the more frantic was the mare. The barn was the objective point of the beast, regardless of the rider, and there was a leap of the bars, and a bound by the cow, over the milk maid on duty, screaming in fright, and I passed through the stable door with less than the safety of John Gilpin in the race, and was thrown over the head of the brute into the manger, from which I was borne, spurs and all, to account for a venture which came near costing me my life. It cured me of my aspiration to become a trooper, if not deterring me from a Colonelcy of cavalry offered to me by the Secretary of War, who, of course, was in profound ignorance of my aptitude, and this early episode.

MILITARY INFANTRY SERVICE.

For this I had little taste. In a country of game, in Vermont and the West, I never took an hour for hunting; and the first, last, and all of my slain by lead were a prowling dog, a vexatious squirrel, and a prairie chicken on the wing. Among Indians, cowboys and desperadoes in Texas, and elsewhere, I never bore a pistol — and I now regard it as good policy. I carried no weapon of defense above a penknife. I did, however, carry a gun at training, and made my bow like most of the boys on being chosen a corporal. I coaxed my way, in place of the hired man, to the muster. The company and recreation I fancied, without any special delight in gunpowder. After weary and ludicrous evolutions, there was a finale of a sham-battle, loading and firing by platoons. The "confused noise" and orders put me off my guard, and I went through the motions with a flint lock, only certain that the powder was burnt in the pan. There was disbanding with a cheer, after that day's training in the ways of valor, to meet any armed foe in the "deadly imminent breach."

The old French musket was returned, and then I met derision which cooled my military ardor. It was not revived by the dress parade of one hundred thousand men which I saw under McClellan, ever drilling and getting ready to "move on to Richmond." "That old gun seems to be loaded yet," said the owner. It was; wad after wad was withdrawn, and with each a pile of powder left upon the floor up to seven or eleven, I do not recall which, but certain of the kind of load, which was, whether

"Aimed at duck or plover,
Sure to knock the owner over."

It was only good luck that the gun did not go off and burst with my best intentions, for I should not have been alive to tell the story, nor my companions in arms, who, rejoicing in a fortunate escape, rallied "the corporal" on his claims to promotion and prospect of military renown. I accepted the fiasco, ominous of my failure as a nimrod and a soldier, and have never thought concealed weapons necessary to a brave spirit; nor even the best defense against personal violence. I have cherished a collateral heresy, doubting the maxim as a good one for an upright nation, "In time of peace, prepare for war." We do not act on this in our relation to other nations, and those foreign people who do, are bearing colossal burdens against which the people are protesting with voice soon to be louder than the artillery of the Captains of war, who with their conceits and ambitions make only pawns of men in the great games of slaughter.

AN EXPERIENCE OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

My first visit to a show is fresh in memory. It was not a caravan; but in a ball-room, a long narrow hotel hall. I was nine or ten years of age, and the novelty of the exhibition was a ballad singer, a phrenologist and a miniature railroad—less than sixty years ago there being no riding on railroads.

The lady singer, I dare say, was from Boston, that city from which came our taste for fresh, frozen cod-fish, music teachers and fancy-dressed people called fops. This singer indulged in all the airs and show of opera girls, as I afterward learned. How she did trill and scream! What an open countenance on the high notes! "Isn't she good-looking?" said the rustic boys. "No," answered the jealous sisters, "she paints, I know it!" There was what was then called "low-dressing," and what is now termed "décolleté."

Thereupon a heated discussion, by the mothers, as to the delicacy of the exhibition, avowing it as their "last visit to such a show."

The bland bump-man could not readily find subjects to examine, after his laughable hits of character, and the boys came up. Mother told it years after. "Lead up that tow-head!" I was the subject, and judge there was not much flattery; but in blue days, later, found only this stimulant, "Keep up courage; don't you know the phrenologist said you would turn over in your coffin, after other people said you were dead, and here you are in dumps." This little incident made me what you call an "optimist," but before I heard that name, the guess of the lecturer was many times a stimulant, and moved me with courage in the face of ridicule and in the company of expediency-cowards in many a varied role.

That railway, and the ride thereon, I recall vividly. There was a portable, elevated wooden track and a miniature locomotive, with steam up; the car only large enough for a child. A ball-room trip was made in a few seconds. It did not require much coaxing to take a ride; yet I was then ignorant as to how they put on the brakes, to keep the engine from rushing through the windows; but I did not care to give up the seat after being praised for courage and the prediction, "That boy will be a railroad man some day." The truth is a marvel that I can state, that in the last fifty years I have ridden a distance equal to many times around the globe, without personal injury or more than a trivial accident to passenger trains in my charge as a manager, imperiled by freshets, storms and vile wreckers. What a change! Cars were then only freighting stone for Bunker Hill monument—three miles against one hundred and seventy or eighty thousand miles of railroad now, built at a cost equal to the entire wealth of the country then, aiding in facile locomotive a hundred fold, and employing the brains or hands of four or five millions of our people.

A conscience the small boy had, and as good as new—with a good reason, for he had not used it.

An early, slight peculation is not forgotten. "Will a conscience beggar him who keeps it?" and did the small boy who strove to live well, seek to "live without it?" I was on an errand to the postoffice, at the house where the family were in the basement at breakfast. On my way down the stairs, I saw on a shelf a new object to me—a mammoth peach stone, which I coveted, and put in my pocket. Leaving the house, I did not show it to the boys, feeling guilty. At the Sabbath-school, Miss Squire, an accomplished lady, was my teacher. She afterward became a bride, Mrs. Henry, and mother of Mrs. Gen. Alger, the wife of the distinguished man—head of the Grand Army of the Republic—Gen. Logan's successor in fame. That lady talked to the boys about petty thefts. The peach stone so disturbed me that I hid it. Of little value as it was, my teacher had made me uneasy by her appeal, and there were no pleasant thoughts until I stealthily, on another postoffice errand visit, left the peach stone in the place where I found it. It was a forced act, without any peculiar, personal merit; but this is my tribute, after near sixty years, to a lady who knew how to counsel a wayward boy, not yet quite bereft of conscience.

My father died in the spring of 1831, of brain fever. I remember him tossing on the bed amidst the wildest shrieks, after calm resting, when he had called us together, despairing for himself, yet giving dying counsel recalled not in the words, but the spirit. While not a member of the church, he used to take a part in meetings, and officially examine school teachers for the town, as I recall by the affrighted candidates, especially the girls, who came before him. Justice courts were held in the house, and patronizing lawyers, from out of town, took us on their knees, I am slow to believe, for the purpose of gaining the "favor of Court."

Mother said later, it was bad enough to make a court-room of the house, but to have them wrangle over Masonry until morning often, was a bitter experience. Father, I think, stood by the Order, saying the stories were false, and that, if he could live to see the boys grow up good church members, they would be found in safe and reputable society.

STERN DAYS.

A guardian was the next demand for the orphans—under the law a mother—but later as adviser, Mr. Jonathan Hoyt. If in New York, he would have been styled a burgher; in Vermont a squire He was acting postmaster, and the owner of a spacious village home, and well-stocked farms. I should add he had been sheriff of the county, was a severe critic of men, an entertaining story-teller, finding eager listeners among noted guests, and in the village stores.

My passing under his guardianship grew out of a village fruit depredation. It was hinted that "Widow Grinnell's boys" were not clear of suspicion. I had no part in taking the fruit, and only witnessed the fright of the escaping boys tangled in potato vines, even to falling, and who came near being impaled on fences by rent clothes, which forbade personal denials by the guilty party.

Squire Hoyt, visiting mother, guessed that a separation would keep the boys from "behind the bars," and proposed that I should make my home with him. I assented, and found great diversion, and enough to do, and still think it to my credit that I was not out of the house a night for five years. That I was allowed to attend school only in the winter, made me backward and restive when I saw other boys fitted out with their blue suits, books and pocket money, for the distant academy. But I was a favorite with Mrs. Hoyt, who was gentle, good, mother-like and a Christian. She checked my aspirations, while the care of animals, and their sale, nursed the boy's vanity. I drove the fastest horses in town, engaged the haying hands, and was an adept in sheep-shearing—tiresome, merry occasions. Cattle were brought in autumn from long distances, and with a vein of independence I drove alone a small herd, more than twenty miles, reaching home only by the aid of the larger animals, to whose tails, in my weariness, I clung with a laughable despair. A species of flattery kept me from book learning, while enlarging my study of men. Great was my elation when asked by my guardian if I could bring the town money through the almost impassable mud, from the city of Vergennes, six miles distant. It was a part of the French indemnity in 1834, and I overheard a sharp-eyed cashier say, "it wasn't safe to send so large a sum of money, in bank bills up to the thousands, with so small a boy."

On a second trip, one of my mates asked for a ride with me in a sleigh warm with furs, and after a fleet horse. Here I mention with gratitude a fortunate resistance to a wild, but satanic suggestion. "Wouldn't it be fine to have so much money; let us take it and be off to Canada." (Long before the Hegira of our defaulters). "It is now eight o'clock. Sleighing is fine, and the mare will put us across the Canada line before morning. It is the town's money—it can stand it, and we'll never be caught." I escaped this great temptation offered to me by a boy older than myself, who left his own home very early as a runaway and never returned.

The repulse which I gave him is not remembered; but I know that our mothers were mentioned, and the disgrace, which he sought to ward off as a joke, was known afterward as a plot.

A permission to make sales of stock and handle money, made me vain. The sheep sale became the "store talk." Ex-Gov. Chittenden, a gentleman of dignity, drove up, and said that he passed a flock of sheep which he learned was for sale, and asked if the owner was about. I answered: "He has gone to Michigan; but the sheep are for sale, and I will show them." They suited the Governor, and thereupon a bargain was struck. "I will take them when Hoyt returns." I answered, "The feed is short, and the offer of a bargain is only for to-day." "Are you not rather a small boy to trade with?" "Yes, but you can go and ask the merchant about me in the store." Mr. Roscoe came out, and said, "Trade with the boy, if you can"; and then eight hundred dollars passed into my hand (no iron safes in the country then), an incident talked about, and to feed my youthful vanity still more, while I was beguiled along in ignorance of books.

At sixteen years of age, in vain I plead for a portion of my rightful income from land. The answer was, "Not a dollar for academy, without an order from the Court." I felt that the rebuff was cruel, and the hint that I should be served on my majority, gave me little satisfaction.

A BOY SCHOOL TEACHER.

My new plane of life began by a random, thoughtless reply to a question, at Sunday noon, while waiting on Mr. Eldridge in the postoffice room. He said their new school-house room was nearly done, and asked if I knew if Mr. —— had engaged for the winter. On my reply, I thought he had, he said, "I do not know who to get then." "Nor do I," was my sportive reply, "unless you take me." "Would you teach?" "Yes, if anybody dare try me." "I will. Your father was a good master, and I went to his school. Call it a bargain, if it is Sunday, and we'll fix up the details." To all I assented on condition of strict privacy, as he could readily guess what talk there would be as to age and my guardian's ridicule, for I was under seventeen years of age.

The crowded schools at that time were shams — masters setting me back each winter after the puzzling progress in a sum of a frog coming up out of the well, going up and falling back so many stones in the effort. Then the old school-house was but a rookery, and my location was often on the rogue's bench, and over the water pail. As often as a book fell into the pail, there was one spoiled; and in earlier days came a painful flogging infliction, if found a graduate at the head of the bench on the close of school. The masters were brilliant, but only student hirelings of college for the term, and the cold house, crowded with near a hundred, was fit subject for caricature.

Great praise is due the ladies of a half century ago, as the good angels of destruction. The heroines of this destruction, with a smile, heard my account of the demolition of the old school-house, in my Vermont oration.

> "The demolition of the old school-house furnished a vivid illustration, for 'I was thar' or thereabouts. That old unpainted rookery had been condemned by public opinion for years ; low, crowded by a round hundred pupils, the mice peeping through cracks by day which larger shy vermin made at night ; windows rattled, clapboards flapped in the wind ; and a generation of sufferers, like imprisoned convicts, were doomed by divisions, sordid tax payers and tabled resolves of the lords, to near freeze on one side of their anatomy and roast on the other, until the mothers and daughters met, on the fortunate absence of the men at a Bristol wolf hunt ; moved, closing debate, the previous question, which was a signal for the hasty demolition of the old shell in certain promise of a new house. The veteran matrons, captains of squads wielding axes, lifting ladders, pulling at ropes, all are gone, but, as a long-perched victim on a rough bench, I do not withhold my tribute of gratitude for their clever device and courageous execution.

A stern conflict was before me, involving preparation and the pride of success or the shame of failure in this private school engagement. Autumn farm work was driving, and not over until dark. To keep myself from boys' company and the family, that noted wool spinner by the fire-place, Bertha Chapin, still living, made an agreement to lock the door for my concealment, if I would bring in pine knots for light and fire. There, in the buzz of wheel and crackling fire, for many evenings extended on the floor, when weary, I found, by hard study, equipment in grammar and arithmetic for the school. Here, I do not forget the Rev. James Meacham, LL. D., the minister, afterward a member of Congress, who helped me with the hard sums. Most kindly would he take me to the school-house in storm, quietly inspiring with those kind words which I ever valued, as the promptings of the statesman and generous friend. In the school, I was a student from necessity, to keep ahead of ambitious pupils, and the predicted failure of the boy was not realized. I even became bold enough to speak in our town lyceum, and had an exhibition at the close of the school.

It is a pleasing reminiscence that at the meeting of the people of the town of New Haven, two years ago, there was the venerable father who hired me, and his son, laden with honors, of whom I said: "He is here, the district school pupil, ever equal to the occasion, financier, law maker, an alumnus and treasurer of Middlebury College, the Hon. L. D. Eldridge. He is pleasingly associated with the boy of ten years who was to be one of the young orators 'on the last school day.' The remaining actors were absent from fright or allured by sports, and I found Master Eldridge, 'the boy father of the man,' *solus*, and with eloquent aptness declaiming: 'The boy stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled'; and, knowing the boy, I confidently predict he will never hie to Canada, nor vacate his trust so long as he can mine in your plethoric pockets, nor fail to linger at the homes where there is a ray of hope in bequest or codicil for the grand historic college of his love."

It is a part of the story that I "boarded 'round," and was paid $10 a month (it being my first school), and, as a poor financier, I paid it out for the first broadcloth suit in the hard year of 1838, with the ambitious device to win a suit, by delicate attentions (easily surmised), which, by good fortune, at my age, were not a successful venture.

Upon returning to my guardian, there were sharp words between us, which severed our relations, and under my guardian's protest and threat, I left for Castleton Seminary, then a famed school of Vermont. I took up Latin and algebra, but retired from the rough preceptor to my old home in the autumn, with medical books and an engagement to teach school for the winter in Waltham, a lonely spot near by. There I felt as imprisoned, even envying the cawing crows in the field, and the nimble squirrels in the trees their antics, cracking walnuts in sight of myself, a caged, yet voluntary prisoner. Medical books I read during my leisure, with a high interest, which I thus gave in a letter not long ago:

HOW NEAR I CAME TO BECOMING AN M. D.

Dear Children:

Did I ever tell you my narrow escape from being a compound "saw-bone pill doctor ?" Somewhat of personal gratitude mingled with thankful emotion, when I consider the escape of possible victims, prompts a story.

In the autumn of 1839, after a return from Castleton Academy, our haying season over, I heard the loose talk of the street boys, "that they might have to steal a horse to get their names in the papers." Thinking to secure fame in another role, I decided to become a physician. It was an easier way than going through college, and the road was not so long by years and the boy's fever of seventeen was on ! "Can't wait !" Like many children, I said not a word to mother, for she had a horror of doctors, and secretly had pitched a higher key for her boy who had not impaled flies with pins as an amusement, nor was even an actor in the blood-flowing incident to the slaughter of fowls for the table. I struck out and took advice of the lamented, good Dr. Smith. He knew I could shear sheep, was a master of a horse, and seemed flattered that I preferred being a student, to recite every other day, and accompany him upon calls and surgical visits. His library was fair and skeletons in duplicate were at my command. Under the cover of night I took a book home and was ready for a recitation by night study, before advising with the family. Then the doctor made the proffer of a skeleton, the "human frame divine," which was to dangle in my room as an object lesson. By an oversight it was not hidden, but laid on my bed to affright (not purposely) mother, as she came into my room. She said, "I cannot choose for you and have nothing to say, sorry as I am that the glitter of the tower of the Middlebury College reflected on your chamber window, does not inspire you to strike higher." I said my guardian would do nothing to help and our income was small, and I could teach winters and take nothing from the farm. The reply was, "It is little I want and I can trust, even when the purse is empty and we are left with a few sheep and the cows." I had no argument and only shame kept me from yielding to the maternal wish. There seemed a reconciliation when the Doctor would say, "The boy comes on well with the books"; but having been out attending a surgical nasal operation, my preceptor could not say I was in ecstasy over the practice.

My books were taken along to the district school, where I taught in winter, and I made my stay with Dr. Bullard a portion of the time. He had a wide practice and was conscientiously solicitous for his patients, and seemed to have no control of time night or day, which was a vassalage that was repulsive. In church there was no sense of security—a stir or a late arrival would turn the Doctor's head, expecting a call—filling a position singular for unrest. This circumstance I mentioned, to gain the reply, "I have not been my own man for twenty years. I can make little calculation and am denied making visits, and great ills break forth in storms which I must face ; besides, Sunday is the special day when all chronics want medication." The picture was before me — a slave in the mill—and I was welding the chains with full warning of a life of vassalage, and I closed the book with the remark, "I have wrestled with muscle-insertions ; can name the bones, blundering with little Latin, and less Greek, so far, to stop short of the parchment of a doctor." From that moment, visions of blood, groans of the sick, fevered and expiring breath gave place to a higher mission than mere physical study confronted with the uncertainties of medicine, a twin profession to the uncertainties of law. Dr. Holmes, of poetic fame and professor at Harvard, had not then said : "If the entire Materia Medica were thrown into the sea it would be better for men and worse for the fishes."

My decision was a set-back for my old preceptor, Dr. Smith, for he had hinted that his gray hairs would call for a partner. I recall that he predicted business success, without a prophecy or guess as to the fate of the patients. A compound blessing is all I have to see in retrospect, having a surmise how often the wolf would have been at the door of the family, for I doubt a faculty to have collected enough bills to have kept horse for the rider, and materials for even homeopathic pills.

The great log-cabin Harrison campaign was on, and boys of spirit took part either in singing songs, or sleeping by initiation in a log cabin, said to be with not strict reverence, "like the gates of Gospel grace, open night and day." It was a frolic — a political carnival — when the hard times were forgotten in the hope of a "change to bring some change"; hunters could find sale for the emblematic coons, and old topers had a broad smile, readily doffing their political coats under the inspiration of hard cider, coming forth from the cellars in contribution to the cause. Democrats could not indulge in singing, and their drinks were presumably to drown impending sorrow in defeat. The Burlington mass meeting, which took near a week, was a sample. Carriage and wagon trips of a hundred miles were made. I left in the Vergennes procession at daylight, and we were five hours in going twenty miles, in clouds of dust. The ex-Governor, Ezra Meech, came into the procession at the front of his log cabin, drawn by a string of twenty yoke of oxen, that seemed to keep step to music. In the city the noise was almost deafening. Bells were rung, steam whistles blew, and cannon boomed, answered by New York guns across the lake. Every craft on the lake seemed enlisted for the day, and the thousands of teams were taken to the country to find room and food. Solomon Foote, of Rutland, later and long United States Senator, presided, and used his skill and wonderful voice with effect. Speaking of it, twenty-five years after, he said it was the proudest day of his life, and the largest meeting he had ever seen. This was his timely speech, with a voice on a high key, resonant and bold: "The freemen of Vermont will come to order — I see you are *all* here!" There was a sea of faces, hilarious shouts, music, vocal and martial, a caricature of the gold spoon, and impoverishing free-trade policy — there was the climax of an uprising without a parallel in our annals.

The historic ball was "kept a rolling" from the ocean westward with increasing furor, to the dismay of veteran court politicians. Then came the Maine election. It ended Democratic resistance to a sweeping wave, and that story-teller, Senator J. W. Nye, referring to his last Democratic speech said, "My heart sank within me." There was an inelegant but popular song of clubs in halls, and by thousands at camp-fires. The verse based on the Old Pine State, ran as follows:

"And have you heard the news from Maine,
And what old Maine can do?
She went hell-bent for Governor Kent,
And Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

Our historians tell of an era of financial prosperity following Harrison's election, and a national calamity by the death of the President a month after inauguration. It was soon discovered that the "Tyler too" had become an ambitious marplot—the twin accident to the later Andrew Johnson.

CHAPTER II.

DRIFTING FROM HOME.

A Student—Moot Courts—First Visit to New York—Notable Events and Persons of Half a Century Ago—Oneida Institute—Picture of Reformers and Orators, Gerritt Smith, Alvin Stewart, President Beriah Green.

The death of my eldest brother at the South, not only brought a new burden of responsibility, but unsettled plans for the future. In 1840, I entered the Classical School of B. F. Allen, in the city of Vergennes, but not to secure all the benefits of the closest application. The master was easy, classmates were jovial, added to which there were the dissipating allurements of mock courts at late hours. The young attorneys and their students and clerks could afford the recreation, but not so well could the candidate for admission to college. The farces of the time afforded entertainment, and gave practice in public speaking, but involved mental dissipation, rather than proper discipline. The next school engagement was a pleasant one, with good wages, in Middlebury. The term was sadly ended by the decease of my brother, Freeman, who died at the age of twenty-one, at Norfolk, Virginia. With the double purpose of caring for his effects and entering Yale College, I left home, making a stay for several weeks in the great city of New York, a new world to the country boy.

It was a bright, spring morning when I stepped from the Hudson river steamboat upon the wharf; pushing my way in the crowd, amidst the howls of hackmen, I turned to purchase some tempting fruit, and discovered that my purse was gone. I had read of New York pickpockets, and the cold sweat stood on my brow at the thought of being a stranger, penniless in a great city. Without a recollection of taking my pocketbook from under my pillow in the berth, I rushed back to find it undisturbed where I had left it. My gratitude was boundless, first lavishing a surprising sum upon the chambermaid, and then with an offer of a bank bill to the clerk, who replied, "They wanted no bounty for being honest," which was a plea for human nature, I am sorry to say, not always truthfully in the line of some facts in my later experiences.

WHAT OF THE CITY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO?

Stages rumbling over the pavements of cobble-stones, seemed almost deafening. Then there was a stench from the gas, one of the most offensive of all odors known in human life or from the laboratory of science. Water was drawn by wooden pumps from the city wells, (most detestable to one accustomed to the pure flow from the mountains), and in association with poor drainage by sewers, and the burial of the city dead — Greenwood and other cemeteries being but in incipient stages of their beauty.

During my stay in the city, I was not only cautious, but conscientious, and sought to heed the counsel on leaving home, which was "to be sure and hear Dr. Gardner Spring preach," the most noted divine in the city. Sunday morning, after a long hunt, I found the old brick church, since given way to the *New York Times* block. Gaily-caparisoned horses and elegant carriages were by the walk in charge of liveried coachmen, and, to be sure I was to find Dr. Spring, I asked if that was the church. "Does he preach to-day?" "Yes, this is his carriage." Yet, some in doubt, I said, "Why don't you hitch and go in?" This caused a laugh from the company of whips, their spokesman replying, "We don't go to church, we hold horses." A verse of the old song, ridiculing the President, came fresh to me, as sung in the Harrison campaign:

"Martin's steeds impatient wait
At the palace door,
Outriders behind the coach
And lackeys on before."

I attended the church service, and the doctor fell, in my judgment, below his reputation in the pulpit as a speaker. It was a sermon, I guessed, about the heathen, but not so sure as was Dr. R. S. Storrs forty years ago, who, when asked the subject of the sermon to which he listened in his own pulpit, said: "It was about the Jews; I know that was the subject, for the doctor told me so as we passed out of the church."

That company of carriage drivers, I mentioned when writing home, were perhaps as needy as the foreign heathen, and I wrote out the sarcastic reproof given by John Randolph, of Old Virginia. The planters' ladies were met to prepare clothing for the poor Revolutionary Greeks. Randolph declined to aid their object with his purse, and as he passed out espied a crowd of squalid negro children, when he pushed open the door, and shouted: "The Greeks! the Greeks! Ladies, they're at your door."

Charles O'Connor, the Irish lawyer, was rising to fame. I was fortunate in hearing him in able forensic arguments; tall, elegant in diction, with a dash of youth. Many years later, I heard him as the venerable advocate, in the Supreme Court of the United States, and at a dinner table socially, when I told him of my early admiration. "Ah!" he replied, "the change—my eye is now dim, and normal force wasted. Once they tried me by the press, and their praise was welcome, no doubt. Now I am before a bench on trial; not after cases, but anxious to win what I have. Dullness in court will be my role at the end of a brief pilgrimage." Of course, to this I did not in courtesy assent, in the presence of one so genteel and suave, much as I disliked his political Bourbonism.

Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt was then pointed out, and at that day little above the rank of a "steamboat man." He had a striking face, a piercing eye, set off by a white, ministerial cravat, little consonant with the connoisseur of fast horses, and an adept with cards; yet loyal and liberal, presenting the government, in its need, with a steam vessel in war time, and endowing the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee, bearing his name. Hon. John I. Blair tells me that in his early career, coming over to Staten Island from New Jersey, the Commodore would give him a boat ride to New York City early, for a silver quarter, that he might as a country merchant be the first on the market with butter and eggs, having called out to Bill to put out Mr. Blair's horses, and mother to get breakfast, which she did barefoot, and in an out-kitchen, innocent of any floor; glad to get up and get breakfast for a quarter, by the light of the moon. Then there was the unfortunate son, Cornelius (brother of the better known than all, the deceased William H. Vanderbilt), whom I knew as the Western traveling friend of Horace Greeley. He was great hearted, with sundry misfortunes, else Mr. Greeley would not have been, as was said, a foolish endorser in the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, which to the credit of the millionaire, let it be said, was paid in full to the family, on Mr. Greeley's decease. The unfortunate Cornelius spent an evening at my house in Iowa. What an elegant story-teller, and volatile spirit! "Everybody knows brother Bill, who got deep into dad's affection; I do. But suppose he don't like me. We had one mother who never forgot Cornele." His head dropped, the tears falling with a sigh, reminding me of Hamlet's words:

"One that was a woman;
But rest her soul—*she's dead.*"

My emotional guest, stricken by a temporary fit, fell upon the floor. From him I turn with pleasure, reminded that William H. Vanderbilt, through Chauncey M. Depew, gave me a thousand dollars, and promised more, to repair our college, which was destroyed by a tornado. His son, Cornelius, is named the philanthropist, and his brothers promise, in munificent charities and service, to hold a higher rank than the historic founder of the family, whom I remember.

Far back then, in 1841, there was no Vanderbilt palace, nor bronze doors, as in 1889, leading to the famous Art Gallery. Now there is the delicate and double office in denial, as well as in dispensing charities. Is there a greater exemption from common frailties and ills in the envied palace, than that enjoyed by the masses? Not long ago, on New Year's Day, there was a long line of gaily-dressed grandchildren at the windows of the Vanderbilt mansion, witnessing a street pageant. My companion, an M. D., and President of the New York Art Club, took little interest in the juveniles, saying, "Dead Cornelius was princely, and the crowd envy the children; I don't. Even their money will keep them effeminate; they'll have the colic oftener than our children, and they won't look or feel any better in a shroud."

Burton's Theatre was only a name for Burton, the humorist, convulsing in laughter, in pantomime; and it was a popular resort for countrymen. His part in "Toodles" gave him fame and personality next to that of Edwin Forrest, the tragedian—the inspirer of a swarm of amateurs in "Richard the Third." Forrest was a star—Burton the idol of a good kind of play-goers fifty years ago, who always cheered the exploit of Mrs. Toodles in attending auctions, and buying a door-plate at a great bargain, since, with the name of "Thompson" engraved, there was a possibility it would come in use, predicated on a daughter being born to them, growing up, and marrying a Thompson. It was a most convulsive story on the stage, and I have found the points often like handy change, in public speaking, on hits at foolish probabilities—not the weather.

THE AMISTAD STORY.

A black man — a real African I saw, and it was Martin Cinque, the slave mutineer. The slave vessel had been misguided by the overpowered owners to Montauk Point. On it were some fifty men who were kidnapped for the Cuban slave market. They had risen in mutiny, and after killing the captain and one of the crew, had trusted the threatened owners to return them to their country. When brought before one Judson, a United States District Judge, the verdict was, they were not to be sent to Cuba for trial as murderers and mutineers. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, where John Quincy Adams, "the old man eloquent," and Hon. R. S. Baldwin argued on the popular just side, and the prisoners were set free by the court. The case stirred our young blood, and the Amistad case came to be classed with Med, in an English slave trial; also with that of our Dred Scott and Judge Taney, years later.

At this time, the Tappans were famous in New York. Arthur, the silk merchant, as an abolitionist, called out a Southern reward of one hundred thousand dollars for his abduction, and was honored by a pro-slavery mob. He honored himself by the founding of professorships in Auburn Theological Seminary and in Oberlin, besides other great gifts for those days, akin to the aid in opening Broadway Tabernacle, a spacious building for popular and reform meetings.

Lewis Tappan and Rev. Joshua Leavitt were said to have the Africans in charge, as they raised money for their defense. Mr. Tappan had brothers, Benjamin, senator from Ohio, and John Tappan, in Boston; the blood, with a personal knowledge of Louis in later years, won my admiration. If there was an escaping fugitive, he knew through Tappan where to find shelter. Such was the merchant who, for twenty years, was treasurer of the American Missionary Society (I think without pay), and who holds rightfully a higher place in our eventful annals than the great lawyers and Vanderbilts. Here you have the man with keen eye, elegant person, overflowing with humor, standing beside the tall, liberated, black man, Cinque. "What do you say? They are like our millions whose ancestors were brought here by kidnappers. Would you have risen if doomed to slavery?" The crowd shouted "Yes!" What shall we do, disperse them, poor and ignorant, or educate them? The response was "Educate!" Then give us money and we will send them back—not slaves but missionaries.

Martin Cinque was tall, erect, with a noble brow, and, as it was learned from his nation, the son of an African chief, a very prince in his bearing, and was the mutinous hero of that day. From this sprang the Mendi-African Mission.

From a sight of the lions of that day, since so often described, I turned, taking a steamboat for New Haven, Connecticut. Yale College I had chosen, but did not spend much time with professors and about the buildings, which seemed low and gloomy (less attractive than the elms), and they were, compared with their present splendor.

By the help of a rather free Vermont boy, I got a glimpse of the "wild ones," and of the costly scrapes and dangerous episodes of student life. To be rested and to read up for examination, I took the cars for Meriden, eighteen miles, it being my first railroad ride. Here I found my favorite cousin, Miss Fitch, the ward of the venerable Rev. Erastus Ripley. He was merry, beguiling me with checkers and after-dinner games, varying the entertainment by an excited discussion as an anti-slavery man with a near neighbor, Mr. Booth, deacon and bank president. My situation came up on review—age, orphanage and aspirations—when my learned friend feared that the tone of student morals at Yale and the conservatism in the old courses of study would endanger the boy's future. Of course, he was a partisan radical.

"What are years in Latin and Greek to be in the next fifty years? Slavery is to be kept under, Texas kept out, church made bold and political platforms expurgated, and brave, good speakers will be in more demand than classic book-worms. Hear what that scholar of Yale, Dr. Grimke, of South Carolina, says: 'I prefer Sir Walter Scott to Homer. Then for smutty old poetry, give place to the Bible in Greek and Hebrew.' I agree with him. Lawyers are too plenty. Therefore give us a race of students with backbone and courage for the coming great days."

So I remember. And there was a mention of Mr. Hough, who had gone out as financier at Oneida Institute, near Utica, to help Beriah Green, president, one of the finest of scholars and grandest of men.

Said the venerable Mr. Ripley: "My son, I have placed money in that college, where there is a farm to use the muscle, and good professors with a high moral tone. Come, what do you say? I have no boy and I advise you to go there." My reply was that I knew no one. "I do, and will give you a letter to President Green; and if on trial you don't like it, I will pay for the journey." The hearty earnestness of the old divine captured me, and I was even then quite hospitable to his radical ideas, and said: "Write the letter and I will go." The journey was made by way of New York, and I left the steamer at Albany, taking a canal boat ride of one hundred miles for Whitesboro. I handed my introduction to Mr. Green, who was most genial and gave me a temporary stay at the house, where the winsome daughters did much to mitigate homesickness and unrest with new school associations, the product of radical ideas and a new social birth of society.

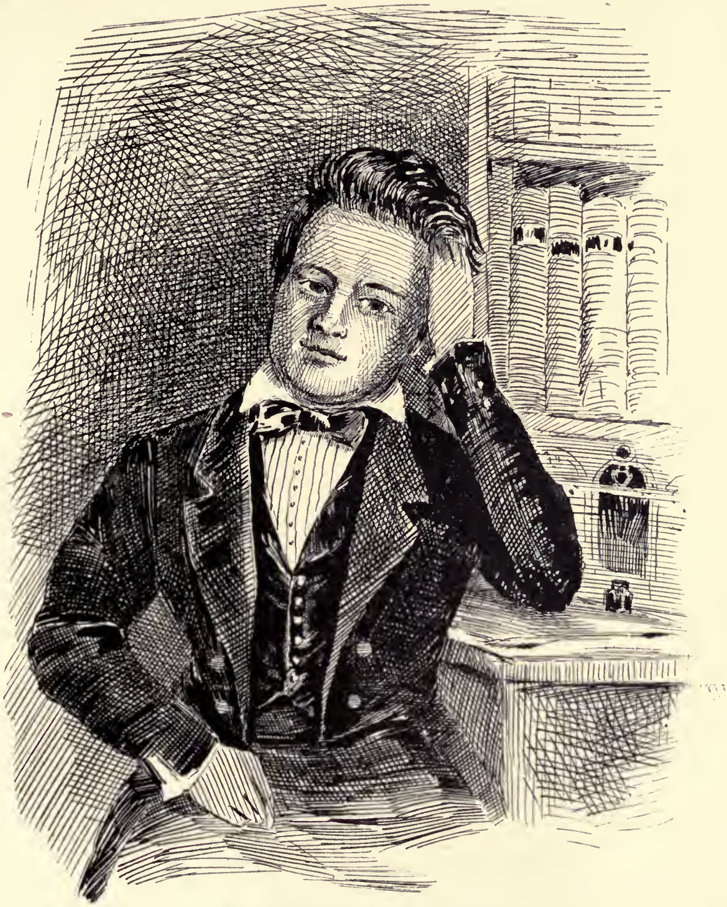
Between our times and those of half a century ago, there seems only the comparison between the time of sowing and that of the harvest. Great ideas were getting rooted in the national soil. Radical reforms now measurably accomplished, were then under debate. Men lauded now, were then ignored and despised. The first prophets are never popular. Questions of reform, of temperance, and their kindred themes were then unsolved, even more than now. Restless minds were breaking loose from the dictation of conservatives upon the wrong side of morals. Compromises were in the air. The pooling of moral issues was the dominant business of the generation, at the expense of the truth. The great educational and benevolent organizations were too generally found upon the side of doubtful conservatism. The curse of slavery reached many indirect issues.

It was an heroic age — an age in which principles of truth were striving for recognition in the lives of those bold enough to be right, rather than popular. Among the few institutions that dared to risk their success upon the carrying out of ideas hostile in their time, was the Oneida Institute, at Whitesboro, New York. It was the hot-bed of radicalism as it existed at that day. Many of its ideas have become a part of the national life; while others are still on debatable ground. There was a heavy brain at its head; and there were great men back of it. The Oneida Institute was attempting the unsolved question of combining education with manual labor. Its chosen curriculum was in favor of the languages of the living, and sacred languages, rather than of the dead; it was too far ahead of the times. But whatever the question of its experiments, its avowed object was never lost sight of. It was the home of freedom; its pupils were trained for practical men in the coming struggles of the Republic.

The influence of such an institution was never lost upon the young student who turned his back upon Yale, to gain the advantages under such an instructor as the renowned President, Rev. Beriah Green. Added to his natural intuitions upon the side of freedom, were the instructions here received. The Institute lost its peculiar status a generation ago; but among those who sat at the feet of President Green, its principles have lived in power.

THE STUDENTS.

Such a motley company! Manual labor, and radicalism as to studies and slavery, had gathered a large school. Young casuists, others the wards of rich reformers, not to mention a class sent to a good place for safety — fit subjects for rustication. I found in the study of the pupils object lessons related to the ludicrous. There were an emancipator's boys from Cuba; mulattoes removed from their sable mother — illegitimates (said to be), under an *alias;* the high tempered Spanish student, Slingerland his name, whose slinging an iron poker at me left an impression; then an Indian, with that inelegant name, Kunkapot, the calling of which created a laugh; black men who had served as sailors, or as city hackmen, also the purest Africans escaped from slavery, of a class like the eloquent Garnet, the protégé of Joseph Sturge, the English reformer; sons of the American radicals, Bible students scanning Hebrew verse with ease, in place of Latin odes; enthusiasts, plowboys and printers; also real students of elegant tastes, captured by the genius of President Green. I do not know that there was a man looking fiercer by the wearing of a mustache, not then in fashion, or one failing to be guyed who had any foreign foppery airs. The most were real Democrats, save as to politics. Pedigree did



MR. GRINNELL AS A STUDENT.

(From an old drawing.)

not furnish envied notoriety, and there was not the least social or official toleration of a lazy, dissolute character. The non-resistance doctrines of the Garrison and the peace party were not welcome to me whose blood leaped in a warm, youthful challenge. Such were the collegians without base ball, yacht recreation, or gymnasium; but with a hand fire-engine there was diversion in quickening the step, or lowering the hauteur of pretenders; occasionally giving a sprinkle, if not a forced ablution to a flunk in our impromptu debates, which were both novel and serviceable. There was a class of inceptive pedagogues who were primed for a First of August emancipation, or a Fourth of July address; Henry B. Stanton, of our creed and clan, being the model orator, and Theodore Weld, the radical oracle.

It was the day of the ecclesiastical excommunication of temperance and abolition agitators. Runaway slaves and pro-slavery mobs furnished food for morbid appetites, and Birney, the Kentucky emancipator, became a lion in the path, rather than a mere diversion to the leaders who were in a Presidential race with Polk and Clay, rivals in subserviency to the slaveholding power.

It is history that the hobbies of Oneida Institute furnished what became the horses on which politicians afterward complacently rode to place and power, oblivious of those who once stood in the breach with heroism, to rescue our trailed flag and honor from the jeers of the world. In that whirl there was a fascination. I found more diversion in debates and in the writing of colloquies for exhibitions, than in severe studies. In Greek and Hebrew I made fair progress only, and graduated without a diploma, only because the State Regents, to punish radical innovation, had denied the Board of Trustees power to confer degrees. Thus for the honorary degree of A. M., I was indebted to the favor of Middlebury College, Vermont, some years later.

Among the heroic and notable men of their time, stands a remarkable trio. Each in his own sphere was a power: Green, the scholar; Stewart, the legal genius; Smith, the millionaire-philanthropist; so they are classed to-day.

THE DISTINGUISHED TRIO.

Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro, N. Y., was a distinguished patron and ardent friend of President Green, and a frequent speaker before the students of Oneida College, a Hamilton College scholar of distinction, a patron in the heirship of townships and lands, and a generous, active philanthropist, all conspiring to throw about him the glamour of a real hero. I never heard a finer toned, mellifluous voice, nor was he less striking in elegance of person and gentlemanly suavity. It was in resisting pro-slavery mobs and in defence of freedom of speech, that he came first to be the champion of human rights, and made choice of the society of common people, rather than to dwell in the seclusion of his palace, which he closed, and later gave to a dissenting congregation for worship, choosing a humbler home with leisure for greater service to reform. The proffer of a senatorship or of a governor's chair, was no attraction; and it was only on the dawn of a new era that he assented to serve in Congress, developing a versatile speaker, an original and bold legislator. It was an idiosyncrasy in his character to abjure the maxim that "consistency is a jewel," taking pride in those moral perceptions which made it a truism "He who never changes his opinion never corrects mistakes." That he was the Chesterfield radical of his day, is cognate to the fact that he was the wealthiest American of the munificent givers to education and the cause of temperance and freedom. His epitaph might read: "The cause which he knew not he searched out." Wealth never ministered to pride, defeat never embittered the spirit, hushed his voice, or enfeebled his blows. In boldness, he was the companion of Horace Greeley, in going on the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, who became a huge political elephant, long imprisoned, when demanding a trial. Secretly he was the patron of John Brown in Kansas (I have it from Brown's own lips), but of the purposed raid in Virginia he was not aware. Mr. Smith gave thousands of acres of land to make homes for colored people, and died in 1874, leaving a son, Mr. Green Smith, named for his friend, and a daughter, Mrs. Miller, of Utica, New York.

Alvin Stewart, of Utica, a witty, eloquent and retired lawyer and reformer, was a character. A few of his hits, passing like good currency among the students, I may give prefatory. At the conventions, on calls for donations, his tact and drollery would be known with a solemn look and magisterial presence. When taking names for donations, a colored student came up with a five-dollar contribution. "Your name, sir?" "Prime, is the name." "A prime gentleman whose paper wants no indorsement." Next, Freeman, a jet black: "This is to be the cognomen of your race — a little off color just now." The city of Utica came up with its mob spirit. "This is not the poetic 'pent-up Utica'; our scoundrels only burnish their fame on departure." Then court wit is remembered. The question was as to ownership and discovery of a spring. The counsel had not the most savory reputation; thereupon Mr. Stewart asked: "Suppose Satan had appeared in person and claimed he had taken the first drink from the spring, and employed my learned counsel to enforce his claim, as I have no doubt he would, could that be called a precedent, a law, to keep out my Christian client?" This character was given to a defendant: "Whatever his family or profession, don't overlook his misfortune as that of a peripatetic somnambulist and 'wanderer up-stairs and down-stairs and in the lady's chamber'." Mr. Stewart's appearance at our college and as president of state temperance and anti-slavery conventions, brought an ovation, and made variety where the voices of the eloquent, elegant Stanton, the solemn Goodell, the logic of Green, and the rotundity of Gerritt Smith were heard and seen. His elegant palatial home, variegated in color by stale mobocratic eggs, had an owner who towered then justly above all other notables of that city whom I afterward knew — Governor Seymour, Senators Kernan and Conkling, and Justice Ward Hunt — as did his house above theirs, less conspicuous in that early epoch. Great as they were, they can never be named more than the peer of Stewart as a hero, nor have they left more striking proofs of an orator. Mr. Stewart, in early days, often addressed the State Legislature on radical politics. In Vermont, the old men remember him by this incident: the question was up of forbidding slaveholders to retain a claim on their chattels while in the North. He was in the State House by the mountain range, and apostrophised: "Slavery in Vermont! Clanking of chains on the soil where Seth Warner and Ethan Allen sleep? No!" Pausing and looking out of the window, "Your old mountains would hold their breath and refuse to send forth an echo of your degradation!" He died too soon, without witnessing the fruition of his hopes, yet not to be forgotten.

President Beriah Green was of this noted triumvirate. He gained his collegiate education in Vermont, and was for years a pastor, until called to a professorship in Western Reserve College. A striking, pleasant face, and vivacious manners, were in happy association with the scholar, in deep sympathy with the spirit of Goethe, the philosophy of Coldridge, also that of an ardent friend and correspondent of the English rugged Carlyle. His protest against the ethics of the "tall ecclesiastics" was more than verbal — even a close personal alliance with great reform, disregarding obloquy and sacrifice. A spirit genial as the summer sun, proven integrity, varied learning, and eloquence reaching sublimity, would have made him a striking character in the best circles of citizens and reformers. With him, work had little less virtue than worship. More than theories were held in regard to the value of manual labor. He practiced as an exemplar, earning bread by the sweat of his brow. Character was a product won by sacrifice at the "roaring loom of time." An incident in society would become the basis of a sermon, and students, alike with veteran agitators and scholars, would crowd to hear the more than transcendental oracle, a preacher with a text, "Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God." In his career, there was proof of the lion heart, for he knew no failure; and, waiting for the bright day of the emancipation, he fell as he lived, while making a speech against the licensing of saloons, at the post of duty, in 1874. If his life was not an epic, neither was his career one of ambition, like a Cambyses, marching through the desert to awaken the screams of hungry vultures, leaving no monument but a Golgotha heap of human sacrifices — nay, it was of a white-winged evangel pleading for the poor, and for Justice in the temple where Liberty, with the weeds of widowhood, had long stood crownless. The humorous incidents related of this great character and family, were many. An old student, meeting the President in after years, leaning on his hoe, and wearing a high, old-fashioned hat, heard a young son, with much gravity, while violently knocking off the hat, say: "Have I not told you repeatedly not to be seen with that old hat on again, especially in company?" The reproof was: "What do you mean, John, by such rudeness?" At breakfast, after a juvenile spat, possibly discipline, one of the boys was called on for his table verse in the round, and muttered, "I'm a brother to dragons and a companion to owls — in the daytime." On a special occasion, a stranger student was called on to pray, and he offered so long and loud a supplication that there was less devotion than merriment on the seats. Mr. Green followed him in the most subdued tone with his elegant and sarcastic reproof, "We thank thee, O Lord, that Thou art not deaf!" My mature judgment is, that Mr. Green came out "separate" too early. Inside there was room for his genius, courage and eloquence. Church and nation were asleep.

It should be mentioned that a few were specially favored by the kind attentions of the President and family. In such a spiritual atmosphere, and with its elevated conversation, the social powers were developed for a larger usefulness in later days. Sabbath after Sabbath was spent among the outlying churches and Sabbath-schools in such efforts as not only became a valued help to them, but also developed in us that readiness of utterance and individuality of thought that were so absolutely essential in preparation for usefulness. The equipment of the Institute with a printing press, upon which the *Friend of Man* was published, gave a knowledge of affairs such as are associated with the press everywhere.

The favorite recreation of the students was in impromptu debates. Scores of questions would be put into a hat, and drawn out for the speaker after he had been called to the platform and introduced by the presiding officer of the society. It was a mental pastime that tested the boys, and gave a strength that comes with such wrestling and mental encounter. The stimulus that it gave to general reading and ready wit was indispensable, though the contestants knew it not.

In all departments of the Institute the criticisms were of the freest, and every man was compelled to become bold for the truth; that was taught as ranking above all else. Thus, in all directions, bodily, mental and spiritual, by manual labor, the dialectics of the lyceum, and the cultivation of a profoundly reverent regard for the truth, the students were being symmetrically equipped for the service of humanity, that has never had a reformer too many, nor a well-wisher who could be spared.

In later years, a former editor of the *Friend of Man* has thus voiced his recollections of the boy, Grinnell; recollections called out by an article upon the Iowa pioneer's relation to sheep-raising in the State of Iowa. It was Wesley Bailey, editor, and father of Senator Bailey, of Decorah, Iowa, who wrote the following editorial twenty-five years ago, after inviting the youth to a partnership:

> "We are not only interested in sheep-raising, but we also feel an interest in the above-named Grinnell. We knew him when a student in Oneida Institute,

New York—a bright, active youngster, a close scholar, and a genial and intelligent companion, always busy, and ready to turn his hand to anything that turned up, either when school kept, or the vacation occurred, but always seeking to be useful. His after life turns out to be just what such a youth gave promise of. He is at home in the pulpit, the Senate chamber, or the large political convention, as well as active in the real agricultural improvements which are most sure to enrich and develop the State of his adoption. We have not seen him since he was a young man, but the youth is still fresh in our recollection, and having taken a 'liking' to the boy, we note with feelings of pleasure his career of honor and usefulness through life."

CHAPTER III.

False Theories — Club Life — Westward, ho! — Wisconsin Prairies — Codding, the Abolition Orator — The Home of the Badger — A Volume — A Return East — A Student in Auburn Theological Seminary — First Call to Preach — Union Village, New York — My Mother's Death.

Fifty years ago seems to have been the period not alone of agitation, but of wild theories as to abstinence and privation, to insure a clear brain and the good of an ambitious student. I fell into the procession so far as to enter upon an almost insane extreme in abstinence and physical infliction in Oneida Institute, to attain the greatest good in the briefest period. This was the personal diary resolve: "To escape dullness and promote mental activity with a moral purpose, I abjure high living, the use of coffee and tea, vacate the feather bed, and take up a club regimen where butter and meat are unused, and the hard bed, made by a blanket on a board, shall be my couch. My place I will take as cook, steward, etc., in rotation, and, to save time, will in my turn read while others at the club eat, that we may become more proficient in history, and find themes for discussion outside of dissipating gossip." This is the sequel: The cost of living was reduced to a dollar a week; but the experiment of German scholars, pacing up and down in their halls, without fire, and the theories of bran bread philosophers, are not held to be cardinal virtues in a scholar. After such a régime as led to unpadding the bones, making more than a few hours' continuous sleep a condition of pain, bringing feeble nerves and a weak digestion, there was a demand for outdoor life and the practices of wiser men were adopted after severe delusive trial.

At this crisis, I wrote I could not indulge in a season at Saratoga, and was vain enough to think that I could speak to edification, and that with a dash of an "unfledged reformer" in a heroic role, I might rattle the bones, seemingly very dry, in the valleys of conservatism. At this time, I made public profession of religion, which was a surprise amidst spiritual iceberg surroundings of a circle of sceptics, where I took up an affirmative defense of the orthodox system. I look back with pleasure on this yielding to conviction of duty, stimulating to a higher life, and preparation for public service. I soon found myself deprecating the yellow trash literature, in the hands of so many students, and advocating the claims of good books, and passing out the publications of the American Tract Society for sale or gift, under a system of colportage. Through my friend, J. M. Clark, I was introduced to the head office in New York, from which I received tempting offers to remain in New York, declining which, I was allowed to be an assistant to my friend, Clark, then at the head of colportage in Wisconsin. With him I found what I coveted — independent humble service in out-door life on what was then the frontier.

WESTWARD, HO!

This was in the summer and fall of 1844, and my first visit to Wisconsin, then a territory. Chicago was not then reached from the East by a railroad, and the staunch steamer "Madison," which was our craft from Buffalo, encountered a rough passage described and known *ad nauseam.* Nothing seemed to gain a hearing save politics, Polk and Clay being the presidential candidates. Boat discussion prompted the wildest bets, cool men putting up all their money on the result. In one instance, a lady in tears called me aside, saying that her husband had asked for their all, one thousand dollars in gold, which he staked on Polk's election. I had spoken in a social religious meeting in the cabin, and was urged to break up the bet. This was my desire, so I said, "Wait until we reach Cleveland," which we did, and, going ashore, I found that Polk was the victor, and returned to the boat with news which saved the family from penury, for the Clay men were ardent and confident.

We landed at Milwaukee, not the beautiful city of to-day with more than two hundred thousand people — then of seven thousand. The most striking facts were fifty lawyers; also, bands of redmen, painted, and low-necked ponies loaded with pappooses, peltry and baskets. I became a correspondent of the *New York Tribune,* and sent such florid descriptions of the great country to be, that what I wrote in letters and of facts, the State printed into a little work, "The Home of the Badgers," to induce emigration to the State. Certainly the people came, and have made a grand State of nearly two millons of people. My destination was Prairieville, distant from the lake, at the home of Jonas M. Clark, to be his lieutenant with his books as my health would admit. Arriving at night in the little town, in my anxiety to see a real prairie, I took a long stroll after daylight to see a virgin realty only as yet read of, detailed my adventure at a late and delayed breakfast, and earned a laugh for a model tenderfoot. There were only fenced farms near, but take these away and houses, and you have our "unshorn gardens," a definition which was a delight to my romantic fancy. Afterward I saw them really flat, in other places the billows of the sea; even a marsh prairie fire, a sight worth a thousand mile trip. I was lost in sight of the now beautiful college town of Waupun, having the light of distant prairie fire and the guide of an Indian hunter, to the site of a saw-mill and a farmer's hospitable roof. An open winter was one of almost fathomless mud, and the malaria was conducive to ague, only kept away by medicine. I have never yet seen a person in a real ague shake.

It was a time of great religious activity and excited discussions on temperance and slavery. Independents and users of a free lance were in demand by the masses, while bright minds, able speakers and abundance of funds, contributed to a political evolution.

Hon. Edward D. Holton, of Milwaukee, still an eminent, good citizen of that city, was then a young orator. Hon. Charles Durkee became a radical Territorial delegate in Congress and United States Senator, while Ichabod Codding made the circuit of the counties as one of the most effective orators of the country. I drop a tear to his memory, and express my admiration for his talents, the companion and peer of Lovejoy. It was of him that Stephen A. Douglas said, "There would be no amusement in debating with him on the prairies of Illinois." In a true emotional mood, he made many weep; in a story there was great merriment, and in denunciation of wrong there were the deep tones of indignation. Missouri slave owners, then in Wisconsin, secretly held their servants, and fleeing fugitives were common. This is a sample of the orator, Codding:

"Would you secrete or turn back the escaped?" was the burning question. The Bible and human instincts were the basis of appeal, and the comparison was the supposition of your child captured by the Indians. The infant is kidnapped, and after years of anguish is given up as lost. Then comes a secret history as to the lost child. "Now the captive is in a wigwam, unable to flee. The father watches for the absence of the braves, and in the dead of night grasps his long-lost boy from the savages. He mounts the swiftest pony! What! *Steal* a horse? No! Take one, as the drowning cling to a floating plank! In his flight God shields him from bullets, covers his head, and home is reached. The mother weeps, and kisses her boy; the neighborhood is roused with joy over the rescue. Hark! In the dull prayer-meeting there is praise—hallelujah; except when the good deacon hints about taking property, and snatching the boy from the family; don't say what he might do; but 'the Constitution calls on us to send back niggers.' The old mother says they were stolen and the white thief is no better than an Indian kidnapper. 'Ah, Deacon, would you send them back?'" shouts Codding. There is silence. "I poll the house. All who would send back the white boy, rise." None! "Now, what better before God is a white boy than a black one?" Silence again! "All who would send back a panting, fugitive black man, rise." None! "I have won my case. Slaveholding is man-stealing, and tested by the heart, there is only one throb in all ages." This is but the outline of a speech given with the finest imagery and deepest pathos. "Politic lips belie the heart. Throw away your party shackles! Send Durkee to Congress—an Abolitionist, Holton, to Congress—sponsors at the baptismal font when Wisconsin comes into the Union." Durkee was elected.

During my visit to the Territory I met the Rev. John Lewis, of New Diggings, whose wife was the daughter of Harlan Page, both of whom were from New York City, and most devoted in their work. Their experiences were as thrilling in story as their labors were salutary in restraint, and elevating in a society where few of the delights of home were possible. In my review of life I count no labor so much appreciated, or affording me so much satisfaction as my service with the now lamented Lewis, and for a people exposed to the temptations of camps and strolling outcasts. Remembrance of home and the finer instincts asked for counsel to the dying, and a funeral service. On one occasion, while Rev. Mr.

Lewis was sick, there came a call to attend the funeral of a young lawyer at Lancaster, the county seat. It was on Sunday morning, and a second messenger left the request, but too late for the word that the minister was sick. Thereupon I was asked to take his place. I was not a minister, either in name or in fact, but to my remonstrance was the answer that they knew neither of us, and "go right on." I did; and only after the service did I inform them that I was not Mr. Lewis, he being sick. Then came one of the trials of my life in making a decision. There was no resident minister in the young, ambitious town, and the young men hurriedly got up a liberal subscription to induce me to stay and occupy the Court House on Sundays. It did not avail that I was no minister, and on restored health was to return East and study theology. They wanted only one sermon, and pleaded for a year before return. My answer was, "Independents were often irregular, but this is a good reason for preparation. A miner would not use a dull pick; and the blade to cut grass is a good mower sharpened in the morning hour." That was my case. Why I did not yield to their solicitation, with a light purse, and where there was a promise of good, I do not know, unless under the control of that divinity that shapes our ends.

That occasion is associated with this excerpt from a letter in my volume, "Home of the Badgers":

"Passing to Lancaster I found abundance of blackberries, crab-apples, gooseberries, wild plums and other indigenous fruit. I enumerated the game I saw, and what I heard. Two deer were bounding in the distance. I saw the gray squirrel; rabbits darting into the bushes; and heard the prairie hen calling together her brood, and the music of the birds that sang in the oaks. The thrush and the sweetest prairie singers gave *voluntaries*, and I thought of the poet's true answer to the question, 'What does the bird say?'

"'But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
I love my love and my love loves me.'

"From observation, Grant county presents inducements equal to, if not greater than any other county in the territory. Its commercial facilities, the high cash market in the mines, are not to be overlooked. In this village there is no groggery, and a large portion of the citizens are from New England and New York. A paper is published here called the *Grant County Herald*. The Fourth of July is over and there are but few villages in this region that have not run out their flags and drank their toasts. The soul of repose is in activity—on that day I rode twenty miles in a buggy, attempted a public speech; rode fifteen miles by steam on the Mississippi—gazed at 'fire-works' in Dubuque until eleven o'clock at night, and then without grumbling slept on the floor, as five hundred others did who slept there that night.

"The temptations to business and land purchases were not less than those to professional life. Beaver Dam then was only an incipient city with saw-mill and log houses. I came near buying a half interest in it of Mr. Ordway, and was only deterred by the fear of damages to lands by a dam across the outlet of Fox lake, which furnishes a fine water power, the nucleus of a city of seven or ten thousand people. Rich as that purchase might have made me, in looking backward I never have since had a regretful thought of the lost opportunity, and think less of the sentiment than of the rhythm —

"'Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these — it might have been.'

"My return Eastward was by the way of Chicago, slighting those bargains offered in lots, the possession of which has brought colossal wealth. The late 'Long John' Wentworth at my side said, 'bid, bid.' I did bid, but too low."

In a letter to a classmate dated from Racine, in November, 1844, there is a glimpse of the discomforts of the trip:

"After three weeks I tell you more of Wisconsin. They have had an October snow-storm, which was unprecedented. I was chilled almost to numbness, by twenty-four miles ride in it; but it must be forgotten, as we are now visited with the more than ordinary delights of autumn. It has been my fortune in riding two hundred miles to be *sloughed* but once. It was on a cross-road after a rain. My buggy was in to the axle — horse flouncing on his side. It was a fit time to consider one's 'condition and prospects.' By neighborly aid I was extricated, and shall look to my going in future. I have found traveling accommodations generally good. The exceptions would be, when the light of the candle was put out by the wind coming through a hole in the logs, which was large enough for a middle-sized fox-hound to crawl through to be my company. At this place, after enjoying refreshing sleep, I was greeted over my head with bright starlight. I looked up and had a full view of some acquaintances in the constellations, through a hole in the roof full three inches by five. The circumstance was so amusing that I gazed until twilight. This is a new country incident, but not an uncommon one here."

Here is a description given of a prairie in Dodge county, in the winter time:

"The prairie is full eighteen miles long, including angles — from two to five miles wide, and on either side are groves of timber. The farms are made on the edge and the road, which is in the middle of the prairie, is smooth and hard as a pavement at this season of the year. It is five miles to a house and as I pass I ask, What solitude is like this, and who can choose words to describe a prairie in the winter? The fluttering insect of summer had ceased its music and the unresisted winds of the prairie had driven all that once lived there, into the groves; the trees were almost lost in the great distance; and in this loneliness, one's strength, wit or wisdom were useless. The ground was undulating where I rode and wave after wave rose before me in the distance, and, above, the slow-moving cloud threw over me the soft mantle of its shadow. The prairie fire had just gone out and not a dry leaf, stalk or shrub was seen. Even the stones were smoked to the color of the sod, and over the extended hue of darkness there was but the gray winding path, which was as a chain and guide to cherished expectation. I crossed during the day the Black Hawk trail; it awakened peculiar sensations, to come upon the footsteps of so noisy a predecessor. I could hardly keep my eye from it, yet would not be considered even a chance-won worshiper of that little line which could be just seen in the varying surface of the prairie."

From such a scene, we catch in the succeeding paragraph the story of a prairie on fire. I had taken a by-road in order to shorten the distance from that upon the highway:

"To save a few miles I lost many hours. The sun hid itself, and notwithstanding four or five miles to the right or left would have brought me to the road — still I galloped in a circle over brooks, on the ice and through high marsh rushes and thickets, till my *nag* was weary. After having warmed myself by burning a log and heaped together several pair of deer's horn, left by the spring where the Indians had cooked and camped, I let my horse take his own course. In less than half an hour I was brought to a road like a by-path; here I saw the sun setting and learned my direction. On my left was a marsh extending a mile, covered with a crop of grass and rushes from four to six feet high. I was in a grove, and hearing the crack of a rifle I looked again and could just distinguish a few Indians across the marsh. The dry limbs were falling about me, as the wind blew with great violence from the west. The autumn fire had gone over the ground where I was riding, but had not crossed the marsh, which was now frozen over, leaving the tall grass to wave above. Little did I think that amid the anxieties of a man lost in the woods, I was to be awakened to a sight not to be described by the intellectual dreamer and only equaled by the mad flame that dances on the roofs of the burning city. A thick cloud of smoke first reached me in the strong breeze. As it passed over, my horse wheeled, threw up his ears and faced the wind. A fire had been set and was fast feeding itself above the icy bottom. At first it moved slowly and the flame rose but a few feet, but soon it was fairly rooted and heat was generated which was to be the companion of the wind. A number of fires are set, and as they widen and dart forward, what a retinue there is of fabled nymphs and tritons in the many-colored blaze; now the smoke and blaze are uniting — now they separate; the curling flame rises higher, flaps like the light canvas and bends with the breeze and another fire is devouring. Each breath of flame outleaps the last. The crackling of the knotted reed at first faintly heard, is now like the near and confused snap of ten thousand locusts. The air is heated, and one sheet of flame dashes in quick succession over another — it is like a race of steeds. The one with the fairest wind sweeps before the rest and robs them of their fuel. It was a glare of beauty and splendor — a sure messenger of death to all that made race with that wind-fed fire. One could only lose himself in this view so far above the most brilliant imagery. I had before seen a burning prairie, but it was only a fitful flashing, compared to the strides of those devouring demons, that in a moment turned that yellow waving plain into a low pall, that rests on nature in darkness.

"I turned into the path and saw an Indian, with his rifle, who had been watching for game that might be driven out by the fire. I made no words with him, knowing that he could not be less than out of tobacco, and would have as little morbid sensibility in coaxing a few shillings from my pocket as we have in making good farms of their hunting grounds. Passing on I soon reached a stopping place for the night, and women and children very innocently laughed at my getting lost in Dodge county."

EASTWARD.

Upon returning from Wisconsin with restored health and spirits, there was no longer any wavering as to a choice of profession. I entered the Theological Seminary of Auburn, New York, largely under the influence of the early friend of my father and mother, their honored pastor, Doctor Hopkins. The earlier devotion of the parents to the pastor was now bearing its unlooked-for fruit. Of the Theological Seminary he was a trustee. He was also minister to the first Presbyterian Church. He had no children living, and I was made a welcome guest at his house until failing health caused his resignation from the pulpit, and I was then made welcome in the house of his relative, Mr. Job Alling, one of the kindest of gentlemen.

Dr. Hopkins was an entertaining story-teller, also a theological writer and author. His reminiscences were striking, but his psychology and severe logic I remember to have listened to only by courtesy. On my later Vermont visits I found the old people who confirmed the lively stories written out from recollection. More than once the old incidents were repeated in which the Doctor was compelled to acknowledge his part. Two of these, by no means legendary, are here given out of their chronological order because they refer to associations gathered about the man. They are given in vivid recollection.

Shall I recite the wolf hunt story?

"In the early days depredations on the flocks aroused the neighborhood for a hunt, if the invaders did not early escape to their lairs. These occasions were usually in the line of special providence which often makes doctors busy on Sunday—the day also of great battles. At this time the men of the congregation were missing, and the excitement of the ring, near by, withdrew a majority of the women, and what was there for the minister but to follow; and, as I have some repute as a good shot, a youngster in line passed his gun to me, and as he told it, 'the wolf coming in sight, the parson shut his eyes, saying, Heaven direct the shot! then aimed, but he didn't, firing, touch a hair.' One questioning the propriety of this clerical episode, was answered, 'My firing was as thoughtless as the shot was harmless, and I was disposed to fall back on the New Haven boy, who, a few years after, being questioned about fishing in the trout streams, said it was poor, for he was down yesterday. "What, Sunday?" "Yes, but didn't stay long," and he cut short my gentle reproof in a boyish rebuff, "Guess I didn't break Sunday much, didn't cotch nothing," which is akin to my apology. I neither loaded a gun nor killed anything, but it was my last appearance in a wolf hunt.'"

The traditional jug story I learned from original sources given in gleeful recollection. On the temperance awakening, when the distillery under the hill was a large and prosperous institution, the hard drinkers distrusted the strict abstinence of the zealous reformers, including the minister. They would "all take it in secret behind the door," and to confirm the opinion, one of the thirsty doubters met Mr. Hopkins, and espying a brown jug in the parson's wagon, himself on the way for a dram, said he would say nothing about it, for the best of people would have it in the house and most would drink on the sly. The jug was just filled with new yeast — "emptings" from the still-house, and there was a suggestion in a sportive mood, that, as we were under the hill, there would be no scandal in taking a drink. The thirsty customer fixed his lips for a full, hasty dram, his companion holding up the jug at a proper angle, to conceal the contents and insure a full delivery on the drawing of the plug, which saturated the person of his strangled victim, who found a swift emetic rather than a pleasing elixir. It was one of those practical severe jokes which few could better devise and none more heartily enjoy than the dignified doctor, who said the ludicrous treatment of his parishioner and patient was salutary, the man never afterward being accused of drinking behind the door.

THE SEMINARY.

It was the judgment of the Faculty that my knowledge of New Testament Greek and of the Hebrew would allow entrance into the Junior class. I graduated after two years, resisting the opiate of caution and breath of praise by the good, but conservative professors. Their kindness was not undervalued, yet the student did not adopt the role of policy, ambitious as he was to perform public service. With fatherly concern on their part, I was told that my ideas were too radical for the times; *e. g.*, it was considered wise not to discuss the position of missionaries among the Indians, then receiving slaveholders into the church. A cargo of rum might possibly be overlooked, when sent out by those who gave liberally to foreign missions. Then the friction between the old and new schools I caricatured — the old school holding children are sinners when they were born; the new school, sinners when old enough to know how. The professors, Drs. Henry Mills, Baxter Dickinson and Laurens P. Hickock, were all able men, the latter especially became distinguished at Union College and a philosopher of celebrity; but there was the voice of Presbytery to be heeded, and the old paths only were held as safe and sacred.

Conservatism and all, this was truly a serviceable school of the prophets, located in lovely Auburn, the home of Judges Conkling and Blatchford and the then eminent Ex-Gov. Seward, who was heard frequently in great cases like the Freeman murder case, where his opponent was "Prince" John Van Buren. attorney general.

Its alumni were numerous. Distinguished as associates I recall the noble missionaries, F. E. Williams and Charles Little; Dr. Henry A. Nelson, professor, theologian and writer; Dr. Henry W. Parker, poet, artist, naturalist and professor in Iowa College, late author of "The Spirit of Beauty," a volume of the highest original and literary character. Prof. Parker wedded Miss Helen Fitch, a gifted authoress and the belle of Auburn, tenderly remembered as long a sufferer from a frightful casualty. Revs. H. A. Strong, Job Pierson, Edward Taylor, E. F. Williams and others, still honor the pulpit; while J. H. Kasson, my townsman and friend, and Robinson, the devoted and ardent, have passed away in varying service not to be forgotten.

War truly emancipated theological seminaries, as it did politicians. The vassalage and pulpit circumspection of that day, I set out in a scrap found among the old papers — of course, sarcasm.

Sample sermon skeleton, advisory to the class of 1847. The text, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

I. What the characteristics of the serpent?
  (a) Fertile in promises to mother Eve.
  (b) Has eye of a charmer — the bird falls.
  (c) Coils in danger — circumspection.
  (d) Crawls when pursued.
II. In the symbol of a dove.
  (a) Harmless in flight.
  (b) Gentle in cooing.

(c) Instinctively in storm takes refuge in a cote.

Remarks. Gentlemen, advisory to your congregations, say on Fast and Thanksgiving days, we

1. Deprecate the California gold fever.
2. Denounce fanatical Mormon crusaders.
3. Execrate the bloody Mexican war.
4. Commiserate black men—leave slavery to Providence.
5. Study the symbols of the successful minister—the serpent of the earth, the dove of the air.

A CALL.

Union village, thirty miles north of Albany, was the place of my first settlement. It was a village romantic in nature, of attractive houses, a refined people, of radical, diverse opinions on the great issues of slavery and temperance. The Congregational church had come out from the Dutch Reformed, refusing to fellowship any church tolerating a rumseller or a slaveholder—a protest only a quarter of a century in advance of Presbyterian and Methodist orthodoxy and ethics. It required heroines and born cavaliers to stem a tide of flunkyism, a cowardly pulpit and social intolerance.

That church was equal to the occasion in that locality; erecting a fine edifice, and with ample means and high social culture, enlisting thought, not less than awakening admiration. As a young minister I had no high advanced standard to urge; it was rather an effort to keep up with the procession on a stern, rugged march, entered upon by a noble people in calm resolution. Certainly their high social standing and kindly spirit, with the heart of true reformers, made them a peculiar people.

In politics, new issues were met confronting the slave power on the election of Gen. Taylor, who, though really a kind-hearted man, was the hero of a war severely denounced.

The liberal party, headed by John P. Hale, received, I think, the entire suffrage of the voters in our Society. In the eyes of a gross sentiment there was the greatest scandal in the abolition of the corner negro pew, yet more so in name than in resulting fact. The families keeping house-servants and coachmen, found their employes in church, without pressure or command, occupying not a corner, but a side of the church; they were so numerous that a colorphobist asked the usher on entering to do him a favor by giving him a seat not "on the shady side of the house." The name of Negro church was a by-word, but there was only a toleration of a class in worship as ready as that of the nurse or the drivers on duty, and defended without an idea of the social quality as degrading; it was a salutary, kind effort to uplift a class, yet wearing the badges of the slavery of their fathers; in a word, a Christian recognition of the oneness of the race.

I give an incident. Rev. Mr. Fillmore, of Cambridge, a popular pastor, a relative of the then President Fillmore, proposed an exchange. On the way, accosted by a parishioner, he was asked as to his mission. "Going to exchange with Grinnell, to preach to nabobs and niggers"—a hyperbole at least—it was in no sense true. The audience was not of nabobs, but of cultured people, tolerating a class to whom the low designation of "nigger" was never applied. The families could afford to be singular, equally with the affluent Quakers in plain colors far out of fashion. Still, in a "one idea" they found no cardinal virtue or excuse for minor neglects. The first ladies sang in the choir. The rich man's daughter played at the organ—thus music, Sabbath-school, temperance and reform, filled the church, and there were added to its numbers on one day near half a hundred by profession.

The monthly concerts for missions drew Quakers, skeptics, and the late witty E. D. Culver, member of Congress, all bearing a free lance. The warfare against the saloon was only less than against slavery, seemingly more effective. Reform men, the wood-sawyer, the Mohawk Dutchman, aided in keeping back license for a time, and liberal citizens erected a temperance hotel, only to lose its peculiar standing after a few years. As to the tipplers, I recall two ludicrous incidents.

McDonald was a reformed Irishman, but on the death of a daughter fell into grief, and I made a special effort to keep him sober to attend the funeral. At the cemetery what was my surprise when he stepped out in front of the company to speak, and this was his bull which afterward stung his proud spirit, and led to a permanent reform: "Friends, I thank you for your presence, and for burying my dear child, and hope the time is not far distant when I can in like service return your kindness."

Another inebriate was brought to reform—a kind of a pill doctor—by a laughable experience. Coming home late at night, hungry and thirsty, he called to his wife up-stairs, for milk and a bowl of blueberries. Their location in the pantry was pointed out, only a dim moon shining. During his absence she had made a batch of pills, and had left them near the berries. Presently he called, in the midst of profanity, "Are there none fresher than these?"—they had made him sick. Horrors! horrors! and the reply, as she took in the situation, was, that instead of the berries he had taken the bulk of those pills. The ridicule which followed the maudlin episode ended the career of a medical practitioner, and caused his reform.

Time has not dimmed my recollection nor lessened my admiration for the heroism of that congregation, as I recall Dr. Corliss, the Moreys, Holmes, Masters, Gibbs, Bigelows and others, for all of whom save one, epitaphs have been written.

I mention President Arthur, whose personal opinions he gave me at the White House. "I lived in Union Village at the founding of that church. George H. Corliss, the son of Dr. Corliss, was my playmate, now the great mechanic decorated by the kings of Europe. Not long ago I told him, sitting in that chair, that he would be remembered and his name mentioned long after some on the Presidential roll." Then added, "Young William Holmes had ten chances to one of mine for a rise in the world. He had fine dress suits, carriages and horses at command, and I was only the son of a poor Baptist minister." Knowing that Holmes lived in reduced circumstances at Grinnell, my Iowa home, he invited him to visit the White House. Learning of the family he rang his bell, asked by a note that the youngest son should have an appointment by the Postmaster General to the next railroad mail vacancy, which was soon filled by Mr. Frank S. Holmes. In further evidence of a statesman who never forgot his friends, is the fact that his high station did not prevent, on the death of Mr. Holmes, a telegraphic message of sympathy to the family.

My stay with this people was a pleasant one, with a full house and the church doubling in members. On most fair Sundays I spoke three times a day—the afternoon in the country. A conviction came that a change would inure to the benefit of both parties, though I did not seek invitations, for they were at hand. Was there a divinity shaping the future, bringing burdens and the sad separation of friends? My mother, for a long time in feeble health, was at Union Village treated with the kindest attention.

She died at the old home, sundering the link keeping me from the West, which had bound me nearer home, to witness at the bedside wasting and death.

The following letter is expressive of a mother's loss:

Mother is dead! Yesterday I replied to an inquiry, "She yet lingers," and this is the first time I write the mournful sentence—a truth I could not speak. From friends I have often heard the expression, "My mother is not living," but I little understood that loss as I now do, which stirs the soul to the depths of feeling, and is the occasion of extreme pain. We are called but once to suffer it during the longest life, and it is a loss for which no earthly blessing can give return.

A suffering mother was mine. For a period of years she had not known an hour free from pain, still she uttered not a murmur. Her mood was cheerfulness, and all her years of wasting furnished lessons of patience. There was pain in the thought that the kindness of friends could not be requited, and when the lips could not utter the words the heart indited, often her fast falling tears were the only expressions of gratitude.

A widowed mother. When a child twenty years agone, my father passed away, commending us all to the God of the widow and the Father of the fatherless. Now I recall the lonely sigh, and her careworn, saddened look has a new impression after many years, and her devotion to us is explained. She lived in us and for us. The youngest of our little circle, so full of promise, passed away; the eldest, far from home among strangers, was cut down in manhood; yet the fountains of her heart had not been so dried up, or exhausted, that at the mention of father, they did not flow. Oh! holy as heaven is the widowed mother's love.

"The love of many prayers and many tears,
Which changes not with dim declining years."

So she was endeared to us until her last breath.

She lived and died a Christian mother. Christ was the anchor of her soul; heaven she looked forward to as her home, and the voice of duty was heard as the voice of God. May those prayers and counsels meant for us that we might be useful, never be forgotten. May her expression this morning, "a blessed Sabbath," and her last words, "Christ is precious," be linked with her memory and magical words, until we have crossed the melancholy flood.

CHAPTER IV.

Washington Society—Its Intolerance—The new Congregational Church—A Liberal Club—Distinguished Reformers—Dr. Bailey's National Era—Radical Legislators.

President Zachary Taylor died in Washington on the 9th day of July, 1850, much lamented for his sterling honesty, though taken up as a candidate on the score of availability. I attended his funeral, although too ill to see little more than the formality of an official pageantry so common at State burials; and the old horse, a gray charger of the Mexican war, following in the rear, seemed about all the cortege, brute or man, in becoming solemnity. It was very offensive to my taste that the cavalry and flying artillery returned from the burial with the quick motion of a retreat, and that before sunset the artillery "played war" on the mall in front of the White House, clad in mourning for the death of the President.

The Washington then and of to-day, how unlike! Impure water, muddy roads, squalor which sat in poverty, and the Avenue in a general dilapidation, and as if the angels of destruction had come to hover over the 40,000 people, ignorant, and massed as servitors of officials, at the National Capital. The place, however beautiful in nature, required the removal of the curse of slavery, and an infusion of new blood and capital, to make the city of to-day attractive to its 200,000 residents.

On my second street walk I saw a family in chains, coming over from the Island slave-pens, where it was said there had been an auction-block sale of humanity. My blood boiled, and I did not suppress indignant speech, while the Northern clerks whom I met said, "Talk low, you will get us all into trouble." All seemed to be dumb in the shadow of the great outrages. There was an open alliance of politicians and the Church, to keep still, little less shameful than the league to uphold slavery itself. A free pulpit —there was none, and the only light which gave me hope was from Dr. Bailey's *National Era*, and the social gatherings in his parlors, with the possibility of a Church not chained to the dead corpse, too offensive for concealment, corrupting the very air. Slavery struck with paralysis the otherwise manly spirits, by its subtle exactions and divisive plots.

A CHURCH.

Humanity found no voice in the sanctuaries, nor was there a free platform for religious protest against the open barter and public sale of men. It was no caricature that our fustian flag

> "In splendid mockery waves
> O'er a land of slaves."

Messrs. Bigelow, Prentice, Stevens and others advised me that old Trinity Church on Judiciary Square was to be sold when vacated by the Episcopalians for their new one. It was their opinion that the Catholics would be sure of the edifice, certain that the trustees would not incur odium by making a sale to radicals like Dr. Bailey. It was not long before quietly I had a contract for the purchase of the edifice, paying a small sum down to keep an option for a few months. Property was very low, and the price was seven thousand, five hundred dollars, now worth many times that sum. In the effecting of a purchase my plan was to sell the pews in the North, and I recall that Henry C. Bowen (of Bowen & McNamee, then the silk merchants, with national distinction of having goods for sale and not principles), now proprietor of the *New York Independent*, took the first pew, for which he paid a hundred dollars. Supported in the enterprise by the commendation of Mr. Beecher, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Bushnell and others, I secured about five thousand dollars, which was paid of the purchase money, and we took possession of the church in November, 1851.

My sermon on the occasion was printed at the request of the members of the congregation, and, of the listeners on that day, I recall in the congregation, Senators Chase, Hale, Durkee, and Representatives Tuck, of New Hampshire, Fowler and Dickinson, of Massachusetts, Root, Giddings and Townsend, of Ohio, with the ever present Dr. Bailey, ready then, as afterward, to face political and social ostracism.

The air at that day was filled with the poisonous, miasmatic breath of slavery, and the friends of our church holding office were truly imperiling the bread of their families in the presence of hirelings and spies. Caste in India, or the hate of bigots in Mexico for Protestants, was only less vengeful than that of the respectables of Washington. Mobs had only just been dispersed, thirsting for blood. Fillmore, the President by succession, was timid and chained to the conservative car, while the escaping of slaves led a free Church to be regarded as a menace, with all the horrid apparitions of a nightmare. The surface of society was truly all placid, but like sea gulls whose gyrations presage a storm, there were ominous crowds on the corners and in dram shops, with no seeming employment but that of lackeys, too lazy for work, too timid for crime, and only when maudlin with drink and provoked with rage, were in their true role the tools of slavery. Their language was gross, and their oaths loud against negro equality, and judging by their invectives they would have drank vile whisky from human skulls as a pastime. I regret to say those denounced as Jesuits were not so venomous as Protestants; even clergymen, whose standing depended upon "Court favor," when they learned that members were to leave their church for the Congregational, brought nothing of fraternity, rather hovered and watched like birds of evil omen waiting for their prey. Finesse more becoming a ward caucus than the fraternity of churches measured the pulse and purpose. A few were not lost to shame in the all abounding recreancy.

From the sermon in the church, November 25, 1851, the following excerpts are historic as to the occasion:

> The establishment of a Congregational church in this city, as a new denomination, requires no apology; but a brief explanation may be proper, for the sake of those who may be ignorant of our motives and designs.
>
> No efforts are intended in depreciating those Christians who have here set up their banners. All truth is not found in one polity or creed; nor is perfection claimed for any Protestant form of worship. The earnest Christian has not the time to give in criticism of educational preferences, natural affinities, and the non-essentials which separate, in name, the great Protestant family; and it is rather becoming the zealous to "provoke to good works," still cultivating the unity of spirit and the bond of peace. The field is wide, a large portion of it being uncultivated—and a spirit of rivalry or words of railing would work only evil, while thousands about us must soon know the truth as it is in Jesus, if at all. The introduction of a foreign grain of a new name, by the husbandman, is not a signal for decrying all others, indigenous to the soil, which have brought "seed to the sower and bread to the eater"; nor does it become one branch of our Father's great fam-

ily to depreciate their brethren by endeavors to prove themselves more worthy of peculiar consideration and divine favor. This new standard is set up for far different purposes.

The best methods should be chosen for the defense of the truth and the salvation of men.

There is a choice in the ways discovered in reaching our distant El Dorado, there being a route by the cape, by the isthmus and overland. Marked changes have taken place in the modes of warfare in bloody and national disputes, by a substitution of science, flying artillery and fleets, for the cross-bow and trial by single combat, and the pen for the sword in diplomacy. Ever giving to God's methods—especially the foolishness of preaching, and the sovereignty of the Spirit, their place, we are not to forget that proper means, and not miracles, are employed for the defense of truth and the attainment of certain ends. They who are the teachers of ethics, and are set for the defense of the Gospel, should have in mind that we live in a time of conflicting sentiments—in an age of great freedom of opinion, and that the abuse of an errorist is not an answer to his argument. Errors are multiform, and a change of tactics in dealing with infidelity, to meet its new phases, becomes necessary, except to those denials to which God has furnished stereotyped answers. We are pointed to men who would overthrow the church, because across their pathway, and supposed in their power. To such we must demonstrate its worth to them and their children, and revive its ancient spirit when known as on the Rock, sending forth its light high in the heavens, and its savor through the earth. To the mass, the age is utilitarian—fruitbearing; and in showing to gainsayers what God's truth *is*, in its all-comprehensiveness and virtue, marked simplicity, cheerfulness and practical deeds, which will reach men in their immediate wants, will become more effective than simple forms of worship, or professions of orthodoxy.

This immediate field is wide, and promises richly to repay cultivation. We are placed in the center of controlling social and political influences, meeting on every street the servants of the people, who here assemble to frame the laws, which bind together this republic of states. This city has emerged from obscurity, becoming populous and beautiful, the very name of which should stimulate you to make it what the Father of his Country would desire, were he permitted to communicate a wish from that home to which he has gone.

You appear, not as innovators, either in church polity, or with peculiar theology, on this soil, held in common by all the states. The state has adopted the republicanism of our church, the germ of which was brought to the new world in the Mayflower two hundred years agone. Your theology, with its cognate principles and spirit, was never more welcome to the scholar and Christian—never more diffusive than now; not bounded by state lines, it marches with the "Star of Empire," on, and beyond the "Father of waters," where the Oregon sweeps by, to find a local habitation and a name in the land of gold, where the Pacific laves the shore.

Our common heritage is the theology of those divines whose works are read approvingly by the Christians of many nations. We have treasures in the memory of Elliot and Brainerd, the eminent apostles to the Indians—joy to know that Beecher and Hewitt, the early champions of temperance, are of us; and we take pleasure in our Christian relationship to those in our country who first engaged in the work of home and foreign missions; who have given system and efficiency to Sabbath-schools, and bible and tract circulation. All about us there are those who lend their sympathies, and will join us in labors. Be joyous, then, my brethren, to-day, because the pilgrim spirit has not fled, but walks in noon's broad light: labor and pray that it may abide and burn even here—

> "Till the waves of the bay where the Mayflower lay,
> Shall foam and freeze no more."
>
> There is much of labor before us; and however feeble our beginnings may be, if we go to God for counsel and for strength, we shall learn that with Him there is no restraint "to save by many or by few." If a prophet of evil and a foe say, "If the foxes but run upon these walls, they will fall down," heed it not, for the words to his church are, "I have graven thee upon my hands—thy walls are continually before me!" With a worm He can "thrash the mountains and beat them small, and make the hills as chaff." Oh, then, go to Him when doubting and weary, and He will be a counsellor, and sinew you with the strength of a wrestling Angel. He will here raise up a people in sympathy with all that is good—a church which shall be with her children in the divine economy of preparation—a quarry for the chiselling of marble—a forest for the felling of cedars, to be borne hence by the Master Builder, and have a place in that temple going up in the heavens.

This leads to personality. The new church for freedom had not been offensive, but the occupant of the pulpit was "shaded," and finally charged with giving a young mulatto couple a lesson in astronomy, especially the location of the North star. I think a trap had been set for me by visitors at Gilbert's, where I boarded. It became a serious charge. I could not prove a negative, and with my enemies perjury was nothing. My throat gave signs of failing me, and there was a good excuse for a Northern trip; besides, I had a pleasing early matrimonial prospect which I did not desire to have clouded by violence, or by the lips of base informers.

I left Washington, but with the mockery of a good-by from so-called gentlemen accompanying me to the cars, whom I advised that they would "see me later"—as they did from the gallery at the Capitol, when I gave the vote to confiscate the property of one of them with that of others, for disloyalty. I looked them boldly in the eye, having found poetic satisfaction at least, waiting on the true verdict in time's just awards.

The church kept on its way until a council for the settlement of a candidate not very acceptable, and with Prof. Stowe as moderator, was called early in 1854. It was the largest of the kind ever convened in this country. Dr. Edward Beecher was the main questioner. Was there ever a candidate (whose name I withhold) placed under the eye of hyper D. D.'s in such a theological pillory? He was bold in assurance, but not very orthodox. Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon to a great crowd, even Senator Sumner standing, and, by a special invitation of Mrs. President Pierce, Mr. Beecher was privately called to console on the death of her son. The President, one of the most urbane of gentlemen, received all the council with great cordiality.

The church, later, recovered from the wounds their chosen pastor had received, in deprecation and fear of his loose theology, and he left. Varied measures and expedients, with results it does not become me to criticise or recount, were taken. War brought a new element to Washington, and the pestilential breath of slavery ceased to enfeeble moral purpose and to invite social ostracism. Dr. Boyington became chaplain to Congress — a preacher of courage and ability — and there arose new friends, like Gen. O. O. Howard, whose name is a synonym for a hero and Christian, and Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, domiciled in Washington, who became pillars in the new and model edifice, where one of the largest of our societies holds its place, rising in troubled days of the new epoch; from it vigorous colonies go to organize in the new portions of the city and vicinage. The death of slavery was truly the life of the Congregational church, free and aggressive, and the new Washington.

WASHINGTON CHARACTERS AND LIFE — DR. BAILEY.

Dr. Gamaliel Bailey may be little known by this generation, for I am not aware that he has a biography, yet his career furnishes choice materials. No man of his time gave truth a more hospitable welcome, nor were there any less disturbed by temporary failures and threats.

Into the Ohio river his press was thrown three times, and a bonfire made of his paper list. For him assassins lay in wait, sure to gain the praises of the "Union saviors" on the border. His first years in Washington, publishing the *Era*, were perilous to property and person, and as late as 1848, his office was for three days in a state of siege by a mob that swore in the singular and plural that they would neither eat nor drink until the quiet-disturber was slain. The intrepid and yet mild defender looked out upon the crowd (with their murderous intent) unblanched by fear, to gain, when the peril was over, the regard of gentlemen who were ready secretly to promote the continuation of the *National Era*. Abandoned as a losing concern by its projectors, Dr. Bailey personally launched the craft freighted with precious principles, never left to chance by an accomplished pilot with genius to devise and courage to command.

I recall his philosophy as but a story of yesterday. The cause wants an elevated plane where the sordid will find no company, and great truths and association with literature, and even romance; to one great idea alone the masses are not won except by shame, or the hope of early and easy redress.

From the wrongs of black men you could turn to columns of bright reviews of books, letters unique from cities, and charming views of Washington society, all culminating in the good fortune of the manuscript of Harriet Beecher Stowe and the immortal "Uncle Tom's Cabin," later circulated by Jewett, of Boston, and others by the hundred thousand, and reprinted in many languages. Sumner's "White slavery in the Barbary States," Hildreth's "White slave," and the best ideas of jurists and reformers had better than waste-basket fortune; noted and praised as only an advance to the future camping ground of all moral heroes. Judge William Jay was never so well known as a worthy son of the great Chief Justice, John Jay. The Quaker poet, Whittier, for two years was a special contributor, and his verse was never before set in so elegant a frame as by the *National Era*, and candidates for literary honors found it worthy a generous patron.

Then, in 1850, the philosopher of reform opened his elegant parlors to counteract the social ostracism of Washington, which, though coarse in show, was relentless as the grave, backed by the hundreds of millions investment in human chattels. A man with an idea, if not a boor or a bore, knew where he could find an introduction to a company, after having seen the editor of the *Era*. Such worthy peculiar gatherings of people may have never been seen before. Will they ever be again, where such great schemes were voiced and national actors were seen, the ultra Gods of the time, in promenade, and sipping creams with common mortals?

It is quite safe to speak of those who have passed away. There was Miss Matilda Miner, advertised by a Congressman as a "doubtful lady coming to the city ostensibly to teach darkies, but really to aid in stealing niggers." What was the next sensation? The lady had hired a school-room next to the congressman, who had in vain offered hundreds of dollars for the lease. That was finesse and a fact exciting; even a mile-stone set up by the way, by a woman in strategy — the peer of Brooks, the Congressman and editor from New York.

Cheap postage had long been like the red flag planted before slaveholders, who made reading by servants a crime, and Barnabas Bates, of New York, once acting postmaster of that city, condensed his figures and philosophy as another startling force in the parlors, where that most able writer and reformer, Rev. Joshua Leavitt, had found a hearty welcome as a postage reformer—equipped later as the editor of the *New York Independent*—a statesman also. Who is the brusque, broad, solid millionaire, gray with the crown of sixty years? It is Asa Whitney, of New York, the first and bold projector of a railway to the Pacific coast. How firm he stands, and with eye lit up in optimistic glow, forecasting the day when gold shall be mined at less then half its cost. Disunion was averted, and the Pacific Railroad became more than a Golden gate to the west, a road for ships freighted for the Indies.

He won his case in the Bailey parlor forum, but that year of Congress under Southern rule was dull, and the rivalry as to the eastern terminus was bitter. Col. Benton was then an advocate of the Smoky Hill Kansas route, which he asserted was indicated by the track of the Indian, and still plainer by the animal instincts of the buffalo. Though more than ten years elapsed and Southern chairs required to be vacated before the work began, yet Whitney was the able, bold projector of the great work of the century.

THOMAS H. BENTON,

the author of the "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," was one of your broad-chested, robust men of mark, best recalled and delineated in personality when expunging the Senate Jackson-resolutions of censure. "Solitary and alone I set this ball in motion."

I heard him on the Compromise Measures in 1850, especially in opposition to the propositions championed by Senator Foote, of Mississippi. His speech was slow, words measured, argument elevated, and fortified with historical allusions and figures in combative array. "You cannot," said he, "by quackery stanch these bleeding wounds. Here I throttle the device as I hold up the measures, and crush them, as I mutilate the paper in my hand which prints this delusion." The ambitious factions displaced him from the Senate on the grounds that he lived in Washington, was not a hearty slavery propagandist—not even a moderate fire-eater; but St. Louis sent him to the House of Representatives a term, in rebuke to the state where his counsel was coveted; the Pacific railway was brought into great prominence, and objections were met with the power and skill of an adroit debater.

In 1853 I called at his residence in St. Louis, a very plain, low brick house, its walls decorated with maps and geographical lines, the promise of the future railway to the Pacific, then an absorbing public topic. "The route," said he, "was made before the compass, and the line is traced by the buffalo so plain that modern engineering has little to do, save in details." "Every dollar," said the statesman, "taken from the mines has cost two, and railway transit will save half in mining, building Orient and Occident, and millions in taking care of Indians."

On the slavery question he remarked, "Missouri once, I urged, could afford to be taxed to pay for every slave, and then make money by the increased value of lands," which he pictured as rich in soil, and richer in coal, lead and iron. "I am a nominal slave owner, but can only say, not in pride, that I am not the first man whose practice and theories were divergent."

There was a suggestion and a hope that he might be a national candidate. No, the fire-eaters are exacting, and the North can furnish candidates with principles equal to the requirements of conventions. "The Old Roman"? he was called—clouded in reputation by the duel, but courageous and defiant when he opened his vest in the Senate Chamber, and said to the pugnacious, noisy Foote, "Shoot, shoot!"

Clay and Webster, his compeers, whom I saw, were every way unlike the opinionated Missourian, who did not conceal his vanity on my praising a Senatorial speech against "Hangman Foote," and on Compromise. He was a fearless and a bitter opponent, but truly kind of heart, saying of his old enemy, Calhoun, wasting on life's verge, "When God lays his hands on a man I take mine off." He sleeps well.

David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, had just reached fame by a proviso restricting slavery in the Territories. When in Congress, I was asked to introduce strangers to him. He was a short, rotund person, with a round head, and bore himself as a lion on many occasions, with dignity, as the author of a most radical proviso, rescuing a not over brilliant statesman from the oblivion of mediocrity.

Preston King, of New York, afterward Senator, flabby in face, obese, and more than aldermanic in form, was for the liberal issue too early removed, having, while a government officer, drowned himself in the bay of New York.

George W. Julien, of Indiana, Representative, John P. Hale, Senator from New Hampshire, with Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, were a trio of note, once candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency.

Julien was a Quaker, save as to hat and soft speech — verbal excoriation of a dough-face was to him a fine art — but in the parlor he was a dry story-teller; a Greeley liberal of 1872, when he lost his place in the Republican procession by the hate of land sharks, whom he sought to punish as a Democratic land office in New Mexico. An old warrior, vexed by rivals and silver-gray politicians in long and turbulent career.

Mr. Adams was of the family type — not unlike his father, with short, fair, small features, delicate and refined in expression, the son's features true to a royal line, yet cool in blood, his conservatism not diminished by wealth and sharp political friction. Charles Francis and all the Adamses of rank have eulogists, and Dr. Bailey, in whose house he was a guest, was often called "an Adams," as he was in refinement and subdued speech.

John P. Hale, Senator from New Hampshire, with so hearty and ominous a smile that you were impatient for a scintillation of wit in the Senate Chamber, more feared than the logic of debate by his foes, was the character of chief interest to the gallery visitor. Speaking for the country, he imparted courage — even audacity of speech to time-servers, and alone he stands of the Spartan Senatorial band who could never give a second reply on a question of political ethics.

Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, joined in the merry circle, happy in relaxation. In form he was a model man, crowned by a Websterian brow. As a speaker he was slow and logical, and, with a husky, ill-toned voice, poorly enforced the strong Saxon which gave the argument of the case unembellished. An honest, ambitious, lucky politician in his designation; worthy of the place as Minister of Finance, and Chief Justice, though soured on failing to reach the Presidency, to which I know he actively aspired. If the Senator was the victim of imposition, let it be charged to fear of injustice to a friend, and not to mercenary motives or political aspirations. Years after, just seated in the chair of Secretary of the Treasury, on my call, and expression of cheer and good wishes, Mr. Chase replied, "It is the last place I should have accepted — one of details and denials for which I have little aptitude." I named to him Dr. Bailey, deceased, and his family, whereupon he sent a messenger, who secured for his son the first official favor, and it was consonant with a generous spirit that was refreshed on my praise of the *Era* and its editor.

Other notables like Horace Mann, Seward, Giddings, and their class, have found biographers in warm and just praise.

Ladies were welcome. The Misses Carey, risen to fame, Mrs. Southworth, one of the most prolific of novelists, the author of a half hundred volumns, and still vigorous, though past seventy years of age, and the dark-eyed, pensive Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Lippincott (who has never been so far out of sight or thought as now in a Colorado home), pleasantly lured their sex into the circle of the social plans of the time.

What of the frolics? In the old games of youth the bow was unbent, and a chance Southerner was left to wonder how, with the only stimulus of coffee, there could be such cheer. It was spontaneity without formality, and a social protest against reigning shams at slavery's capital. There were promenade trips to music, ballads, with a grand finale in a game of blind man's buff, entered into with special zest by the veterans of propriety. Horace Mann is blinded, and less adept at identifying his captive lady than in tracing a word to a Saxon root. Then Giddings or Senator Hale. The occasion was both boisterous and ludicrous, in the ruffle of silks, and the sallies of wit. Young life was recalled, when, by a trip, the venerable Giddings and Grace Greenwood, by a collision, fell to the carpet, making a tableau which nearly forty years can not efface.

This was the plotting, and here was the heart and policy of the great editor, Bailey, who kept in the line of England's great lady of rank, pleading with cold-blooded lords for an emancipation vote.

Garrison was just emerging from a garret, unmerchantable eggs were in less demand, and the great cause, escaping obloquy, gained a new status by the gifted pen and parlor assemblies of one who fell, alas! too early, breaking the chains of the bondmen by peaceful means, in preparation for the fateful lightnings of war, followed by the emancipation pen of Lincoln.

THE FORUM OF DEBATE.

Past discussions up to 1850 and 1851 seemed tame compared to those on the compromises reported for the staunching of political wounds. I took in from the galleries the groups forming an epoch in our history, and made notes which I do not care to revise, only elaborate. Webster was under a cloud by his 7th of March speech. Henry Clay spoke his last words with tearful emotion, to which I listened. J. C. Calhoun, long the praised logician, and oracle of secession, had a successor in Mr. Rhett, a politician of another type, really a Jacobin inviting a bloody conflict.

Senator Butler, a man of emotion, great in stature, powerful in declamation and a cultivated, classic orator, was moved to tears on the mention of the name of his dead colleague. He was nursing his hate for the Union and seemingly happy over any ill-timed remarks by a Senator or the Press, on which he could emphasize his secret enmity to the North, culminating in open disunion.

"Hangman Foote," of Mississippi, had descended as an extremist to become a compromiser. No man had so pompous a bearing, wearing the plumes of the orator at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington monument; dodging from seat to seat, fertile in injective, exasperating speech. He earned my contempt by carrying a pistol and drawing it on Senator Benton (known to be unarmed) in the Chamber, like a gaffled fowl in a cock-pit waiting provocation. He was entitled to expulsion, but Benton showed the hero when, refusing to give bonds on the requirement of Mr. Clay to keep the peace, he said, "No! he would rot in jail first." Then there was a hack driver, the picture of the "hangman Senator," save a little darker, following the slave status of the mother, an unquestioned Foote, they having one father. It was rumored, on Col. Benton's ridicule of Foote's "abhorrence of negroes" as being a recent family aversion, there was a threat of revenge, to heal wounded honor. It would have been gained only by assassination, for Col. Benton had fought his last duel.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

I studied, as one coveting the mantle of the dead Calhoun — an ornament he was not born to wear with a military West Point air rather than as a votary of the classics. Davis ran away with the favorite daughter of President Zachary Taylor, and the ambition to run ahead of somebody was a charitable conjecture in regard to the Senator. A very sharp nose, high cheek bones, compressed lips, haughty mien, and measured words in defiance, gave a picture of the man ten years before the act of open perjury, and at the head of a great rebellion. His speeches were as juiceless as his Presidential messages, and colder than his affection for his comrades in the war. For some word from a radical like Hale or Chase, there was a morbid impulse, on which he might hang a threat or hurl an invective. He seemed envious of Senator Soule, of Louisiana, dark as a Creole, a really eloquent fire-eater. Davis would make quick step out of the Chamber when Benton, "Old Bullion," spoke like a patriot.

Senator J. M. Mason, of Virginia, was a pompous example of F. F. V., seeming to pass radicals in scorn — whom he was too dull to answer. I had a chance to meet him after John Brown's raid in Virginia, and gained a low opinion of his honor as a man, and of a courage that imbibed bourbon to match his Bourbon politics as a slave breeder.

Slidell, his confederate from Louisiana in escape, who came near bringing us into a collision with England, was a solid man, and proved his high order of legal ability by gaining a great law practice in Europe, after a world-wide advertisement by reason of his capture on the British steamer "Trent," and release from Fort Warren on an interpretation of law quite humiliating to the patriotic masses, yet saving a rupture with Great Britain.

Around these kindred spirits seem to revolve like satellites great talkers who were only of service on roll-call. The conservative Democratic aspirants for the Presidency became a study, not the least ambitious of whom was Senator Houston, of Texas, the hero of San Jacinto, with truly a romantic career at home, in the camp of the savage, and as Governor of Texas. The window pictures of a tall, long, plain face were not caricatures. The leopard-skin vest was a reality, sported as the trophy of a Nimrod, and his occupation was to sit, with head bent without dignity, in seeming reflection, whittling pine sticks, when not listening to personalities, or discussions in which he was to take a part. I never saw him at his desk reading or writing like his fellows.

Gen. Houston was under the ban of Southern opinion, and passed from sight as a Presidential candidate. Not so with Gen.

Lewis Cass, and Senator Stephen A. Douglas. They sat opposite, and each watched the other's movements with more interest than rival bidders at a great auction sale. Cass was defeated in 1848, but hope sprang anew for 1852, before the entry of Pierce, the dark horse.

The general wore a wig which did not conceal his age, was obese, wheezy and rapid in speech; resting in the halo of a soldier of the war of 1812, who broke his sword across his knee on the surrender of Gen. Hull. A pioneer in Detroit he had become rich in lands, but was distrusted by the party slate-makers for honesty, and not strong with the "bohoys."

Wine at dinner was then a common beverage at the St. Charles Hotel, where I saw Gen. Cass send down for the undrained bottle, when his admirers no doubt would have been delighted with a taste in compliment rather than the illusory mild aroma. I remarked, "He will never be President," not on account of his beverage, rather because he did not pass it around. Had it been Douglas, stranger and friend would have touched their glasses until many brands had been tried, regardless of costly corkage, and the clinking had become both feeble and monotonous. Both aspirants had opposed the Wilmot proviso, and approved the main features of the odious Fugitive Slave Law. Gen. Cass in society was urbane and truly American, and to him I was drawn for his bold speech on the reception of Kossuth, personally regretting the election of the "dark horse" candidate Pierce in 1852.

Stephen A. Douglas was quite another character, a Vermont boy and an Illinois school-master, without the glamour of a military career, like his rival. The world knows of the great debate with Lincoln, and that he went down before the treachery of the South, to whose interests he had been loyal, if not subservient.

The author of "Squatter Sovereignty" was supreme in sociability, fertile in expedients, eloquent and fervid in discussions, and aptly mentioned by Mr. Blaine as one of the three Parliamentary leaders in our history. Was he not the generous rival who held, as I saw him, the hat of Lincoln at the inauguration? Did not his endowment of Douglas University in Chicago with land, by the dashings of the lake where he loved to linger, and with money for its maintenance, raise him to the fraternity of scholars? That failure which has passed these gifts, which are a monument to his generosity, over to the mortgagees, is only another evidence of imprudence or a betrayal of trusts, yet in no sense a disparagement of the giver, who was a liberal friend of higher education.

His speech for the Union on the firing on Fort Sumpter broke the last link which had bound him to the car of ultraists, and stamped his sovereignty doctrines as only the dragon's teeth from which sprang John Brown, armed men, and the Border war.

That he was a national idol this incident will be in proof. When on his sick bed at the Tremont House, in Chicago, then being brought up to a new grade by the aid of swarms of men, a burly laborer came to the superintendent asking for a day's lay-off. "No! I want more men. What is your trouble?" The brave man wept silently, and said, "Sir, how can I work below when my great friend is up there dying?" It was then and there that Douglas died with a patriotic prayer for the success of our arms. And his words of counsel were more effective for the Union than the service of a general in the field; he was perhaps a greater character in our history than if President.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

is remembered for characters passed into history as bold agitators. Georgia sent out Toombs and Stephens, exact physical and mental antipodes. Toombs threatened, tossing his hair with coarse defiance and pugilistic airs. Alexander Stephens, a wan, pale-faced skeleton of a man, piped in impassioned strains praises of the Union, deprecating as in later years, when a rebel Vice-President, the arbitrament of the sword. Brown, of Mississippi, Lamar, now Justice of the Supreme Court, were pronounced fire-eaters; while Garrett and R. M. Pryor, of Virginia, voluble in satire and fiery in invective, gave assurance that the day of collision was not far in the future. Mr. Pryor I have often met in New York since the war, the same nervous, sharp-featured, tawny-complexioned Virginian, who is said to pride himself on Indian blood, as one of the large traditional family of Pocahontas.

I was present at the acrimonious debate between this Virginian and Potter, of Wisconsin, resulting in a duel challenge. If anything could be called more barbaric than slave-breeding and the code in Old Virginia, it might be Potter's choice of a broadsword as the weapon, which his challenger declined. It more than repelled a sneer for cowardice at the North, and was a salutary lesson for braggarts.

That legislative hall was like a tinder box, a miniature arsenal, many of the leaders armed with a pistol or a bowie-knife, ready for an emergency. The North was to be bullied, and malcontents were jeered, even Democrats, if not shouting the party shibboleth. James H. Lane, of Indiana, afterward Senator from Kansas, said his fall by a duel or by assassination was only a question of time. Not toleration, but disunion or war was in the air.

THE RADICAL GROUP.

For years Clay, Webster and Calhoun were in public esteem the Senatorial triumvirate. Now the charm was broken, and who were to be their successors in national fame? There were three, bold and able, with national repute, by an overruling power to enlighten the North, while staying the progress of the slave propagandists. These were Senators Seward, S. P. Chase (whose personality and service I have given elsewhere), and John P. Hale of New Hampshire.

Could there have been statesmen whose words were better enforced by an honored, national, public career, or blessed with more varying adaptations by native gifts for grand and decisive debate? Senator Hale broke the shackles of party on the admission of Texas, and had enjoyed the honors of a Free Soil Presidential candidate. Jovial in social life, apt in repartee and story, without fear, and free from party shackles, his presence was an expectation. There was humor in the flashing eye, and power in the sarcastic tongue, which gave him all the qualities of a minority leadership. His wit was perennial, and powerful in repelling attacks.

Senator Seward's speeches taught the people, while he was held to be an artful Machiavelli by those across the chamber. Always in good temper, and never prevoked to personal retort.

S. P. Chase was ready with the law, and spoke with solemnity on great themes which he had studied, not in threat, but in a spirit of statesmanship, which was above slave laws, and codes, and in defiance of creed enactments. A towering brow and great purity of character were only tokens of a conscientious statesman.

I think the picture of Mr. Chase, standing while reading the Emancipation Proclamation, and his face on the greenback which was our financial savior, striking portraits of the great Senator.

With a greenback in my pocket I felt that I carried good money, and the image of a true man whose nature was hearty, loyalty unquestioned. Chase was eminently a lawyer rather than a gifted orator. He was denied the gift of humor, but the solemnity of manner in appeal to great principles, became a prophesy of his future. He was afterward Governor of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury—our second Hamilton—and elevated to the chair of Chief Justice, where, by the testimony of the great lawyers of that bench, he never had a superior.

He was a great student fortified to assault, and a severe judge of measures, which later perplexed Mr. Lincoln. The Minister of Finance was not second to the Minister of War, and delays with failures in the field were reprobated at least by indirection, and Radical leaders would have made him the successor of Mr. Lincoln after his first term. What was his ambition but honorable? Others were sowing and reaping where he had prepared the soil. A Cabinet adviser was only a name, and there was no ear for a Radical suggestion in prosecution of the war, and a promotion to the Chief Justiceship was looked upon as an expedient to placate a rival who personally was in accord with the radical politics of Butler and Fremont, and Gen. Phelps, the Louisiana radical.

Charles Sumner, after a contest of national import, was elected Senator in place of Mr. Webster. Bearing state seal and commission, he was never a place seeker; was a student and companion of Justice Story, and the author of the "True Grandeur of Nations," which has linked his fame with the world's savants and orators.

Mr. Sumner was the scholar of the body, and in his first term an orator unapproached in the beauty of language and fervency of appeal. If unlearned in parliamentary law, he was an authority in international law, and our statutes and their interpretations were quoted as readily as the most familiar maxims. It was an error that he was engrossed with a single idea. The wants of incohate states found in him an advocate on a high plane of statesmanship. The wrongs of sailors and soldiers were not overlooked, and the world never saw the Fugitive Slave Law in its full deformity until exposed by Sumner. That he was out of the line of a Presidential aspirant lent power to his utterances, and prepared the country for an execration of slavery in the crime against Kansas, and the assaults of an assassin.

In native personal endowment there were attractions, added to the culture of a scholar and marked colloquial vivacity, which caused him to become the envy of tread-mill conservatives, as well as the idol of young Americans. I forget his antagonisms with Grant, social scandals, infelicities, and that temporary clouding of his fame on the fraternal battle-flag resolutions. All of calamity incident to a great actor, including a murderous assault, is not to be mentioned in the view of an obverse bright shield more than heraldic. The fame of a Nestor in the Senate was reached. The industry and unfaltering devotion of a public servant was found in volumes, making the richest contributions to our national history, by a statesman; and apart from petulance and pedantry, so-called by indolent inferiors, his career stands unchallenged by the critics of the world.

It was my fortune to hear his first Senatorial speech — which was in debate on a welcome to the patriot Kossuth. It was of all the efforts brief, pathetic and classic, a prelude to a rich flavor in debate, with an elevating tone in discussions, led by a supreme master of assemblies. How clear the tones in fascinating cadence: "Our guest waits at the door for a boon of hospitality which tyranny denies. An expatriated hero who has passed the Bosphorus to meet the perils of the ocean on a patriotic mission sublime as that of Lafayette. Millions wait on your deed, doubly valued by a spontaneous welcome." All the previous speeches seemed as cold, studied declamations, contrasted with this effort, with a Senator, a man and soul behind it. The status of an orator was fixed beyond cavil, as that of a never-setting star in the heavens. With all the early caricature of Mr. Sumner as a looking-glass declaimer, one never found him in an encounter trivial, but learned and powerful as an antagonist.

After the Brooks assault on Mr. Sumner, Massachusetts, to her honor, kept a seat for the wounded Senator while in Europe — partially restored to see decades of service after the great traitors had fled the chamber, and brutal Brooks had, while yet a young man, been called to his final account.

Senator Ben. Wade, of Ohio, comes on the stage. A rough-spoken, reputed profane man. He took a full measure of men, and bluster only set him in defiance of fire-eaters, who never made a second attack. It was known that he was a good shot, and quite a stranger to fear. In our war he was a large figure; not popular in the chamber, yet brave, and an oracle with the masses down through the Johnson impeachment trial, when Wade might have been a successor of the false "Moses."

In the House there was a small Radical force, but effective for attack. The old man eloquent, John Quincy Adams, had passed away, but the venerable Horace Mann, of national fame, had appeared as his successor. Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, was a bold speaker, and in the use of stern logic called out barbarous imprecations, and an expulsion by the slaveholders, which gave him greater power and fame on a re-election. George W. Julian, of Indiana, the Quaker, became a progressive educator. Gen. R. C. Schenck, then a flaxen-haired youth, was often on the floor, in service with bold and bitter retorts.

Thaddeus Stevens I then saw for the first time, and heard in debate, to be assured that in a majority party he would become a dauntless color-bearer. The "Old Commoner" was a born leader, more than able, of rare perception in the analysis of character, happy in assault, firm as a rock to resist the Hotspurs of the day, and the evil ambition which culminated in treason and war. In the overthrow of slavery was he not a potent helper of the great War Minister Stanton, and our great army captains?

I have pictured him down to the war era, execrating rebels, later drawing the greenback bill, and securing the law for the issue of hundreds of millions of bonds, certain they would never be dishonored, so abiding was his faith in our cause and the Nation.

CONSCIENCE WHIGS

was a party designation of the time, occasioned by a bolt upon the nomination of President Taylor, who had earned the confidence of Liberals, while they distrusted his successor Fillmore, who signed the Fugitive Slave Bill. Daniel Webster seemed the especial aversion of Charles Allen, of Worcester, Massachusetts, leading in denunciation of Mr. Webster for receiving a subscription of tens of thousands of dollars in Boston, through the agency of Peter Harvey, which was held up as an act pensioning the betrayer of Massachusetts. I listened to the defense of Mr. Webster by George Ashman, of Springfield, Massachusetts, and by Mr. Hilliard, of Alabama, which created a great sensation. My predictions at that time came to be history. The Supreme Court of the United States was struggling to conceal its spirit in the Dred

Scott decision. I could see no settlement of the slavery question in the compromise measures which precipitated the great Kansas struggle, involving a great issue, which it required civil war to decide. Southern Senators from the different states seemed to hunt like beasts of prey, in couples; while the Radicals on the defensive brought to their aid powerful recruits like Wilson of Massachusetts, Fessenden of Maine, and Chandler of Michigan. The lapse of forty years sweeps every one of these great actors mentioned from the legislative halls, and I can think of none of the number conspicuous who have not passed over to the silent majority, save Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, and George W. Julian of Indiana.

In retracing the Radical actors of four decades agone, I am moved with devout gratitude to God for the legislators who became instructors by speech and example to the nation. I hold in special regard those "faithful among the faithless found," whose cheeks did not blanch before threats and violence, and were never suspected of venality in the marts of business, or in the counsels of the political caucus. All men have not a price for recreancy to principle or a trust.

A biographical estimate of the foes of liberty in the halls of Congress, in a study of those who lost station and honor, is a measure of the losses by perjury, not less than of lives clouded by defeat in an unholy cause, and sorrows of war, anew enforcing the Divine admonition: "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

CHAPTER V.

Garrison — Whittier — Simms, the Fugitive — U. S. Marshal Devens — Caleb Cushing — Henry Wilson — Anson P. Burlingame — Theodore Parker.

RADICALS OF 1851.

Reformers and agitators in 1851 in the vicinity of Boston I have grouped from personal knowledge gained by eye and ear — to me valued impressions not dimmed by strife nor lapse of time.

Frederick Douglass, an escaped slave, had given a striking narrative, couched in elegant language, and with fire contrasted with which his later speeches seem tame. His long career, and counsel to his race to put money in the purse, which he followed personally, has fully justified the prediction of his most ardent friends of fifty years ago, who have traced his course with delight, winning honor as an official in Washington and a diplomat. The general denunciation of the time was bitter; to be met by the press voicing the religionists, contending for their church, while politicians cared not to peril their platforms before competing slave-holders. Non-voters were deemed fanatics less dangerous than the Birney and Hale men, who chose at first between the then two great debauched parties.

William Lloyd Garrison could by right wear the decorations of a general, for he led in a long campaign under fire. In time, he was early; radical in utterance, persistent and uncompromising until fairly a victor, and the weapons of his foes were broken and scattered like the arms of the vanquished on retreat from the field of carnage. The most brilliant press contemporaries were obscured by the editor with the ready pen and the speaker incisive and logical in debate, terrible in denunciation, culling the burning words of the old Prophets and the woes uttered by the God-man with a solemnity and force sure to win the hearer, or arouse doubters in frenzied hate. A voice whose solemn cadence, with a pleasant, wooing countenance, often banished prejudice engendered by slurs, epithets, and common vengeful imprecation. Was there ever a more benevolent face? Or a spirit calling up in likeness the mildness of reformers and intrepidity of martyrs? The man dominated the scene and turbulence and hisses; mobs only charged higher the battery which shocked to paralysis the demoniac spirits rushing out to assault, but never subdued to hear. I saw him in the New York Tabernacle mob, and Captain Rynders was reported to have said: "I don't care a d——n for the 'old prophets,' but it is the solemn tone of old bald-head that stirs h—l in me." The audience waited, expecting the flash of pistols and blows by war clubs. There were screams, blanched cheeks, sudden exits midst the howling of the mob, yet Garrison stood erect and spoke without a tremor. Benignant in smiles while lashing in execration the cohorts of slavery, foiled by a mysterious impersonation of the boldness of a warrior avowing almost satirically only a mission of peace. Then strangers found a key unlocking the heart and brain. He showed no fear nor uttered a murmur when drawn by the neck, a few years before, through the streets of the city of Boston, at the behest of a slave-holding mob. History tells how the shackles fell by the enginery and horrors of war waged for disunion. But what mind can grasp the educational force of Garrison and his *Liberator*, nor can any save a witness realize his social ostracism, taunts by the press, and the misnamed, pious resolves by the Ecclesiastics, and solemn official bearers of the holy ark.

Where are his revilers now? What child is proud of blood poisoned by sordid trade, and the venality of dough-faces, whom charity forgets and turns from their deeds with averted face. Revilers sleep in unhonored graves. The valiant once outcast, with a price on his head, smiles in artistic bronze on Commonwealth Avenue. The sentiment he holds in his hand gives no prop to free trade. He was an American — its honor first is the lesson of his life. I saw the plaster cast in the artist's studio and gave only the counsel of a novice — make it say, with the benignant face of John Oberlin, "*I will be heard!*" The sons take up "love's work" to embalm by incident, and the whole record of the life of the man around whom rich and classic compeers revolved as satellites, in a day when the vision of seers was clouded and the multitude sent out the hisses of hate.

About the year 1850 the cloud of obloquy was rising, as I recall by an incident. An anniversary was observed, on the founding of the *Liberator*, and politicians of the class of Henry Wilson were present. I came with Thomas Russell, afterward the husband of a daughter of Father Taylor, who said, "I don't know that he was a Christian, but he was a sweet sinner." Certainly he was a genial friend and an elegant speaker, afterward politician, diplomat and able judge.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, wife of Dr. S. G. Howe, the philanthropist, I met, then known by the eminence of her husband, and ten years later distinguished as the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

I was in association with the Orthodox clergy, but could not admit that the Rev. Dr. A. Adams represented the church, only filial recreancy, when declaring in an emergency, and to meet a barbaric behest, that he would send his own mother back into slavery. Dr. Kirk, whom his friend and student, Dr. D. O. Mears, has justly extolled in a biographic volume, seemed very cautious in the pulpit. The eloquent pastor of Park Street Church, Dr. Stone, later of San Francisco, was in sympathy with the Washington church movement, while the Rev. Henry M. Dexter preached defiantly against the mandates of the Fugitive Slave Law, as truly in sympathy with the radical utterances of the times as Dr. Blagden, of the Old South, was the dispenser of the gospel of union-saving and silence. To him I was introduced by his brother-in-law, Wendell Philips, and was honored with an invitation to preach in the Old South Church, under a sounding-board, making my first and last effort in the historic church, where its galleries made sleeping apartments in the Revolution, and the soldiers trained their steeds on the ground floor. Yet this was a less novel occurrence than the fact that it was one person, myself, who was introduced by the high-born ornate Edmund Quincy, presiding at a memorial anniversary of the founding of Garrison's *Liberator*.

It was the talk of the time that there would have been less than the usual sleep in the Old South, even open-eyed gaze, had they guessed that the author of the Sunday sermon was to be the eulogist of Garrison on Monday. I was thus reported, in the speech, strictly impromptu:

> MR. CHAIRMAN.—Although called at this time a "Cosmopolite," it pleases me much at such an hour as this to have a *locality*. I have been a pastor, with the privilege of being associated with men whose lives were linked with glorious

causes. I call to mind one, in all places a *man*, who has gone to his great reward. Living, he was reviled, but at his death there was such universal lamentation as is never manifested at the death of those selfishly prudent, and ever "floating with the currents." The sundering of the "little thread" reveals what is in the hearts of the living, and there are many who must *die*, before the world's decision will be given *in full*. Mr. Garrison, the honored one of this brilliant assemblage, is such a personage. For him there are to be trumpet-tongues, and truth-telling speech. (Applause.)

Differing from him in many things, I have heard the say of all classes. Years agone, when a lad, I heard his name and paper mentioned in association with all that is dishonest, indecent and intolerable. He was under the foot of public opinion. Like the lion in the fable, he had no painter. But he has had them *here*, this evening, out of the ranks of Free Soil men—all professions—even the cautious of the Orthodox often associate our guest with integrity, heroism and true humanity. From the speech of slaveholders in private, I am led to believe they will covet the honor of furnishing his biography. (Cheers.)

Orthodoxy talks of hell. But who finds it ? They surely who resist their convictions. I have said it, and I believe, that the reformer, unselfish, asking Divine guidance, going out in plans, labors and devotions, with his very self for human weal and for God, cannot find a hell. Disregarding sectarian lines in this day of compromises and moral bankruptcy, it little becomes us to make consignments *for eternity*, when Heaven will ask of all as concerning our honored friend, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, "What did he do, and what will he become ?" (Applause.)

As the hands of the clock admonish us that we are near the morning hour, I will sit down, Mr. Chairman, by saying that I have slept in a cabin in Wisconsin, on a high point of land, where the falling rain on one side flowed into the Fox river to make the leap of Niagara, and then to pass on down the St. Lawrence; and where, on the other side, the rain coursed through the Wisconsin down to widen the "Father of Waters." A strange place, and the beginning of mighty forces—finding a parallel in the brain before me, which, for twenty years, has made highways to hearts, North and South, of more value to humanity than are the ways of the rivers to the ocean for commerce. May that brain continue to work, moving a *right arm* to beat down slavery, and a *left* to raise up the degraded at home. Let us pray and labor for that day, when the Pulpit and the Politician shall be joined in hand with our guest, the hero of the press, that a national ejaculation may be heard in song, "Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free." (Cheers.)

The company separating, Edmund Quincy said, "As you are a partial stranger in Boston, will you be my guest at Dedham, where my carriage will be at the depot ? To my thanks and plea for excuse, he said, "I not only live near a most venerable orthodox D. D., but you shall sleep on the bed occupied by LaFayette, twenty-five years ago a guest of our family, and on the pillow where he rested his princely head, and as your name indicates a Frenchman, I venture to urge you." So I went and began an acquaintance with a most accomplished agitator, and son of one of the first educators and statesmen of Massachusetts, whose figure, a real Harvard president, in bronze, stands near the Boston City Hall.

John G. Whittier was present, with poetic inspiration, lending cheer and dignity. Several times we met in the winter at the Marlboro Hotel, and the glance of that keen eye, sober mien, and benevolent face, has been an ever-present picture, and his every line seemed more than poetic revery — a gushing, exhilarating flow as from a source of purity for the cheer of the timid and the famishing.

In a picture of 1849, "The Champions of freedom," by Brainard, the editors, orators and statesmen, have all gone save the crowned poet of humanity. Is it vanity to mention his letter of congratulation upon my birthday? It is in honor, rather, of the writer than of the recipient, but time will only add to its value to the possessor. It is a pleasant souvenir that I should be known in Iowa and approved in a public career of forty years. I saw the poet later, to find a cordial reception at his home, and this was the visit, as described at the time:

> John G. Whittier I have just seen at his winter residence on Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass. Just 37 years ago I was introduced to him by a gallant friend, Anson Burlingame, then a senator, while we were all guests of the old Marlboro Hotel of Boston. Mr. Burlingame he mentioned with affection, still warm in praise, like that exhibited in his verse, so often the nurse of volor and a perpetual reminder of good deeds by those temporarily under the ban of public opinion. There has ever been mingled balm and blessing for an actor enlisting his muse. Thus, now past eighty years, he stands alone the poet of the people, and still offers fresh and mellow fruitage. Who is first named as boldly sweeping the lyre when clanking chains sounded out our shame ? What name is first invoked to celebrate our second century under the Constitution in the congregation of states and the world's savans, on the 30th of April? To ask for the poet is to name one solitary in the just accord of the living to genius, patriotism and virtue. Mountains in their grandeur never shake hands, and like them is Whittier — alone. Others on the journey, his peers in renown, have passed beyond embrace.
>
> I pass to the historic Art Hall of the mansion. There is a metal souvenir of Sumner, which sat in front of him while conning his great philippics, an elegant portrait of Bryant, numerous memoirs of the slavery struggle, the unloaded Quaker gun in the corner, a John Brown musket facing it — once loaded. The most attractive to me is the poet of 40 in life form, florid face and full muscle, inviting a contrast with the eye that has now lost its brilliancy, the ear duller than in youth to the melodies of song. Here are the plaintive and sad pictures of comrades and heroes. In conversation without a thought of privacy, he extols my idol of reform, Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, of Washington, and the *National Era*. He was a brave social educator, a refined gentleman, who could lend his home and purse in rarest civility and welcome, to reformers gathered from many classes and lands, waiting for a voice and a friend. I ventured the name of Wendell Phillips: "Yes," with a sad cadence, "my lifelong friend — one of the grandest of men in every respect of a wonderful career." After an indirect mention of various persons by incident and comparison, it could not be concealed that he held a different position from Garrison on the Sabbath question. But John Brown was the striking figure in the cen-

tury, and Wendell Phillips in his oratory and a life devotion to an unpopular cause, had won his way to the hearts of the people, and left no doubt as to his position in the world's history of heroes.

At the Garrison meeting, there were many persons then claiming to belong to the royal family of Radicals — the Jacksons, the Mays, Bowditches and Follens, scholars in a welcome to plebeians. Stephen S. Foster was launching invectives like poisoned arrows. His wife, the Quakeress, Abby Kelley for years, plain in speech and in person, cornered the good Friends with so many "buts," yet the butt made of the tree the biggest end. Ellis Gray Loring was "throwing himself away" in his profession, and smirching the family in a popular view. Rev. Samuel J. May, the persistent agitator, smooth in speech and captivating in address, was only typical of a class true in service, but less conspicuous in the stormy Boston years of 1850 and 1851. The Fugitive Slave Law had just been enacted. Sharadeck, the slave, had been rescued from the officers, and on trial had caused chains, in fear of the people, to be thrown around the court-house under which I saw judges crouch in shame to reach their bench. Webster's speech of March seemed all the talk, and in solemn tones to be reverberating among the hills, meeting the anathemas of orators, bringing on a conflict not in theories alone, but by great actors. Devoted friends wept over a bid for the presidency — trade applauded.

It was an educational era. All tradesmen and professional dependents were dumb, but off the pavements the freemen of Massachusetts had broken the shackles of party, and one great name for senator became a source of inspiration. It was Charles Sumner. Could he be elected? Nathaniel P. Banks was made speaker, and the opening speech on taking the chair, was proof of a born parliamentarian and orator, who later graced the speaker's chair in Congress. He then directed with fidelity and courage a canvass which was of national import — a graduate in Taunton of his college, under which there was a water-wheel.

The captive, Simms, became an object lesson in trial and rendition; soldiers with national arms I saw drilling ready to march on an enraged populace; judges of the high courts, morose, listless, like official servitors, detesting the cruel statute they had sworn to enforce; then minor officers had the downcast, sullen look of lackeys. The Marshal of the United States, Charles Devens, I pitied in his vassalage — young, elegant, comely — guarding the return of Simms as he passed him down to the boat at the wharf for a Southern prison-house, stealthily at midnight, when friends were in slumber and the stars seemed to have gone out, ashamed to witness the deed. This generation forgets that the young Marshal Devens, so captivating in person, was later a fighting major-general, cabinet officer, and the present learned judge and popular orator. I do not. Socially and playfully, twenty years after the Simms rendition, I recalled my impression that he was the most captivating gentleman I had ever seen in such base, official service. "Yes, come around, and I will tell you more in sequel. I was an official, young, perhaps with common aspirations, but not in sympathy with the law, nor had I a doubt as to the future trend of opinion. The slave, Simms, I bought, and gave him freedom as soon as I could do it." Thus the State and Nation comes to regard Mr. Devens the man, and forgets the vassalage as an official.

On the occasion I was an eye-witness, being called out at midnight by Thomas Russell, afterward diplomat and judge. Theodore Parker was a looker-on, not like Paul, standing by, assenting. A hymn was lined,

"Oh! there will be mourning," etc.,

which Rev. Mr. Foster, of New Hampshire, later a soldier, sung, as if voicing with solemn bass the just mockery due to this base deed which the city only learned by the morning press. Boston has not been good slave-hunting ground since this compound political blunder and crime.

Sumner was now the idol. Before the Judges in Chambers I saw him appear in habeas corpus appeal, captivating by dignity, euphonious voice, and bold denunciation of the Fugitive Slave Law. For weeks the excitement was intense. Mr Sumner had a card with Daniel Webster's autograph of a few years before, to be shown at the U. S. Senate door:

"Admit the bearer, Charles Sumner, always.
D. WEBSTER."

Now it was the question, shall the great State seal and verdict of the people become his card of admission to a seat Webster has vacated? Sumner, personally, was not a candidate even; so sensitive that he could not be induced to modify an opinion, or even attend a social party, keeping country appointments as a lecturer in the midst of the contest.

I think Caleb Cushing, far from the status of a "Free Soiler," with a few personal adherents, held the senatorial key. The illusion that he was a fortunate dark horse in the senatorial race, was early dispelled. He was feared and not without reason. A Tyler political marplot in Congress, soldier in the Mexican war, a restive spirit, and, as I saw him later, an advocate in the Supreme Court, bland, yet persistent in great cases like that of Mrs. Gaines, contending as the heir of hundreds of millions. Dead, there is recalled an elegant face, the man like a race-horse champing the bit, kept from a start; his unconscious lips were in motion as if conning his speech; but he never filled so large a space, nor uttered words that caused louder shouts than when on the Senatorial call, he responded, "Charles Sumner." That settled the question, and a curtain falls on the State House drama, transferring the actors to the streets, whooping in glee, and weeping and embracing with the fervor of Mexicans in parlors and club rooms, to a late hour.

HENRY WILSON, THE COBBLER.

Wilson was the busiest, ever-present, public character in Boston at this period — editor, caucus manager, and president of the Senate. He was a real shoemaker in his early days, and named the "Natick cobbler". Webster had publicly praised his political speeches, and they were warm friends up to the revolt of the "Conscience Whigs" in 1848, going for Van Buren, free-soiler, Adams and liberty. "That was the trial of my life," said Wilson. "I was poor, but had an ambition for promotion within my reach." It may not be credited, still it is a truth, that native American ideas and plans were important factors at this crisis. Foreigners, as a rule, were democratic. "None but Americans on guard," was a popular and square issue. Certainly the head men of the order were jubilant in seeing Mr. Wilson president of the Senate. It was curious how I came to know Mr. Wilson so well. The Sumner Free-Soil caucus would be held far into the night, and, quite a night-hawk myself, at the Marlboro Hotel, with not a vacant room in the house, I invited my new friend to share a bed in emergency. Would he never sleep! The outlook of men and ways at Washington prompted questions for hours. There was not one but frequent rests in my room, on the train having gone and the house being full. In frankness he said: "My chances for Congress are gone. I am too early by ten years, and I shall go to the rear and give room to adventurers with family and money, of which I have neither." Nothing is more creditable to the spirit of the time than his election to the United States Senate and Vice-Presidency by the aid of scholars, soldiers and millionaires. He had a rare fund of good sense; of temperate habits, turning down his glasses at dinners when others drained them; and in truth could, in the latter part of his political career, refuse thousands in his poverty — a tribute to unquestioned probity maintained amidst the great opportunities of the Civil War. He had little love for sharp debate, yet did not shrink in contest with Judge Black on the legal status of Secretary Stanton, his friend. Truly, a simple, great-hearted patriot. While sitting in the president's chair in the senate, he sent down his card, as I was then a visitor from Iowa, asking me to meet him in the marble room. There he presented me his volumes, "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," with the regards of the author. He sighed for an escape from enforced silence in his chain. "I have no money, nor any prospect of service soon. How I wish I was West, an owner of stock and farm, away from the voice of a coming storm." While loyal to Grant, there was no praise for his personal rule nor sympathy in his treatment of Senator Sumner.

Let it be told, Vice-President Wilson aspired to be Grant's successor — this is not a guess, but a weak and wild ambition, indulged after a partial period of paralysis which impeded his speech. In fact, he never was a fluent orator — measured and slow, with thoughts too heavy for tongue, like Webster — an involuntary assimilation to one of whom he was proud to be called a protégé.

As to persons, parties and national history, he was the best informed Senator of his time, and a story-teller of great resources, hearty in laughter.

The mortification in his Senatorial career was on the advent of the "Black Crook" theatrical troupe. By repute, it was a poorly-dressed company, and on a banter, thoughtlessly, cheap gallery tickets were procured for several Senators and Representatives. The theatre manager was apprised of their arrival, and ordered them to be conducted in a body to the most conspicuous seats. It proved to be more than a boyish — a Senatorial lark — when the usher, with the lungs of a Senator, announced the Honorable Senate of the United States. In later years Mr. Wilson, recounting it, said, "It was the worst sell of my life, and my first and last visit to the antics of shameless 'Black Crook' performers. To have left the house would have made the trick more conspicuous, which was played by one of our company, but never forgiven."

In the last years of his public life he visited Iowa to see a prairie for the first time. At Des Moines the citizens proposed a banquet in his honor. "No; if I have another night in Iowa, it will be spent with Grinnell, with whom in an emergency I used to lodge in Boston, when both beds and money were scarce." He was given, in my house, the bed that had rested John Brown, and at a meeting in the park he spoke to a crowd of admirers, and not long after died by a paralytic stroke in the Vice-President's room at Washington. A man of courage, but holding that the duel code was a barbarism. For stimulants there was a hereditary taste, but his temperance career was brilliant as a speaker, and as President of the National Temperance Society, he rendered exemplary service, aided by the finances and intrepidity of the late William E. Dodge.

ANSON P. BURLINGAME,

then Senator, was the personal antithesis of Wilson, and in the Sumner campaign marshal of the young political cohorts, cultured, magnetic as an orator, genial, the facial Adonis of the Senate. Of much of his history this generation knows little.

He married the daughter of Isaac Livermore, the financier of Charleston. Night work and full rooms made him often a bedfellow at my rooms in the Marlboro. Then there was no concealment of his ambition to go to Congress, as he did, rising to the rank of treaty maker, as diplomat, and at last the honored plenipotentiary servant of China.

Poverty had given him stamina, and a residence on the frontier in Michigan cultivated the taste of a sportsman, in which was found recreation. On the assault of Senator Sumner, in Washington, by "Bully Brooks," of South Carolina, Burlingame was with one voice chosen to execrate the murderous deed, and speak for insulted Massachusetts. A finer philippic in indignation and arraignment under parliamentary law, can not be found in the language.

Burlingame, with towering indignation, said of Brooks' cowardly act, "I denounce it in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, which was stricken down by the blow; I denounce it in the name of humanity; I denounce it in the name of civilization, which it outraged; I denounce it in the name of that fair play which even bullies and prize-fighters respect. What! Strike a man when he is pinioned—when he cannot respond to a blow! Call you that chivalry? In what code of honor did you get your authority for that?" It stung the assassin; and the reputed high blood, taken with the wounding of the pride of South Carolina, required a resort to the code duello. Burlingame received the challenge and accepted it, naming Canada by Niagara Falls, as the place, and the weapons rifles, and the range so near that the shots must be fatal, and on neutral soil with less fear of arrest. The coward did not accept; expelled from Congress, he died with the brand of personal infamy, and a disgrace to the chivalry of his state. What was the status of Burlingame? Praised for his matchless speech, feted for courage, even admired by moralists who were happy in the explosion of an idea that the North had only the blood of "craven agitators." It ended challenges for words in debate by the South, under their code.

Burlingame I met at the Chicago Convention on the nomination of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, both being delegates, and that was the scene of an ovation. Judge William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, late Nestor of the House of Representatives, had spoken from a stand for receiving the delegations in open air. Also, that great stump orator, Henry S. Lane, of Indiana, who began, "I am the next Governor of Indiana, and I see you are glad to see me, and the feeling is heartily mutual."

I hinted by a whisper to the chairman that Burlingame, of Massachusetts, would stir up the boys.

"Bring him near and introduce him; my voice is all gone."

I need not say that the orator was loaded for that occasion. This was my introduction as reported:

"The nation has heard of an invitation made to one Brooks, the cowardly assailant of Sumner, to cross the Canadian border; there would have been no farcical arrest; no burlesque of coffee and pistols, but rifles at short range. Where was your chivalry, declining before the high blood of a Puritan cavalier of Massachusetts? He is here to speak."

How his voice did ring out; only drowned by cheers as he made Gov. Banks his candidate—the schooled mechanic, Speaker of Congress, the "iron man". That crowd would have nominated Burlingame before Banks or Lincoln. I dined with him in 1861 in Washington, and recall this: "I am a restless spirit and have an ambition to see the world and serve abroad." He was early made Minister to China by Mr. Lincoln, and in 1867 became the Ambassador of China to this country and to all the powers of Europe, a post which he held until his death in 1870. If it was a distinction to draw a larger salary than received by any American, there was a higher honor in diplomatic service for hundreds of millions of people whose gates have been barred against the English people for centuries. He had his faults and foibles, but what American was not happy for the fortunes of a gentleman of culture who lowered the plumes of southern chivalry, and won officially more than a President's power, and at his death a wreath of honor which the subjects of Kings had striven for in vain?

THEODORE PARKER.

While on the Radical list, I do not omit Theodore Parker, a by-word name, being by the popular say an infidel and a Garrisonite. To me he was logical in debate, yet heavy as contrasted with Phillips. He was a Harvard scholar—a theological debater and a living protest against the Unitarian Church which disowned him, but could not keep the curious boys from his people's church, where were the blendings of heresy and caricatures of doxy and conservatism, most shocking to philosophy. He was rather deep than clear to the masses, and the multitude of his volumes and his linguistic erudition made him the peer of scholars. His sermon on 'Immortality" eclipses all in freshness and vigor. For inciting the rescue of a detained fugitive, he had the honor of an indictment by jury, yet not a burlesque trial. He was a rare scholar, greatly missed by his intimate friends, who lamented the cool, brave spirit holding forth to crowds in Music Hall, until a fatal disease drove him to Florence, where he died. He was vigorous and original in thought, inciting the schools and the calmer speech of Boston in praise for the gift of a library of 13,000 volumes. This act softened the enmity against the dead patriot and reformer.

CHAPTER VI.

"Go West, Young Man, Go West"—Out-door Speaking in New York—Failure of Voice—Horace Greeley's Advice—Copy of Greeley's Letter—Proposed Colony—Turned from Missouri by Slavery—Protégé of Henry Farnam—Railway Magnate—Fortunate Location of the City of Grinnell.

Interest attaches to those incipient public acts which have brought beneficent results. The story of the Genesis of Grinnell has been told in consecutive letters to the children. Their study will be of value to living cotemporaries, possibly stimulating co-operation in efforts for organized emigration.

Conspicuous failures in attempts at organized emigration have been many, but in common association with sordid grasping and the strife of ambitious leaders, which should not detract from the policy in the founding of settlements like that described in this simple narrative. There was Marietta in Ohio, founded in patriotic protest against slavery, from which Marietta College sprang. Oberlin, Ohio, came to be through the agencies of capitalists and devoted men, in a land-purchase and college, the result of labors of pioneers gone to their reward, whom later generations can never forget. Their fortitude, and consecration to principle and a great educational scheme, require no monument for perpetuation. Galesburg, Illinois, had a land company investing in rich soil, and a college scheme, the product of capital, experience and devotion. The city of Greeley, Colorado, can be cited with a charmed history. Enriched by water supply, with rare attractions of climate, it had oneness of moral sentiment, with union in labor, while under the ban of intolerance and ridicule. These cities had the details of action, and corporate powers, with names now noted in philanthropic, wise purpose. What there was in the founding of Grinnell was an unwritten purpose under the hat of one man, waiting on opportunity. Formal unity in action there was none. The whirl of the horses to the carriage, and striking alone for the land office while his comrades debated localities, was an assumption, and the decisive act which led to what follows of incident or story. It is a fresh version of sacrifices and successes, related to the episodes and romance of thirty-six years ago, and much like the devotion of the founders of Denmark Academy, and the heroic personal and pecuniary sacrifices of our brothers of Tabor College on the west, worthy to be written in letters of gold. Here are the letters:

My Dear Children:

With pleasure, and I trust with profit to the great cause of the Master, I was the pastor of the Union Congregational Church of the city of New York for three years. Devoted and noble as were the people, with large plant for church extension and removal, I was to leave them. It came about in this way, under God's providence. Speaking intemperately in the open air at the ship-yards in New York, in 1852–3, was indirectly the occasion of my expatriation to the West.

William H. Webb, the great ship-builder on the East River, furnished timber for comfortable seats occupied by non-church goers, and workmen coming out with their families, where there was good singing, order and spirit, which lent to the service at least the charm of novelty.

Among those interested in the ragged schools and out-door talk of the laymen, there were Hon. William E. Dodge, the eminent Christian philanthropist; also, ex-attorney general of the Uuited States, Benjamin F. Bntler. He was a specimen of a courtly "elect Democrat", whose Sandy Hill "stated preaching" correspondence while of the Van Buren regency of an early day, was the occasion of irreverent talk. William Allen Butler, author and satirical poet in "Miss Flora Mc Flimsey," is a son who perpetuates the name of a father not less distinguished as a Christian gentleman than a lawyer.

The following letter furnishes an historic and ludicrous incident of the times, related to a distinguished character:

The boy's school in my charge on Sixth street is crowded. It is composed of strolling, poorly-clad orphans, and venders of newspapers, a smart but rough set. They demand a varied entertainment, and I secured the promise of an address from the great lawyer and politician, Benjamin F. Butler, once attorney-general of the United States under Gen. Jackson. I had the promise of quiet and correct deportment in his honor. Mr. Butler, a pleasant, venerable gentleman, was presented, to be heartily cheered. He asked, "Boys, what shall I speak about ?" "Anything!" "How long ?" "Twenty minutes, thirty if awful good," shouted one. "Call it twenty," said Mr. Butler, "and that is a Sunday trade, but you must keep quiet." "And I will time you, boss," said a leader, upon which there was a show of watches. This seemed to occasion a little nervousness on the part of the speaker. A simple and elegant address was made, but the application was not reached when the shout went, "Time's up! Time's up!" "But I have a concluding story for you." "No, no! A bargain is a bargain if it is Sunday." I came to the rescue, saying that this venerable gentleman was not used to such rudeness. The reply was, "We keep our contract; time's out. No stories." Mr. Butler arose, a louder shout, "Time's up!" drowning all words of persuasion, with a threat of going to dinner, and causing such a tumult that Mr. Butler, a picture of mortification, sat down, and fearing a second guy as to time, left the superintendent helpless, and the boys masters of the situation.

In the morning I went down to the lawyer's office to take the apology of the school, and the promise of less rudeness on another visit, also my own regrets. "No second visit!" I was mortified. "Before thousands I have spoken in open air; in our higher court for years, with toleration at least; but I never met such a rebuff in all my life, and I am clear of another exposure before the vagrants. It was a blunder of course in the fixing of the time, and I had not got to the story. Let it pass. They had too many bull's-eye watches, and it was both the sharp and rough experience in my career as a speaker, for which I blame no one but unwashed Young America."

Mr. Horace Greeley, the great editor, was often a speaker on temperance, with others less known to fame. The meetings came to be the resort of curious gentlemen in their carriages, and even the notorious Tweed, afterward the convicted plunderer, then an alderman, would be present and slyly hand out a golden eagle in compliment to the service. One Sunday I quite broke down with hoarseness. Mr. Greeley was in the rear of the crowd, but he did not come forward to my relief, as was his custom at various meetings, when called upon for the closing words.

I made my way to the *Tribune* office the next morning to chide Mr. Greeley for not coming to my aid in an emergency, saying my last effort was made. "Well," said he, "the crowd was large, and I did not like to push through it; but you are laid by, no doubt; only don't get ready for a fashionable European health trip, or to lounge in the city, which is no place to stay except with occupation and good health. *Go West, young man, go West.* There is health in the country, and room away from our crowds of idlers and imbeciles." "That," I said, "is very frank advice, but it is medicine easier given than taken. It is a wide country, but I do not know just where to go." "It is all room away from the pavements. I want some one at once to take a trip for the *Tribune*, and write me from the Illinois State Fair, at Springfield. You can do it. Solon Robinson, the agricultural editor, says you have knowledge of animals. I doted on the trip myself; but you make the best report you can. I will see that you have railway passage, and will write you a letter which will secure you attention and a chance to do us service, and make a spread in your own way."

This is the letter he handed me:

NEW YORK, Sept. 25, 1833.

Mr. J. B. Grinnell of this city visits the Illinois Agricultural State Fair at Springfield, Ill., and will report therefrom for *The Tribune.* I pray you to show him whatever courtesy you may fairly do, and enable him to give us a full report of the Fair. Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

To the editor of the State Journal, Springfield, Ill.

I had a fine time every way, and made a lengthy report which was acceptable, and opened the way indirectly for much that follows in narration.

This answers the queries and gives the facts in regard to the more than legendary counsel, "Go West, young man, go West"—a shot at thousands of dullards since my day; I was the young man whom Mr. Greeley told to go, and I went. I have never found occasion to regret the fact that I was a protégé of his—a life-long correspondent and friend. I record the warm tribute of my heart to the greatest American Journalist, who not only made public my "Badger" letters, but received and printed what would be equal to a volume, in praise of Iowa. On his last visit to our state he wrote that he had seen the model city, in respect to morals and education.

THE PLAN OF SETTLEMENT.

My voice being impaired, the delicacy of my child requiring the tonic of country air, furnished strong and added inducements to make plans for western emigration. On returning from my western and Missouri trip, I elaborated a scheme which the stupidity of another, with several casualties, would not allow to go into full execution. In the New York *Tribune* and New York *Independent* I advertised for correspondence with parties desirous of educational facilities, and of temperance and Congregational affinities, who wished to settle on some new western railroad or one projected.

"Colonist" was my address, and both Mr. Greeley and Joshua Leavitt had vouched for the character and good faith of "Colonist." Then I wrote short articles in the line of my project, against isolated emigration and in favor of associating for fraternal social good.

Each year of my western stay has confirmed its philosophy, and, had I met a failure, the advantages of homeogeneous settlement could not be gainsaid. It brought a legion of answers, with troops of professionals and aspiring marshals, as if sure of the privates for troops. I wish they were at hand in refutation of Bellamy and his Utopian romance, "Looking Backward," before a possible new edition — a burlesque on the facts in human nature as revealed by my project.

Those comfortable in riding are not found voluntarily taking a walk, or drawing a load in traces, if having honestly earned and paid for an easy passage. Our scheme was a plain rural life, with patience to wait and grow, like the products of agriculture, to the stage of fruit, shade, culture and repose for age. My scheme I knew was not Utopian, but broad, generous and beneficent; and I now see that it was by an unseen hand I was led and upheld.

The following, from *The Independent*, was one of the articles to which I refer:

> An advertisement in *The Independent* relating to a Western enterprise, seems to furnish occasion for a brief discussion of a topic with manifold relations.
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> The tide of emigration westward, whether for good or for ill, can no more be stayed than the course of the gulf-stream. The late census returns furnish proof of the general health of the western states. Owners of stocks valued at a hundred millions of dollars, invite the enterprising to make a home on new soil, to subserve the interests of both capitalist and producer. The last year, the present and the next, will span the prairies and groves, hitherto almost without an inhabitant, with more than a thousand miles of railroad; so that the hardships of frontier life shall no more be brought to mind by the multitudes of pioneers "ticketed through" to the cheapest and most fertile lands on the continent. Landholders in the east are buying out the small proprietors; and while the vocation of a farmer is yearly becoming more profitable and honorable, rich soil westward, only a two days' journey distant, will be purchased at $5 the acre, rather than inferior soil eastward at $50. Economical considerations, combined with the adventurous spirit and modern facilities for traveling, will secure the transfer of a numerous people to new homes on the course of "the star of empire".
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> Not those alone of undefined opinions, and wanting position in the home of their youth, will change their abode. Churches now weak are to suffer a severe depletion. A Presbyterian minister in western New York writes me: "I am almost discouraged; my most enterprising men, and the very best families are going West." A letter received last week from a pastor in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, contains the following passage: "The course of business is such in our country as to be steadily draining the very life-blood out of these mountain districts. We are steadily losing ground, and I see no practicable way of helping it. Almost all of our enterprising youth of both sexes leave us when they reach maturity, and our best families are emigrating to the West."
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> How, then, should such persons go West? Observation in the West, and a careful study of the whole question, prompts this answer: *In companies, with*

persons of congenial, moral and religious sentiments, embracing mechanics, and pecuniary ability to make the school and the Church paramount and attractive institutions from the outset. To name the reasons for this opinion is enough. It will contribute to the protection of those emigrating. In the northwest, there are thousands of persons lost to the Church by removal. They have made a home distant from their denomination, and are seldom in church; or they are surrounded by denominations with whom they do not choose to unite while there is hope in the future of enjoying their own. "Hope deferred" relaxes exertion; and soon the once fair and flourishing professor is seen relapsing in his principles, and with perverted taste, conformed to the irreligious habits of frontier life. Observation has proved that those who are strangers, and do not in their new home from the first avow their religious convictions, may *never* do it. Their excuse "that they find nothing in the Church as it used to be at home," may not be valid, while their removal from the presence of congenial friends, will prove the shipwreck of their principles.

"My people are so scattered!" is the mournful expression of many a home missionary; for well they know that a monthly hearing of the Word ordinarily fails to secure the fruits which the pastoral relation contemplates. This is the condition of thousands of families, which cannot at present be remedied, since a change of home is not so easily made, and there is a lack of ministers even to supply the organized churches.

If it be said that the Christian should be a light everywhere, and as leaven among the ungodly, the position will not be denied; but the facts are, the few yield to the many, and a single Christian family or a few poor families can effect but little in a community where there is a strong preorganized irreligious sentiment. A weak society may be formed with the best of principles, but, from its pecuniary dependence, only to be led and perverted by designing men, to the dishonor of religion, and, as numerous localities evidence, inflicting a blow on a given denomination, from which it will require years to recover.

The Bishops of Ireland complain that one-half the Catholics emigrating to America are lost to the Church; and having studied the causes of this loss, Rome prefers that her adherents should dwell near to the priest and the Church in poverty, rather than with plenty and distant from the Church. Protestants may learn from their enemies the methods in order to preservation and power. A lesson may be known from towns in Vermont, New York, Ohio and Illinois, which were settled by a heterogeneous people, distracted by numerous sects, and which still lack that absorbing element of influence which in towns adjacent, settled by congenial spirits, has sustained schools and seminaries, and an able ministry, all contributing to a still greater assimilation.

Organized emigration becomes a Christian duty, if a new home is sought. There is a natural proclivity to the strong side, and a horror of minorities. Bad men in new neighborhoods, in the presence of strong Christian men, have often given up controversy, and from motives of peace and policy, have placed themselves within the reach of the minister's voice, which has eventuated in their conversion.

In the time of rebellion, government is respected according to the number and character of forces sent to quell the outbreak; and the force and position of Christians in the frontier States, determine their influence on the all-abounding errors, and whether Christ's triumph shall be early and complete, or delayed indefinitely. Government erects the light-house at such a height, and with a given number of lamps. Fitful, chance lights on the shore will not suffice in the nights of darkness and storm; no more will single Christians, mostly poor, and of necessity secular in their pursuits, scattered through the West, effect that which requires to be done by a combination of influence. If Christians, then, would unite to this end "the solitary place shall be glad for them," and the report would go out through the land, "*there* are the profits of godliness and conquests for Christ."

There are *social* and *material* bearings of this question, which deserve a brief mention. We are made for society; society is not "got up to order," like a military company for an emergency. But persons with a common aim, of the same faith, and with a free will, embarking together, will find a variety of pleasing correspondence in a new home, where all are called to the same trials, and inspired with kindred hopes. We remember the glowing countenances of our fathers, rehearsing the story of days when, with a brother's spirit, they laid the foundations which are now justly their children's pride and joy. The trials we need not know in full, borne, as we may be, by steam to the prairies, long smiling with invitations for the stranger; but enongh remains of toil and devotion to the generations that come after, to perpetuate friendship through prospered years to old age. *Constructing* a social and religious habit, and not *complaining* over that which cannot be remedied, is the proper employment, and contributes to real affinity, happiness and strength of character.

The *economies* of this question are evident. Where there are numbers, the pecuniary burdens of the Church and school are divided, and every valued institution rendered really more valuable. Lands adjacent to the Christian colonies are held in the market at a much higher price than those in the vicinity of a medley class of people.

A number of families in one company may purchase merchandise and materials for house-building at much lower rates than the immigrant alone; and public spirit, in the laying-out of grounds, and in ornamental culture, will affect, at a little expense, that which individual enterprise could not achieve.

Persons with a common interest, settled by the stream of water, or near a coal-bed, can, with economy, establish those factories which every consideration of political economy requires in the West. The farmers, uniting their funds, can purchase patent reapers and mowers, and other great labor-saving inventions of this age, yet beyond the reach of the isolated farmers. Stock and wool-growers, at a small cost to each, can secure the best bloods, and such advantages from their introduction as are now only known in a few wealthy localities.

We forbear to enumerate advantages further. If it be said that some may leave the company, we answer, their vacancy will invite *good* rather than *bad* men. If failures are in memory, the answer is, not on virgin soil, in a free state, in this day of railroads.

J. B. G.

HOW CAME THE LOCATION?

A slave state — Missouri — I hinted at, as we had an estate there of 640 acres. That cooled the ardor of correspondents. One wrote that he proposed to keep his sentiments but "learn his trade without prison stripes on him." The decision not to go to Missouri came in this way: I had made proposals for a land purchase forty miles west of Hannibal and had friendly answers, and a welcome from slave owners, provided I "did not meddle with their property." I shook hands with a gallant colonel over what I now see was a deep chasm as we parted; for this colonel, afterward an M. C., was soon found presiding at a pro-slavery meeting, with resolves that only people embracing sentiments loyal to slavery were to be tolerated. That I read on reaching New York, and it made my land worthless as a home, and ended all talk of Missouri.

There was then, in 1853, no railway as far west as the Mississippi River, and, leaving the stage going east, at Sheffield, Ill., for the railway coach, I was confronted with a brace of wordy slave hunters, or their kin, cursing the North as made up of cowards and nigger thieves. I kept silence until I was challenged as to my sentiments, and I then hinted I was in a free State, where the law relating to gentlemen was observed.

Threats, oaths and drawn pistols were in the order of use, and if a Yankee I was advised to drop off at the next station. I cannot tell all that passed in debate, up to the time the conductor in fear went forward to give the alarm that a passenger's life was threatened. A venerable, fine-looking gentleman came in, who proved to be the builder of the Rock Island road, Henry Farnam, the late deceased philanthropist and millionaire of New Haven, Conn. He was shocked at the gross profanity, and alarmed for my safety in presence of desperadoes armed in defiance; yet they left the train at La Salle, fearful of arrest, which Mr. Farnam had ordered by wire.

This meeting began a warm friendship, with compliments received on "standing my ground", and with advice not to think of settling in Missouri, where you would not be allowed to live a month. "Go to Iowa," said he, "a free State, which I have just come from; and I am to build a railway across to the Missouri River, an extension of the Rock Island Road."

I answered, "I do not know a man in that State, nor have I an idea where to go."

"But you know Dr. Leonard Bacon; his son, just out of college, is one of my Iowa engineers, and he can and will, under my direction, tell you all you want to know."

I accepted his kind offer, which was that I should have information as to the preliminary survey of the country, with only a request that I would keep the facts from the public.

Thereupon Bacon wrote fully in several letters, and with the clear opinion, summed up after reaching Council Bluffs, that in the western part the land was too rolling, and in the eastern portion the best lands were taken up. Town eighty, Range sixteen west, near Lattimer's Grove, offered the best choice of all—a well watered prairie; and the topography of the country, in opinion of the engineers, indicated the line of a north and south road, if there should ever be one, and a Junction station at section sixteen, on a natural grade between the Iowa and Des Moines Rivers. He added, "Lose no time, for there will be a rush for land and the best will be taken—the boys mean to take it up."

Here I would not suppress the names of Mr. P. A. Dey, for years our State Railway Commissioner, and Gen. G. M. Dodge, financier, and since Major-General and a great character in our Civil War, who were Mr. Farnam's locating engineers; and their judgment I gained indirectly through Mr. Bacon, whose independence, with lack of caution, came near costing the ambitious youth his life.

A PIONEER INCIDENT.

It was in this way: Bacon thought that on the vast, untracked prairie he could shorten his way to the camp, one bitter cold night, and became lost on his return. The whole engineering force went out on a hunt for the young flagman. At break of day an object was seen just moving, which proved to be Bacon, hobbling with a cane, numb and frozen, who, when hearing a distant call, fell as if dead. That episode came near ending his life; and Dr. Bacon, glad of the rescue of his son, said to me afterward, "I feared for him, a frail, college boy, just what happened, a narrow escape." A letter from the boy was brought out and read with deep emotion—I recall the first laconic sentences, Dr. Bacon reading: "Dear Father: I have seen the elephant with the kiver off." Then followed a recital as to the night tramp, frozen feet, etc. Mr. Bacon closed his engineering and married a daughter of Gov. Selden of Rochester, N. Y., where he is in the practice of the legal profession. I have seen him but once since then, when we met as delegates at the National Liberal Convention in 1872.

One Monday, after receiving the final letter urging haste, I set out for Iowa and collected at Chicago a few friends of my enterprise, spending Sunday in Davenport, speaking in church, and the next day taking a private hack for Sugar Grove, one hundred and twenty miles west, thus beginning the first novel trip of discovery.

I studied to seek information by questions on the way: "Well, my friend," said I, "where do you live, may a stranger ask?" Leisurely he drawled out—"Live nowhere—I am like a stray dog, without a home or a master."

Many times I have thought it a most original picture of a tramp of later days.

"Please, sir, where can we stop to-night?" I was answered, "At Sourwines I allow, or Danskin's I reckon. Young Sickafoose, mighty clever—or old Frizzle will set out the whiskey!" That was border talk. Such a string of names wanting in euphony, I do not since recall; they were real and I never heard of a court application for a change.

Lattimer's Grove was reached across a twenty-mile prairie where there was only one house. We took dinner and set out for the flag, four miles away, at the railway summit, beautiful in topography. The black, burnt grass and chill March wind, with not a stone or shrub near, were devoid of attraction. I just discerned the tops of trees north four miles, which the engineer said was only brush.

Then to find shelter for the night we struck for Evan's Grove, spoken of as distant four miles, where there was said to be a cabin.

Gulches were encountered; a few stars were studied to guide us; we were several times lost, and only late at night we heard a dog bark, which proved to be a watchful canine resisting our entrance to the cabin. The engineer made a plea to stop over night, and the shout was, "No! No!"

Dr. Holyoke tried his hand and retreated under flashing eyes. Mr. Hamlin, really sick, tried if he might move to pity. "No room—man gone—girl frightened—nothing to eat."

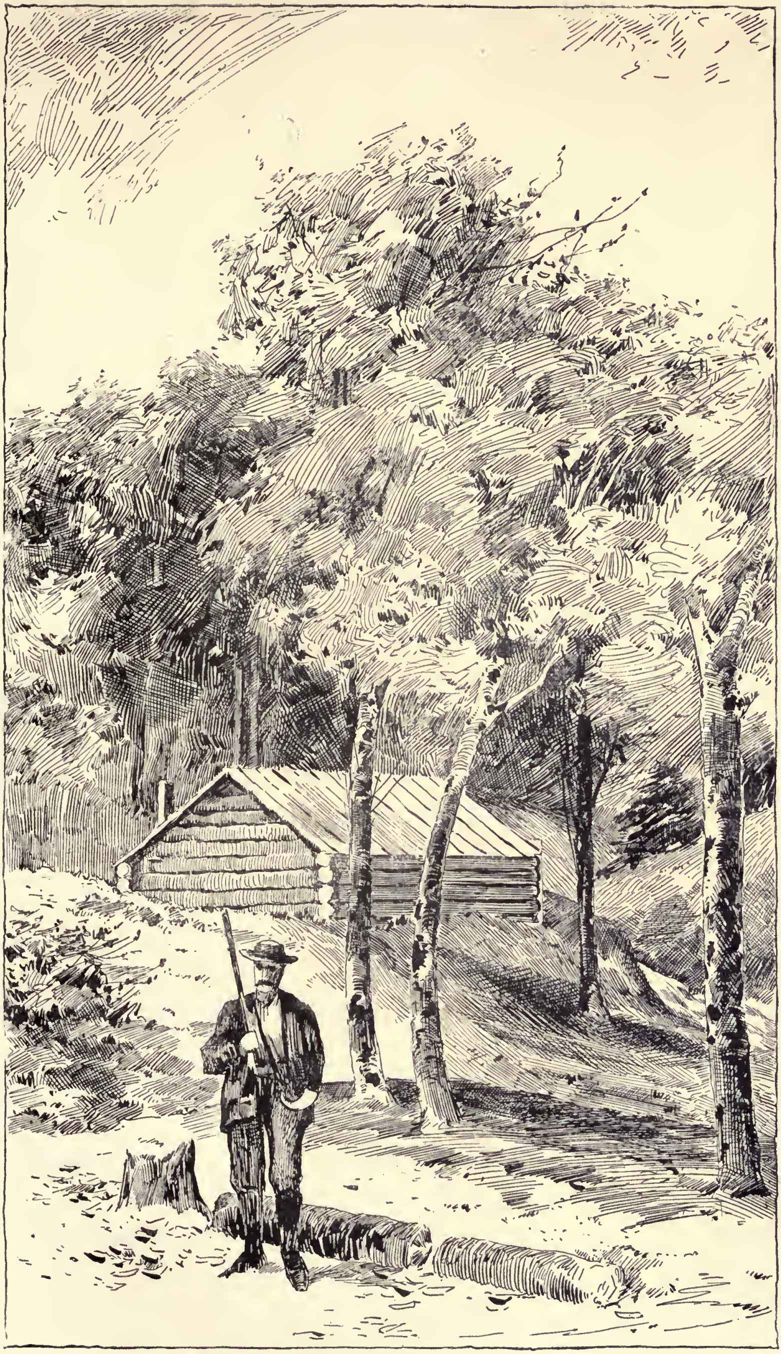
It was dark, cold, and, being the author of our calamity, I said, "We would stay if we had to kill the dog; and if the woman had fits, the doctor could bring her out." I went in and boldly took a seat, asking no place to sleep or anything to eat, but saying we must stay or freeze; if you take us to be robbers or thieves, take this purse of gold from gentlemen." It meant a pledge to pay in advance. I saw relenting—a glance of pity, and heard a low whisper in the corner, "They don't look bad," and the woman said with some doubt, "You can stay."

The next day as the season was late and cold, the party was discouraged from going much further; but I resolved to see and know for myself. By a fortunate persistence I found the novelty of an Indian wigwam, just vacated, in view of a group of deer resting on the hill-sides, and acres of majestic oaks, bordering on Bear Creek, several miles north of our present city. This, the first entry of land which I made, was of great value, and became a part of a gift of two hundred acres to my children many years later.

THE HOUR OF DECISION.

In the morning there was a council near the red railway flag on the summit of the road, and agreement as to a location was found impossible. These were the objections. This summit embraces the school section, which we cannot buy; there is a want of timber; and, in the view of Dr. Holyoke from Maine, Iowa County offered a location near the Iowa River with timber and the possibility of a county-seat. Mr. Hamlin pictured Des Moines as the possible future capital and place for profitable investment, and plead to wait. My mind was made up as to the value of this location, and I said I thought little of county-seats, and had no taste for city-lot speculation. Being the driver, I said, "Who goes East?" They remained reluctantly, and I struck for the Land Office at Iowa City, sixty-five miles away, which I reached at sunset. The Land Office officials were hunted up, and I closed save as to details the entry of some five thousand acres of land before Sunday, suggesting to the receiver, Mr. Gilman Folsom, that I had engaged to preach in the Presbyterian Church in the morning and asked to be excused as Sunday was near. Mr. Folsom responded with an oath, "I have not been to church for years, but you will find me in the Amen corner if you are to preach." True to his word, he was present and created a sensation by a stride down the church aisle, with a wild air and unkempt locks, to annoy the speaker not a little, by a conspicuous nodding of assent during the sermon. This episode and the merriment created were apologized for by Chief Justice George Green at the Hotel, who said that Folsom was esteemed a man of great brilliancy, but convivial habits might be his ruin.

Thus we were never a Colony but in name. I made the land entries in my own name and took the risks, yet on return treated those I wanted and had invited with equity. Some, later, bought land in their own name. I asked of the late arrivals, on the



MR. GRINNELL'S PIONEER LOG CABIN HOME.

(From an old sketch.)

transfer of land at cost, a pledge of money for our Literary Treasury. In my plan for taking up some 20,000 acres I was thwarted by my New York agent, who failed to purchase the Virginia land scrip, because it had gone up a few cents an acre after I left; he most stupidly wrote to me to know if "he should fill the order". It was then too late for the purpose, as on my location the land contiguous was at once taken up, and the great scheme was frustrated.

Mr. Farnum, of whom I have spoken, pleased with my choice, gave me courage by railway passes, and said he should counsel his sister and the Parks family of New York to be my neighbors, as they soon were. I received a complimentary check from him of a few hundred dollars three years after, when dollars covered the orb of a cart wheel, for attending and speaking on his behalf at a railroad meeting at Oskaloosa. I also was by him made a Director in his Iowa extension of the Rock Island Railroad, which office I held for several years. On our memorable tornado calamity he sent a large sum of money to the poor, and gave a thousand dollars toward our new college buildings.

When new surveys and intrigue threatened to change the line of the railway, he stood by me personally in words too complimentary for repetition, but not in too high praise of the people. Indeed, he was more than an incident in my unmerited good fortune, which I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge. His liberality in New Haven gives him great material fame. Personal favors will leave forever with me the impressions of a generous, noble gentleman, a wit, a Christian, the charm of any circle fortunate in his company. A most entertaining memoir has been written by his son, Professor Farnum of Yale College.

The critical epoch in our affairs was on my return from New York, in May. The new cabin was built, but I was strongly tempted by a large offer to part with the land; my throat was improved, the hoarseness lessened. New York friends had proposed with my aid to start a new Congregational Church by a removal to the fashionable Murray Hill. I have had good fortune in Iowa; New York is a possible maelstrom.

A LEGAL DISCOVERY.

George H. Norris of Illinois had bought the most desirable land, where West Grinnell now stands; and there was but one opinion, that the school section, sixteen, could only be had at a regular sale and advertised; such was the judgment of Mr. Barnes, School Fund Commissioner. On a rainy day, looking up law points, I found a statute which allowed pre-emption of school land as under the old territorial law. The discovery I kept to myself until we could, by the letter of the law, begin as pre-emptors on the four quarter sections, and ask for an appraisal. Thereupon we crossed some poles and laid down a few boards for a camp on a chilly night, H. Hamlin on one, H. M. Hamilton and Dr. Holyoke on the others, and I by right of discovery slept on the north-west quarter, where nature had predetermined the railway station, there being a steep grade either way for miles.

Armed with affidavits according to law, Mr. Hamilton and myself found Mr. Barnes, the School Officer, who was surprised to read the law, but, long hesitating, made out an order for an appraisal; and, on the return of Squire Pierce, we gained the land for less than $2.00 an acre, for which as a town site I could have taken from a land syndicate many thousand dollars. Then came the new Plot, and my clear gift to the proposed university, after expenses of all kinds, as will be found in the recorded Genesis of our city — one hundred and sixty acres, divided into three hundred and forty-eight lots (not including the park) dedicated to the public. Next come the details of settlement.

CHAPTER VII.

Prohibition of Saloons — Pioneering Incidents — Rattlesnake Sermon — Our Mail Service — First Law Suit — The Long Home — Foibles of an Enthusiast — First Fourth of July — First Cemetery Burial — A Bell on the Prairie — The Church.

THAT the writer was an enthusiast, devoid of worldly-wise philosophy, was a common saying. He certainly did not choose the wisdom of returning to New York with great profits as a shrewd speculator.

It must be a confirmed fanatic, they said, that made, on sale of lots, a proviso against a saloon, namely, a reversion of the land to the maker of the deed, by the sale of strong drinks on a lot. The taunt was common, "You have laid out a one-horse town, but I will give three prices without the whisky proviso." Then judges, called very wise, caviled that "inhibition will not stand in law". I was immovable and confident that I had a right to make a sale with conditions not opposed to public policy and morals. Then a gift, virtually to trustees of education, made a stronger case. The sequel is well known. The supreme court of the United States decided a case arising in Greeley, Colorado, which made my heresy sound in morals and finance — even good law.

It was the knowledge of a young city without a saloon, which attracted eminently a class who are the best elements of society. They enhanced the value of property, while holding up more than a rush-light in darkness, where, in all the region, whiskey was plenty at twenty cents a gallon. We were a target for the sharp practice of a brood of revilers, up to the year of demonstration that we were not a "one horse city", but could support a college, and lead the way for a decisive prohibition majority in framing a state policy. Our radical plumes were honestly won, and are now proudly worn as the trophies of pioneers with conviction and

THE CABIN.

Look at that shanty. It provokes a "twice-told tale". Professional, educated gentlemen asleep on poles, covered with slats and straw ticks. A Nimrod bringing game, and the merchant a cook, as well as retailer of goods for the grove men. Food was never better relished, nor repose sweeter. We lived in anticipation of spring, the singing of birds, and removal to the prairie summit, where, without the fame of Romulus, or modern founders, we were to have home, city, school, church, and all accessible good with very little ready whiskey.

The house of Perry Matteson, Esq., near the grove where he now resides, was the rendezvous of the pioneer party until the erection of the first house-shelter, which was located in the grove near Sugar Creek. This deserves to be particularly noticed—an artist and an engineer, Mr. C. W. Irish, of Iowa City, having drawn it in correct outline, which is still preserved, as the home of the real spirits of an embryo town, preparatory to their removal to the noted house on the prairie called the "long home", which will be hereafter noticed.

This first cabin was built of dead logs which Hamlin chopped, Hamilton drew with oxen, and Dr. Holyoke as chief architect hewed into place; Griswold drawing the lumber for covering from a water-mill east of the present Brooklyn, of this county. Its dimensions were about fourteen by sixteen feet, and it served as cook-room, dining-room, land-office, hotel and sleeping-room for ten or twelve persons, the bed frames supported in tiers by pins, which were driven into the logs and covered by painfully gaunt straw beds. Amos Bixby, Esq., and Sumner Bixby, from Maine, Henry Lawrence, from Milan, Ohio, and A. F. Gillett, late of Western Reserve College, were soon added to the company. The next necessity was lumber, and a horse saw-mill was secured, which was set near by, on the land now owned by Mr. Marvin. This rude mill sawed out near 100,000 feet of lumber, owned by Mr. McDaniels. I was at this time acting commissary, and at Burlington, Iowa, bought the first bill of goods ever brought to the town, of Hon. W. F. Colbaugh, later President of the Union National Bank of Chicago, having been introduced by Geo. F. Magoun, late President of Iowa College. The full and heavy load was wagoned home by the purchaser and welcomed with a shout. It consisted of sugar, coffee, saleratus, crackers, cheese and a choice assortment of fruits and delicacies. The truth of history requires the admission that several kinds of tobacco figured conspicuously, which the natives in seeming agony often inquired for, and the thought was indulged that the previous settlers in the 'timber', known as Hoosiers, might be innocently propitiated, they being quite suspicious of the Yankees.

A store-room was extemporized with rough boards under the eaves of the cabin, and Lawrence, who was a graduated merchant, took charge. Hungry swine, cattle and roving dogs were an annoyance, frequently unroofing the store in attempts at appeasing their hunger; but Lawrence would give them credit, voracious as they were, for never disturbing even a paper or plug of tobacco.

The horse saw-mill in place, with a buzz and ring, was sweeter than parlor music; violets peeped out gaudily under the leaves; and whip-poor-wils and all the grove songsters allured us to tarry; but we were for the "Unshorn Garden". What a doleful prospect! — to be smitten by the sun in the day, and swept by gales in the winter, which none of us, tender feet, had endured. Would it close out the Yankee settlement? Let us see. Food we had, and the next want was shelter; and this was

THE LONG HOME.

This edifice was not honored by a picture, not even the product of an architect; but it shall have a chronicler. It was called the longhouse, hulk, ark, prairie canal-boat, Grinnell's Tavern. It stood in what is now Broad Street, between the residence of D. O. Harris and that of Professor Edson. In dimensions it was sixteen feet wide and eighty long. It was constructed of green lumber, sawed by horse-power, the boards bent with a supposable curve to shed the rain; yet it was only an illusion of protection in driving storms. This was a rude necessity, for there was no house or shelter within three miles, and eastern women and children were not used to the "prairie schooners" (only canvas-covered wagons) suited to the necessities of adventurous land-hunters.

In it were stored household goods, and temporary beds were made for the night. It soon became a land office, hotel, hospital, and council-room for rainy days and Sunday meetings. In it the land hunter, the traveler, the sportsman and families had a welcome according to pre-empting right and free occupation. It was a fine summer resort for the occasion, when in the corners of the building we made the men with their wives privileged occupants, curtained off, and the sleepers for the night were arranged, their feet nearly touching, with a narrow alley between, on either side of which could be counted as high as forty persons in calm repose with all the musical variations of a sonorous company. The hot sun soon warped the roof and shrunk the green lumber, so that the rains dripped freely and the autumn winds whistled through the sides. One by one people vacated it, till it was left as a blacksmith shop at one end and a horse stable at the other, the rest free for occupation by those who had no home elsewhere. It was the witness of good preaching, sweet singing, devout prayer, and the most social convocations of well-bred people, who deemed themselves "out of sight of land"—land everywhere without an inhabitant. This was my first building and I remember the mice peeping through the cracks in the floor (a diversion to youngsters Sunday), and that good appetite, with the clatter of dishes and the music of knives and forks, was followed by sound digestion. The vacating of the building was like a departure from an old home. Then a store was improvised of green lumber, sixteen by twenty-four feet, for Mr. Anor Scott, the first merchant, with a room above for lodgers. The display below of goods was equal to the occasion. There we held meetings on Sundays.

Then occurred the rattlesnake episode. The building was boarded tight to the ground to prevent a hiding-place for vermin, sequestered retreats for dogs and resort for snakes. One Sunday morning the earliest visitor was a large, yellow rattlesnake, discovered coiled in front of the door, from which one of the ladies ran in terror. I happened to be near, and, having a taste for a safe study of natural history, prevented the dispatch of the snake and teased it with a stick at a safe distance. The first thing I learned was that it was blind, it being August; that, as I found on later study, was the normal condition of the reptile at that season. On being touched, it would make an unmusical buzz with its seven rattles and strike out half its length. On further provocation it would bite itself, and quickly be swollen where the fangs had entered. The bystanders incurred little danger because the reptile could not see its tormentors. So we studied the buzzing reptile until the last church bell rang, and one of the travelers remarked they had come to hear a sermon and not to a snake-killing, and dispatched him, leaving in sight his extremity still waving and buzzing, perhaps until after sundown, as tradition says. His snakeship having been a revelation to many as well as a terror, I was moved, as the most conspicuous actor, to improve the occasion in the sermon.

The following report, with sundry variations, found its way into the newspapers. The text was, "Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field." The points made were: The first appearance of Satan in the form of a serpent, not keeping his place in the jungle, but confronting the woman as her tempter. This one confronted us in the sunlight on a Sunday morning. This one was blinded, and poisoned by his own virus. He attacked himself when he could harm no one else. That is the Satan of old and of to-day. The instinct of destruction to our foe survives the fall; it was meted out to Satan, his prototype. Learn of the reptile to be warned of a more insidious enemy. Beware of 'snakes in boots', for the devil strikes before, not after an alarm rattle. He charms the bird that becomes his prey. It has a siren song that it is death to hear. Resisted, Satan retreats, and, with the venom of Milton's archangel, poisons and lacerates himself to be fitted for the accomplished fiends' abode. Your whiskey may be an antidote to the reptile's bite, but it is evil destroying itself in another form. Only grace can avail to destroy the virus which sin injects by the fang of the great destroyer.

OUR MAIL SERVICE.

We begin to make history under the unlucky star of Franklin Pierce, a Democratic administration. Why should abolitionists have a post-office? Not one of our number had principles on the market, and an imported partisan became our servant under the law of demand and supply. I had obtained a legal mail route, but that was only a myth without stage service, which was only secured after a gift of lots was made to the not over-virtuous company stage-agent, embracing a plat of ground on which is built Mr. Christian's residence, and that of Mr. Rawson.

For months we were four miles from Sugar Grove post-office, a most irritating neglect and partisan punishment, yet it was a test of loyalty and decisive principles that, years after, a posted speaker not only failed to have a partisan meeting, but reported that for his evening diversion he could not here find Democrats enough to play a game of euchre.

Mail arrivals and departures were regulated by uncertain chance and public charity. Capacious pockets were at first used, then handkerchiefs, and when government allowed a locked mail sack it was regarded as special lenity to a people not loyal to slavery. The safety of money in letters by mail was about equal to the certainties of law or medicine, and on one occasion a large draft came near being a loss to the mail carrier. John B. Woodward, as post-rider for the day, on opening his private mail, found a large remittance, and on the way it was with other packages jostled from his pocket, but the loss was undiscovered until he reached home. Mortified by his carelessness, and returning in haste, he espied the swine in the grove tearing to pieces sundry newspapers, or with mouthfuls softening their nests, and, continuing his search for the valuable letter, at last found it in the jaws of a fleet and maternal porker, which he managed to run down and force to drop the prize, bringing it back exultingly, in a mutilated but negotiable condition — on which he was advised to explain in writing to the bank: "Snatched by an Abolitionist from the swine on account of this paternal pro-slavery government not giving us a Post Office."

But there was a welcome mail with the first stage, bringing Captain Clark's family; and a cheer went up from a corner crowd.

A LAW SUIT.

To the honor of the first settlers, I can recall no suit where they were personally litigants. How much time and money was saved! What an exemption from bitterness, cold-blooded social strategies, and flippant perjuries in mockery of oaths! This did not come by chance, for there was a verbal compact that we would not promote a lawsuit. We avoided the scandal, among themselves, but "offences came". Agents and stage drivers took more than a passing interest in the political contests of the day; and it was then deemed safe to trample on the rights of citizens. It did not so prove in the case of Amos Bixby, Esq. The stage drivers thought it a better road to cross his fenced field, about where Dr.

Cravath now lives, than to pass the road by Rev. Mr. Rouse's land, now Rev. Mr. Brainard's farm; besides, they could make a shorter distance by the hypothenuse. Bixby protested and forbid, but the drivers reviled, showed their guns with warlike demonstration; and the exasperated owner, seeing his wheat destroyed by cattle, presented himself at the fence, which was thrown down as usual, and while the stage was passing through, Bixby drew his rifle, which sent a bullet to the heart of one of the lead horses, so far worn out that his sudden "taking off" was not a great pecuniary loss. A fresh horse was secured, but the fence and the field thereafter were left inviolate. What should be done? The great United States mail had been stopped, a horse had been shot; and, inspired by a prejudice and accompanying whiskey, it was not hard to stir up indignation against the abolitionists. No such wanton act had been perpetrated, it was said, in the history of the state, and the stage company, and its friends, promised the offender a prison and the extreme penalty of the law.

The day for the trial came, and Bixby waved all proof as to the identity of the one who shot. The trial was a most exciting one; E. W. Eastman, of Eldora, since Lieutenant-Governor, was defendant's council. But few witnesses were examined, yet a vast amount of law and precedents were read to the jury by the prosecution. Bixby rose, and with earnest, thrilling speech, said: "Gentlemen of the jury: I am the guilty man, if there is one, I did the shooting; and what would you farmers have done? I am one of you; my growing wheat was the bread for my family, which the cattle let in were destroying. Had I not a right to my own land and crops which my own hard labor had fenced? Then, gentlemen, the ruffians, on my own soil, raised a stake to strike me down and pointed a gun at me in a threat; was I to endure this? No; I had no enmity toward the driver and would not harm him, and I chose the most effective plan of reaching the company to turn back the trespassers, by dropping an old horse about ready to die. My crop was saved by the best method of defense within my reach. I followed my convictions of right, and am ready to suffer if guilty of any wrong. Gentlemen, you, with the spirit of men, would have defended your property. I had no other certain remedy—I would do so again, and now am not afraid of your verdict." Judge Stone, since Governor, gave a favorable charge, asserting that the right to defend property, without malice, was unquestioned; did this act in an emergency constitute a crime? Did not the trespass of the company invite violence?

The jury at once gave a verdict of *not guilty*, and the courthouse rang with cheers while the prisoner was overwhelmed with congratulations. Thus ended an exciting trial, the first and the last of note in which the old settlers have had a part. Mr. Bixby and family, to the regret of all, settled several years since in Colorado, where he is an esteemed citizen.

FOIBLES OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

It is pleasant to recount what may be deemed extravagancies, in the broad plans for the founding of a model social fabric. It was a conviction that not only tree-planting for shelter and beauty should engage the pioneer, but that fruit should be sought at an early day, as it had been proven that apples of a rare quality could be grown on the Iowa prairies. Fruit trees we would have, and my first order in that line was for four bushels of apple seeds from New York. Before a return, a letter had been sent to a Post Master to learn who I was, and if crazy? The answer came back "Safe to send the seed, but man a little crazy." This is the way I was out. I had the seeds frozen in sand, and then planted in a nursery, which made me ready to offer seedlings free to all neighbor passers-by, and for those of the class who prayed for daily bread and would accept that "only baked", I gave the grafted seedlings, having filled my cellar and found occupation for myself and expert during the winter. It was figured that the seeds would have made, grown into trees, orchards equal to an area of 100,000 acres. They did not all make hardy trees, only a small fraction, but in later years I find an antidote to that derision in seeing trees laden with fruit, and accepting frequent invitations, as I passed, to eat freely of the fruit and take a basket home. I had the fame of an amateur fruit grower, and later wore the honors in securing an Iowa Gold Medal ('Mark' Miller, the active agent) from the National Agricultural Society, while President of the Horticultural Society whose work enlists my love and enthusiasm.

A CRAB APPLE PURCHASE OF "WHAT A MAN HAD".

In Vermont it was a cellar of apples and cider, and thinking only of apples, forgetful of crabs as a variety, I made a huge pit for the winter, the fruit costing fifty cents a bushel. The loads brought I cannot give, but they were as free as cider of old, and there was a drawback in the cost of reloading and carting out what would not survive the season. I never bought any more crabs, and only once besides "what a man had", and that was in laying in pork hams for the winter.

There was a rap after dark, and a challenge, "Will you buy some pork hams? First class, and I reckon you have not laid in your meat." "Yes, we have men and they are hungry — how much a pound?" "Two cents." (It was in the fall of 1854.) "How many? I guess I will take what you have got." There proved to be a string of wagon loads, but the price was so low I said nothing about the quantity. The meat was deposited in Mr. Phelps' cellar, and the evening diversion for weeks was rubbing salt and sugar on the hams, and in daytime making visiting traders in the town welcome to ham. There was no virtue in this, for I became weary of the cost of handling, and on the approach of spring learned the best receipt for keeping hams in the summer was to eat them in the spring. But there was a fortunate stand-off to this hasty bargain — the names of those to whom I gave meat were not socially known to me, but one appeared later, a stranger, who rendered novel and actual service. Even a Bourbon Democrat advocated my election as State Senator in 1856.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN 1854.

It sprang from the germinal thought that between the bell and a new hoisted flag, the people, though with no tracks to guide save Indian trails, could tell where the city was to be. A three hundred mile trip to Chicago was made on behalf of the children of the country, for candies and lemons, also for powder, the cabin settlers furnishing chickens and bread. Dr. Sanford was an imported orator; and, in regard to other utterances on the occasion, I do not recall such screams by our proud, mountain bird, nor soaring speeches that made a sweep earthward with so little fitting plumage left for another patriotic occasion. This was a feast rounded and spiced with toasts, and responses from a lumber wagon, followed by songs, cheers and the rolling drum. Where had this crowd come from? What their nativity? This was learned by a call. Native Americanism then was popular, and a never-to-be-forgotten incident must here be related which will illustrate the spirit of the times. A roll-call of states revealed the fact that more than twenty were represented, also Canada, England and Scotland. Ireland was called and there being no response, it was called again and again; thereupon an ardent American answered, "There is not an Irishman within ten miles of here"; upon which a still more ardent politician and Methodist brother jumped up and clapped his hands shouting, "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!" which, with ludicrous gesticulation, so convulsed the crowd that good order was not again restored. Not long after I visited my old home in New York City, and was an invited guest at an open speaking meeting of the Native American Order. I related the "Bless the Lord" response. So high was the feeling that they swung their hats, shouting, "By the gods, let us emigrate." Of course a vulgar prejudice, but it showed the spirit of the Order east and west.

OUR CEMETERY AND THE FIRST BURIAL.

In after years many may take a deep interest in the founding of our town, especially as the incidents are related to its character, and, I trust, its high future.

We had many discussions as to the place for our dead. Property holders did not deem a near location to them desirable. Some wished an embowered grove selection, three miles away—others quite near on the main road. I favored the place now occupied, covered with a clump of hazel, off from the highway, abruptly rolling, and overlooking our projected city. Of course I had the opportunity of donating the ground, some thirteen acres, which I did, without conditions or reserve. Since its occupation, there has been but one opinion as to the beautiful locality, with a sunny slope, ravines made by water courses, and a natural adaptation for ornamentation which found a helpful hand and artistic brain in Hon. H. G. Little, to whom with J. G. Dodge, surveyor, and R. M. Kellogg and others, builders of the Lodge, we are greatly indebted. They are of a group who, with cultivated taste and sacrifice, are not to be forgotten. It is now backed by the town finances, and is in charge of the "Ladies' Cemetery Association", which gives promise of future care and further ornamentation. It was twenty-five years before there was an enlargement, and that by the Order of Odd Fellows, who have joined a fine tract of ground at a cost of one hundred dollars an acre, and laid out according to a landscape-gardening plan by Professor H. W. Parker. There was no locality set apart as a reminder of negro slavery, nor a pauper's neglected corner; may it be so, the rich and poor dwelling together, even as they may come forth, let us hope, in kindred immortality to recount a pleasurable life-journey.

I witnessed the first burial on the plot, in 1856. It was that of Mrs. Jane Patterson, the mother of a large family; her husband was a Scotch miner, living near the North-west grove. She was one of the charter members of the Congregational Church. She died suddenly at home with her family, and the whole community followed her to the burial. The lonely spot is associated with the rumored disturbance of the grave, but the suspicion was removed by proof that prowling wolves had disturbed the mound. They were trapped, and the incident kept in mind by their fur, which was worn by the adventurous hunters of the early day.

Hundreds of funerals I have since attended there, but none were so solemn as the first, in the opening of the virgin breast of earth, and the vision of a home none of us seek, but must all ere long inhabit. I visit it to-day to read lessons nowhere else learned of change, decay, families dispersed; there are the tributes of grief in cold marble, and, like the sable garments of the sorrowing, the swaying evergreens and moaning pines, even more sombre in winter, and suggestive in the eolian strains which the bleak winds ever inspire, but never to lull in forgetfulness for the dear ones who have charmed the households, and our companions who had feebly leaned on the staff of honored age.

A CHURCH BELL.

Since it was not at my expense I mention another foible, so called. A bell, when no church or people! — yes, a real Meneley — G tone, weighing mounted a thousand pounds, and costing a few hundred dollars. It was a loud, wonder-voice to the pioneer grove residents, and I count it an investment by indirection, better than a wide spread of ink as an advertisement. It meant a church some day, and tolled out an invitation every Sunday before a building was erected. Gallants made journeys, with the inamoratas, to hear plainly what only feebly echoed through the grove. Mothers hushed juvenile sobs and put a whole family on good behavior, by promise that they should see and ring the Grinnell bell. So it stood a free toy and plaything for boys who would strike the bell tongue and stop their ears or run. It could not mean a fire-alarm, for there were no dry houses to burn, nor did it toll for a funeral, for a robust people were said to be too busy to die or think of it.

The bell, for two years, until placed in the tower of the new school-house, had many good uses for the belated hunters or travelers on dark or foggy nights, its clear tones would give a course, and it is said to have saved many from a chilly sleep on the homeless prairie, and, on good authority, to have been the fortunate sound that rescued an eminent citizen from death in a blizzard. A country girl, some time after, when uniting with the Church, stated that she was lost with her companion on the way to a hotel dance, and she was kept not only from the dance but from a snowy shroud, by the bell which rang for the weekly prayer meeting.

If this was only a legend it was the truth that the bell was the musical mentor of our time, ringing us up in the morning and an inviting signal to our beds. For tardy school boys there was no excuse; and it struck the age of our dead, and tolled the funeral march to burial. Alas! that so sweet-toned a friend was to be melted in the school-house fire after twenty years of service. It found mourners in several poetic effusions. From one by Rev. J. H. Kasson we quote two verses.

THE OLD BELL.

Farewell, farewell,
O voiceless bell!
And art thou but a cindered mass,
A shapeless thing of molton brass?
Why feel I yet thy power
At flush of morn, or evening hour?
Why steal those echoes soft and clear
That linger on my ravished ear,
As if thou still had'st power to stir
My spirit from thy sepulchre?
Thou art become historic now!
Thy glorious exit shall endow
Thee with a lustre all thine own;
Others may ring with a deeper tone,
But to our people thou art eldest born,
A star in all the beauty of our morn;
For when the Fathers first these prairies trod
Thou camest like a messenger of God;

More precious, as the priceless boon
Of him,* who sent to search the frozen zone
For Franklin's fated band, his name, his place
Among the benefactors of the race.
Daughter of music! on the Sabbath air
Thy notes descended, like the soft refrain
Of some angelic strain,
Gently persuading to the House of Prayer,
So like a voice of Love,
No other bell
Can make the heart with rapture swell
Like thee, celestial Herald of Grinnell.

THE CHURCH.

The outgrowth of our Christian colony is the largest Protestant Church in the State, and the finest auditorium, befitting the courage and liberality of the members. It was not stimulated by rivalry or city adornment, but to attract and blend in Christian fellowship those otherwise strangers, on the prairie expanse. Early plans were broadened and adapted to growth, and to the laudable ambition of a people in love with the old ways. The memorial of their labors is here, a Church numbering more than eight hundred members, a Sabbath school of five hundred, and benevolence in correspondence with the excellence of an edifice of stone, costing, including organ and furniture, fifty thousand dollars.

Who should write this history, in fidelity to the memory of a long list of fallen comrades and in honor of the living, but he who wrote the Church creed and was the first to sign it—the minister by voluntary unpaid service for years, who donated the site for the edifice and made a contribution of thousands of dollars toward its erection. This is the plain narrative. The first Congregational Church of Grinnell had its inception in the worship of eight persons in the log cabin of Perry Matteson, in the grove; the second place of meeting, with a larger congregation, was in the shade of the native oaks, at Mr. Oakley's; then came a removal of the actors to the "Long Home", which was a long, rough, board shanty, vocal with praise and prayer, while yet one end was opened to the storm. The next resort for service was Mr. Anor Scott's store, the goods removed from the counter, where men sat with feet suspended, and the centre of the room filled with chairs from houses and wagons — the minister making a barrel, surmounted by a candle-box, the pulpit.

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* Henry Grinnell, of New York.

In the winter the upper part of the first hotel, a gaunt house, afforded fair quarters. Then there was a circuit of the houses, and a church organization in Mr. L. C. Phelps' parlor, composed of twenty members, of whom only six at present survive.

What will be the best church location? It being chosen, it was donated; and, without a building, it would be worth now fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. How could we have temporary quarters for Sabbath school, day school and church services? By a subscription, and giving the contract to the lowest bidder. The minister, at a formal meeting, got the bid for a building, seated, eighteen by thirty feet, for less than $200. A deacon urged that it should be completed in a month or two. The contractor responded (it was Monday night) "Next Sunday!" "No! it is not possible." The lumber was growing in the tree, only a horse-mill was near, and hardware sixty-five miles distant; yet in a time of mud, and locomotion by stage at four miles an hour, the edifice was ready for the next Sunday service, and was dedicated by song and sermon. It was without the columns and arches of modern architecture, and was innocent of paint or plane, — save the windows and cases imported — but it rendered good service for a crowded and thankful congregation, bringing equal elation with the occupancy, twenty-five years later, of the artistic stone church. There was no night so dark or storm so severe as to prevent a weekly prayer-meeting, until the warping, green boards let in the rain, even, as was said, moistening the sermon on the desk, "too much to be laid up in the barrel."

The next church occupancy was the upper room of the new school-house. This was a pretentious building forty feet square, and here was held the State Association of 1856, the room only lathed ready for plastering.

There are two mysteries: how the state ministers and delegates came to accept an invitation, and how our people came to give it. The nearest railroad was sixty-five miles east; stages were crowded, and springless lumber wagons, offered for the occasion, furnished the best means of travel. These wagons were free; but what a weary, unromantic trip for the visitors, society agents, and venerable D. D.s, like Dr. Tappan of Maine, who preached the sermon. It was bravery and devotion.

AN INCIDENT.

In the midst of the sermon there came up one of those frightful summer storms, with rain, thunder and lightning, which scattered the congregation, leaving only a score, all vexed with the persistency of the preacher who should, in the tumult, have cut short his message.

"No," said Dr. Tappan, "I came fifteen hundred miles to give the sermon, and no rain or thunder, nothing short of a lightning stroke, was to stop me!" The unrest of that hour to the audience when no one could or would hear, is still in memory. It was the first of four state meetings held in Grinnell, and none have been more welcome, even if every resident offered to sleep on the floor to give the guests a bed; and the discomfort of a rude wagon ride was a painful necessity both to guest and host, so long before the pleasures of a Pullman car.

The Grinnell church imparted cheer, asked no foreign aid, and stimulated pecuniarily the organization of churches within a radius of fifty miles, where then we had none. We helped not only in church councils, but gave cheerfully for the rearing of their edifices.

If it is supposed that a great church sprang into being and was perpetuated in power on the virgin prairie, as an incident merely to emigration, no greater delusion could be indulged. There was manual toil and even sacrifice in making a church house. There was no money to pay the first minister had he demanded it; and there came the free and able sermons, after two years, by S. L. Herrick, L. C. Rouse and Rev. Samuel Loomis, a young man of education and fine spirit, seeking health. At that time only strategy and firmness prevented the religious people from discussions and frictions which, in our weakness as to numbers, would have made the race and frictions of sects a burlesque before the world.

The Catholics made their usual church purchase of land costing $1,000, but it was only after twenty-five years that our city people, on another location, gave for their church building. There are now strong Methodist and Baptist societies, which only a blind, religious zeal would have established earlier and for mutual harm. Ministers were met of all denominations and heard with a fraternal spirit, but with decided convictions as to the impolicy of many churches, before there was occasion for more than one. There were Baptists, Methodists, three kinds of Presbyterians, yet a creed in the founding of our first church was so catholic that real Christians were at home in one assembly; thus everything repellent was avoided, and a resort had to the best devices for cohesion on the basis of "unity in non-essentials". This was the spirit of the creed, and a departure from its catholicity would have been an offense.

It was a very old school Pennsylvania Presbyterian, a chance supply and a speaker in Sunday school, praising the reprint of "the shorter catechism", and expounding it in the words of the New England primer, "In Adam's fall we sinned all"; then appealing for approval to me, I said, "I was not there—presume I should have sinned if I had been, but was not." He looked a Sunday dagger at me.*

Another ardent visiting minister said, "We must stand by our guns and have a church." The sequel of his appeal was, his little sect did not even come to sit and see him fire. His was a sample of the mission of zealots not confined to one sect.

The Methodists, like the others, now prosper. Churches waited their time to find welcome and sympathy. Charles Allen, of Blue Point, a local preacher, on my invitation preached the first Methodist sermon. He was a good man, but his erudition is known by this incident. Motioning to me he said, "Please, brother, come up and read the hymm; I cannot. You know down South there were not many schools for white or black, when I was young. You are a kind of Yankees, I see, that speak the Gospel as well as read it. We don't want any church now, but when you're full let there be a Methodist swarm"—and there was, under good and able leaders, if not a swarm, a church large and prosperous. There was a Seventh-day Baptist, sure to chop on Sunday, who long carried a theological chip on his shoulder, waiting for discussion. We were too busy to find the time, and if there was chopping it came to be done quietly in the grove; and later, by toleration, his opinion was, "Sunday is as good a day as any, and I will keep theirs, as they don't quarrel about mine."

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*Our Congregational creed of 1883 was not then written: "Sin is the act of the creature alone." This relieved the old Adam, confusing if not hushing the discussions of the schools, old and new, which did not disturb me. I was perhaps rudely opposed to encouraging the organization of what would be a starveling church, in a community of a few hundreds. Derisively, I held the room was not here, no more than for ague or milk sickness, which could be found further on; and it was said that I "coaxed good men, wishing to start rival churches, to move on, by paying their stage fare"—all of which is too late for explanation or denial; whether it was an act of pious strategy or of sectarianism is a question for others. In majorities I can rest with the belief that the day of Christian comity and regard for religious endeavor, unheedful of mere sectarianism, will have the approbation of all good men. In one rather typical western town not far from us, there were recently thirteen religious organizations, and but thirteen hundred inhabitants.

The so-called liberals from the east were numerous and strong at one period in our church history, but the policy of silence as to differences was a blow at negations. Not that the fundamental truths were suppressed, but debate and sharp criticisms were avoided. Thus the tree of real toleration took root and its branches came to bear fruit, in church building and social fellowship, rather than in divisive congregations. It gave strength to the college, no less than to the church, whose founders had seen the poverty and losses by many sects and congregations, where true religion demanded but one, and one able to give substantial aid to surrounding settlements.

AN EPISODE.

It was at an early day, that an Englishman, a stammerer, profane, and a grog-seller, accosted me for help that his large family and the neighborhood might have a summer Sabbath school. "Well, what do you want?" "We have nothing but the people, no school-house or shade." I could give but one response to his unexpected plea. "We will get you some books to sing from and help you to get started," and the response was, "I will see that a bower is built, and get a good congregation." The books were sent, but there was a failure to attend by the parties who were to assist on the opening day. After long waiting, the projector of the school said, "The books are here, the whole country is here seated; now, what shall be done?" Another waiting. "Must we break up? What do you say?" The reply was, "No, hold on longer." After another pause: "I hate to give up. As I understand it, these Sabbath schools are opened with prayer. Let us not be dependent on Mr. Grinnell." The stammerer stood up, and called, with a motion to each in the circuit, commencing at the end seat, "Will you pray, sir?" And so he passed along to every seat, receiving only a negative nod. "Well, that is too bad, no Christian here to pray, but we'll not give up. This Sabbath school shall be opened by prayer, if stammering Bob has to do it himself." There was mingled surprise and merriment as he knelt down upon the grass to make his first audible prayer. Strange to say, the stammering tongue was loosened. He plead for the children, and for himself. It was the beginning of a new life. The prayer of the profane seemed to have been answered. The stammerer became fluent, and, encouraged by a prosperous Sabbath school, there was a foundation laid for a church on the prairie near the spot where the bower was erected, and dedicated under the leadership of one who was no longer, as formerly, with a clogged tongue, in the practice of profanity and a dispenser of grog.

Of the Grinnell Church, there have been three settled pastors — Dr. Samuel D. Cochran, now of Normal, Ill., Dr. W. W. Woodworth of Berlin, Conn., lately deceased, and Dr. J. M. Sturtevant, of Galesburg, Ill. They were happy and prosperous, giving valuable service, yet none were wedded to the theory that a long pastorate is essential to the best interest and good of both parties. Dr. Cochran, once of Brooklyn, N. Y., later President of Thayer College, Missouri, is the author of an able theological work. Dr. Sturtevant, of Denver, late of Cleveland, O., is a son of President Sturtevant of Illinois College. Rev. H. M. Tenney, late of Cleveland, is now the devoted acting pastor.

With the masses there was a single purpose never lost sight of in the dark days of war and the trying time of sacrifices in church building. The church of 1859 was in its erection a greater sacrifice than the large, noble, gothic stone edifice of 1879. A pittance for the first salaried minister was gained by an extreme effort compared to the annual raising of $2,000 for the last, and a larger sum now.

Debts and contracts were made in faith without special knowledge. There was an abounding stream in varied charities, and the monthly missionary collection was never omitted. The leader, on one occasion, furnished an incident in point. Leaving the house, my wife said, "I have no money for the box — have you?" "Not a cent." "Well, there will have to be one failure." The same person in church said that for every good cause in some way there had so far been a provision, but to-night the rule for him must have an exception, for neither in the pocket nor in the family was there any money. He was about to sit down when the habit of placing the forefinger in the vest pocket, brought forth a discovery of a roll of bills, in amount far above the usual contribution, which was exhibited in surprise and amid great merriment. It was more than a telling incident, an appeal for that trust which has ever been with the Grinnell Church.

It was a glad day, when from the old church, three times enlarged, there was the occupancy of the new stone church. There was a farewell service held in the old building. The following is an extract from the historical speech, reported in a newspaper at the time:

THE HISTORIC CHURCH.

Mr. Grinnell, called upon to speak on "what had been said in the old church," said: The eloquence of song in secular and sacred strains and lays who can measure! To the choir must be added amateurs, professionals, old style and modern, including the renowned Hutchinsons, the family of John and Asa; Fessenden, Camilla Urso, Mendelssohn Quintette club, Phillip Phillips, and Queens of song without number. Poets, with the enchanting verse of H. W. Parker at sheep-shearing festival, J. G. Saxe with wit and pun, have stood here. Benjamin F. Taylor, poet and word painter, is remembered yet, and Bayard Taylor, deceased diplomat, not again shall repeat the Bedouin song—

"From the desert I come to thee,
  On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind,
  In the speed of my desire."

Readers of the American classics, with the versatility of Mrs. Potter, the histrionic recitations of Scott Siddons and the unequaled Prof. Churchill, have here bowed acknowledgements. Ladies of national fame—Mrs. Livermore, Lucy Stone, Anna Dickinson, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and missionaries from many lands have by public addresses indicated a difference with the Apostle as to woman-speaking. Temperance advocates Vinton, Jessup and Francis Murphy have given counsel. Thomas Nast has drawn to the life and in cariacature on these walls.

Apostle Moody preached his lay sermons here, and Robert Burdette, after convulsing cities with his wit, has here plied us with unique manner and artistic speech.

Speakers with more than national fame have won our hearts from this platform: Frederic Douglas, the escaped slave and American prodigy; Henry Vincent, of London, thrice has charmed us with great thoughts and dramatic speech; Vice-President Colfax has told his story of the martyr Lincoln; Joseph Cook, theologian, lecturer and author, here won the thinkers; Horace Greeley, the great editor and philanthropist—asking on his tombstone the modest *in memoriam*—"The founder of the *New York Tribune*," is yet embalmed in memory; Wendel Phillips, the silver-tongued orator, matchless in diction and grace on every platform where truth was to be championed, was here thrice welcome; Henry Ward Beecher, the versatile literary genius of the century and great preacher, talked of "hard times," of which he knew so little. Phillips, Beecher and Greeley will longest be remembered by the special trains which their fame chartered, packing this old ark, in the language of the time, like dried boxed herring, and bringing thousands of dollars to the treasury of the Young Ladies' Social, which has lighted, cushioned and carpeted the beautiful church house which we are eager to occupy ; and for these intellectual banquets we are indebted to the ladies of the Social Circle.

Here the Iowa State Congregational Association has met, bringing hundreds of delegates and divines for deliberation and speech, and we have here listened to Dr. Swing, Secretary Alden, Secretary Clark, Drs. Goodell and Robbins, Ray Palmer, D. D., and others.

Iowa College has drawn here presidents of Colleges — Sturtevant, Fairchild, Bascom, Thatcher, Welch, Pickard and others — eloquent and profound. Seventeen College Commencements have been held here — "great day for which all other days were made" to students with oratorical contests and graduation speeches and baccalaureates.

Here politicians have been particularly at home. Most of our Supreme Judges in the state have spoken here. Every Governor elected for the last twenty-five years, and every member of Congress from this district, and our United States Senators have given us the benefit of their oratory and wisdom. The more than casual speakers I need not name. One now in advanced age fills Cowper's description of the man of God — he is here. A faultless rhetoric in earnest manner indicates him I need not name, President and Preacher, Dr. Magoun. The pastors called from our service, Cochrane and Woodworth, logical, learned and devoted, on whose departure many cried in spirit, "The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." They ploughed deep and sowed beside all waters in preparation for one with courage and adaptive skill, the excellencies of whom I am forbidden to mention by his presence.

Patriotic captains have here addressed numerous war meetings, enlisting soldiers never returning, and ministers of peace have found audience. Pathetic stories of escaped slaves, and Mormonism exposed by a victim, with Woman's Rights logically taught, with the wronged taxed without a voice or ballot, have been welcomed in variety. Of our dead whose sacred dust sleeps in our beautiful cemetery, I recall Missionary Crain, Rev. and Father Rouse, Cushman, eccentric and benevolent, Hamlin one of our city founders, leaving secular toil for the sacred office, the devoted J. H. Kasson, minister, logician and poet.

I see the flags unfurled at the head of military columns while drums are beating; I hear the shouts on the news of victories of our arms and sighs for the fallen brave. Nor would I obliterate the plighting of hearts at the marriage altar, the consolatory words when last looking on the face of the dead, or the solemn vows made to God and man in church covenant.

Good-by, old church, whose walls have echoed the voiced wants of society for peace and culture, and the woes of a nation !

Farewell, with the loves of a child for the paternal roof. We pass to yon beautiful walls to enjoy the ministeries and pure devices of modern art. Yet though the new may be spared for hundreds of years, so many of the notable of earth may never find audience as those in this old pioneer edifice. No cathedral with storied window casting "a dim, religious light," or modern Puritan church has evoked nobler deeds or inspired abler ministers. Removed this must be, but not by vandal hands; rather let time's effacing fingers destroy this landmark, Lyceum Hall, Lay College, our Prairie May Flower, for the education of the people, who have here learned of duty, and the wants of man and country, and the claims of God.

CHAPTER VIII.

State Senator — Free School Law — Congressional Canvass — How I became a Lawyer.

This practical chapter will be opened by a colloquy in 1856. An Eastern neighbor visited me as a guest. "Well," said he, "you are out of the old Eastern ruts, and I trust can rest happy in your possessions and prospects." The reply was, "Far from it, I am in the centre of a paradise of poor people. The soil in great tracts, is largely owned by non-residents, and sordid bachelors. The father of a large family has the burdens of educating, feeding and clothing, while the schools should be free, to add value to the land and make a model country. Please, my friend, do not flatter us with the delusion that we can raise grain and feed the world with profit, so long as we have but fifty miles of railway in the state, and grain is worth nothing, hundreds of miles from where the consumer of our supplies lives. We must have sheep to raise wool, and factories by our coal fields, and water-power." The friend replies, "These are matters of time; you have good soil, and not the fight of your Kansas neighbors on hand. You will enlarge your school-houses, get railroads, and drink less whiskey, by and by."

I said, "We can't keep out of the Kansas fight, and I am sick of the debauchery going on where cheap whiskey is freer than milk, and, despite the resolve to keep out of politics, I find myself in the whirl, and here is my platform: No Liquor Shops; Free School for Iowa; No Nationalizing of Slavery. In public or private, in youth and age, failure or not as a citizen, these will be planks on my political craft until we get from under the dark clouds of to-day."

The New Yorker replies, "Very well, but is it not perfectly clear that your standard is too high for the frontier? I want to see you senator from a gem of a city, but you array money, politicians, and all the power of the nation, with 'Old Buck' against you. *Wait.*"

Nothing more is written as to this visit than a remark, "We shall strike high, and win with an issue which we can carry in debate; and, if our people are not ready, we can get a new railroad for coal, import sheep, set out trees, school the children at our university, and have self-respect at least while waiting for the 'good time coming'."

It is with this spirit that the actor tells, in reminiscences as taken from the local press, of the road to an election as state senator, member of congress, and his part in a free school law, beer exemption, John Brown's visit, and the live questions ante-bellum.

The town well advancing, and novelties of pioneering recounted even to satiety, and Grinnell University more than projected, what next? Here was Iowa inchoate, the rudiments of empire warm and ready for moulding, and a nation in the midst of heated discussion, and on the eve of critical events related to territorial slavery-extension and to war.

At a state convention of republicans in Iowa City, where hundreds met as strangers, there was a delicate task in harmonizing a temperance element, very decided; also in an accretion of the American recruits ("know nothings"), all to be moulded with the old whigs for an advancing column, to keep state control and a delegation in Washington, up to our ideals of progress. The discussions were sharp and able, with a harmonious result securing the election of a free-soil state ticket, in the line of a political faith held in Iowa without waver or "shadow of turning" for more than thirty years.

I was chosen to write the state address by a vote of the convention. It was a delicate task, but I availed myself of the light shed by discussion and took up boldly the plain features of our national issue. Governor S. P. Chase of Ohio, sent me a letter in praise of my effort, too flattering for the public eye. We had many encouragements from abroad as well as at home. Our state seemed about to repel Bourbon ideas as to freedom and education, under the guidance of leaders like Senator James Harlan and Governor Grimes.

Frankly I was more than willing to be state senator from the four counties of the district, if I could stand on the three planks. The nomination and platform was accorded me, and I still deem my ambition honorable in presence of great issues; as when, later, I aspired to go to Congress (not being accepted as a soldier) at the time the national honor and life were in peril by the treacheries of ambition and assaults of war.

I was unanimously nominated for senator without a canvass; and Reuben Michel, a lawyer-banker of Montezuma, was named by the democracy. Soon, according to the usages of the county, I challenged him to a debate. The preliminaries were settled. Forest Home, in my county, was the first place of meeting, which attracted the people in a circuit of many miles. It was my lot to open with an hour and close with a half hour, leaving Mr. Michel an hour and a half. The most that I now remember is an assault on his party for its hypocritical professions, now on its knees to the South, encouraging outlawry in Kansas, belying Jefferson in the state and Wesley in the church, who had pictured slavery in its true colors. Iowa democratic resolves I took up, asking, as I passed along, a vote on them, and the opinion of my opponent, which he was slow to give. I then held up the democratic whiskey law, fallen with dishonor in the streets; public schools a burlesque; old bachelors and great land holders exempt, while for the children of the poor there was a daily roll-call for taxation — a disgrace to the age. I ended with bold questions to be answered, and a promise to do what I saw by their welcome I was to do as their senator.

Mr. Michel was personally popular, mild in manner and knew how to play on prejudice and ask sympathy. He did not wish to deny, in fact did not understand my statements, had not read so as to answer my questions. For politics he had little taste and knew of few facts, but could learn. I saw at once his patronizing way, but he had blundered in a tilt at Yankees, "as good traders but never giving, yet liberal at public expense". This was branded as a lie in a sharp retort from his coterie of professional friends, for I had the previous winter, as already narrated, given away in a very promiscuous manner the loads of pork hams, perhaps more easily disposed of than kept — an act trivial in itself, yet it was in outcome as bread "cast on the waters".

At the close I asked certain questions — among them — "Is not my competitor rather old to learn? He answers neither yes nor no. Whom will you prefer, one who knows and is ready to answer, or a candidate that don't know?" The shout went up, "Nary know nothing," etc. It was plain where the crowd stood after the fatal admissions of Mr. Michel; yet he stood high personally, and later he was the master-mason of the state, wealthy, but meeting reverses in mining, and drifting to the Pacific coast, where he was assassinated at sixty years of age. Not one of his many appointments in this campaign did he fill, but pushed out for the discussion an M. D., with less character and more tact than the would-be senator. The people were for free Kansas, and through the district it was held that lands should be taxed for schools, and the large bachelor land-holders made to pay for the general good, if not rushing into matrimony with a probable direct interest in free schools.

Iowa at this date, 1856, had but one fourth its present population; only fifty-five miles existed of railway of our present eight thousand miles; and no institutions fit for mention save a state prison (a necessity by free whiskey), and a place for Indian half-breeds at Fort Madison. For all the charitable institutions now our pride, I was an advocate, especially in favor of the lunatic asylum at Mount Pleasant, held by the Bourbons to be large enough by the plan to "house all the voters of Iowa"; yet it was soon full, and an early call made for two buildings in addition. I inaugurated a free local town system of voting, as a step toward state free schools. The next winter after the removal of the Capitol to Des Moines under a constitutional provision, the question came up of a land appropriation by the general government for an agricultural college, for which I had the honor of being the first in the Senate to circulate a petition, resulting in the great institution at Ames, Iowa.

The State University at Iowa City was treated with liberality, the legislature making me a regent, after service as chairman of the committee on schools and state university. It was no small task to bring to light, and save losses by the Dr. Eads' loan of the school fund. Next in importance to the election of Governor Grimes as United States Senator, was that of securing the passage of a state free school law. The Lieutenant-Governor, Oran Faville, had been for long years a teacher and college professor East, and had made an educational canvass in a circuit from Mitchell county in the North. He wrote the following note on the issue before the committee of which I was made chairman: "My dear Governor Grimes: — You take so lively an interest in the passage of this Free School Law that I wish you to advise me as to the chairmanship of the senate committee on schools and university." This was the reply, "Grinnell, of Poweshiek County, was elected on the school issue. He will take charge of the bill and knows no such word as fail."

It did look like a failure. It was "Wait, correspond; too high notions for a new state with log houses, mortgages and poor roads." Mine was a missionary work, holding back radical ideas to win by suasion those members who were jealous of Yankees. In a local storm centre I assented to elimination and revisals to avoid failure.

It is due to the facts of history that I should give credit to the commissioners selected by Governor Grimes—Hon. Horace Mann, chancellor, Mr. Dean of New York, and Hon. Fred E. Bissell of Dubuque. These names should have been the potential argument, yet were decried as those of theorists, though it was true that our Iowa Mr. Bissell had given more attention to politics than the scheme of a board of education. To that law I gave my thoughts for weeks, and still think my most effective efforts in speech were made, as was said by Mr. Thaddeus Stevens many years later, "for children without voice or vote, and posterity beyond human enumeration." My general neglect in small matters prevents a possible infliction on the reader, of a speech, on which I laid myself out, and which, by a common assent, hushed the slurs of "the Hairy Nation" obstructives. Mr. Amos Dean was an eminent lawyer and a disciple of John A. Dix, the latter a noted general and governor. Mr. Dean used Iowa as a stepping-stone to a larger place in the affairs of New York, with a very common and human idea as to calls and collaterals at cross roads, for all of which he was far from blame and is worthy of a place in our educational annals.

Horace Mann, ever since I was a country teacher, had been like a fixed star in the educational horizon. I first heard him at a state gathering in Utica, New York—pale, nervous, with a broad almost deformed brow in massiveness. The speech was fresh in every line, even electrical, as he painted ignorance in all its deformity. I next knew him in Washington, the successor of John Quincy Adams, too stern for a popular member, but an educator by speeches, sent home to stay a retreat toward the castle of "Union Saviors" by profession, and the conservative worship of Mr. Webster after his 7th of March speech.

For Congress as a bear garden there was intense disgust, yet in the parlor he had a child's simplicity, and no aversion to those games in Dr. Bailey's parlors which I have described. Was he not a pioneer in thought, a fearless champion of all good, reckless of idols dethroned on his march? His correspondence was a great help in our school law discussion, for, while set in opinion, he was in minor matters pliable like willows bent by river currents in flood time. Mann was the equal of Webster in public service, save the senatorial.

The State of Massachusetts placed his statue in bronze opposite that of the great expounder of the constitution, in front of the State House, and I take off my hat in the great presence, and hope that, like myself in devotion to a friend and counsellor, a cheer may leap from the heart of all Iowans for so true and good a man.

Leaving this tribute it is in line not to be forgotten that our Free School Law became a notice to the world of rich Iowa on an educational march. Farms adjacent to school-houses rose rapidly in value. The childless were solicitous to take on incumbrances, to clothe and feed those whom the state was pledged to educate. Free to the poor as air and sunshine is education in Iowa. The friction under a new system, and the burdens of a state legislative board of education, brought about partial repeal, but the system has grown in favor, on amendment, until the fact of less illiteracy than any state in our Union is a proud statement, and one so well known as to be no longer mentioned as news — a fact cognate to a conservative maxim — a nation's wealth should educate its youth rudimentally for good citizenship.

THE EARLY DAY.

The city of Des Moines in 1858, with no such paper as the *Iowa State Register*, nor gas, water-works, fine church buildings, only chapels, and with the honors of a state capitol, had less than eight thousand people, over against its sixty thousand in 1890. All was rude, with stumps of trees, perilous ravines and walks made of coal slack. There were boarding-houses on streets indicated by a surveyor's stake, or by a path through mud of various consistency, according to the weather, in which were planted and lost sundry odd overshoes without a suggestion of a search therefor. It is no legend that by lanterns and blazed trees we made our way at night near Capitol Square, then decked with a grove of second growth. The song, "Woodman spare that tree," did not prevent the chopping a sapling, to be shouldered by moonlight by residents short of fuel; and the hitching of horses by countrymen mutilated the trees to such a degree that, in one of the most practical resolves of the session, I asked for "a plain, cheap, strong board fence" around the Capitol Square. Iron savored too much of extravagance to be mentioned, and we had not reached the lawn era and discarding of fences.

DRINKING USAGES AND LEGISLATION.

It was the spring of 1858, when by a hasty adjournment the Des Moines valley folks were able to return to their homes by a steamboat, the last of those exploits. This boat would not tarry for legislators, in fear of low water which might cause the steamer to be aground before night. The log-book of that craft did not disclose all the perils by water, from failure in morally educating a pilot and a captian, said to be quite too full for duty. As I have learned, the officials were not singular in inebriation, for there was quite a return cargo in fluids. Here a confession should preface the records of facts. Most of the public men at that time drank beer. It was on the dinner table, and members called for it to treat friends without regard to time or ceremony. I drank it, soon overcoming an aversion to its bitter taste. The lager was not deemed intoxicating, but, with hop flavor, a welcome tonic. It was only by age and excessive use that effects were visible. These were drowsiness, then petulance reaching to blows, followed by the now called "beer face" and aldermanic corpulence. Members grew out of their suits, and became in love with beverages which prepared the way for decisive legislation. Native wine and beer were exempted from the provisions of the prohibitory liquor law. If, as said, my vote, long uncertain, legalized the home product, these facts must be my vindication. Of the common beer I had drank without harm, and had no knowledge of the lager which Senator Reuch, a fine German citizen and scholar, assured me was not, when fresh, an intoxicant. Then, grape raising for wine was a promising industry, to furnish a substitute for whiskey without imbruting the user, if pure and used in moderation. It was the abuse under the law, and adulteration, which gave a refuge for the vilest drinks under cover of a beer saloon. This made a demand for strong stimulants, which soon exposed our relapse from a high standard, securing an affirmative vote for constitutional prohibition in 1882.

That is not all. The war cloud was gathering blackness, and, to keep the Union together, it was necessary to have all the free states in line for an emergency. Here we were met by the Germans, protesting that they were made criminals by a harmless usage; and the condition of their allegiance to the party of freedom was an adoption of the wine and beer clause. The national cause loomed high, and Iowa must be kept in line, and it was duty to waive, for the time, a sentiment for a great principle like the nationality of freedom. Thus the millions of black men enslaved were set over against the freemen depraved by appetite. Again I turned a deaf ear to democrats, who appealed to my temperance standard as a bond that I would enhance their prospects of power by voting against repeal. No! I took counsel of friends, and the call to duty with a good purpose, however great the mistake in the view of those not broadened to an exigency in the nation before unknown, and which may never have a parallel.

That I was under ban for a time, on account of my vote, and incurred the hate of the whiskey party for not accepting their beverage, did not disturb me. Time proved that however great the frauds practiced under beer and wine exemptions, a united loyal party in Iowa was a desideratum linked to the fate of the Union.

Senator Grimes would have secured for me on Mr. Lincoln's inauguration an honorable post abroad, but for this position I had no taste, and accepted an appointment as special agent of the Post Office department. It was a place of high trust, giving large control in Chicago and supervision in Iowa and Minnesota, allowing brief periods at my home for writing and in care of business matters. It was a congenial service, in the company of gentlemen, and of aid to localities as to increase of mail routes and lessening the purloining of money letters, sent to meet taxes in our new counties. Indirectly, I encouraged enlistments of volunteers, spoke at company departures and in churches, to fan the fires of patriotism too feebly burning in many localities. Home business was neglected; ploughed fields were left to weeds, and in Franklin county where I had laid out a town, there was only stagnation after every man fit for a soldier had gone, with a like decimation in the county.

GOING TO CONGRESS.

This was not an unworthy or vain ambition, and the candidacy was not a draft on energy or purse to a considerable degree — two dollars and forty cents was the cash outlay. I had no press as an organ, nor friends at the convention only as they came on their own charges, however they returned.

About fifty ballots were required to make a nomination. Judge William M. Stone of Knoxville, an editor, coming to the liberals on the know-nothing wave and anti-slavery issue (since governor, and now holding a high official position), was ready for a sacrifice on the nomination altar. Rush Clark, later M. C., years ago crossing to join the "pale nations", was speaker of the legislature, and by report had mapped out a district favorable to his aspirations and was a candidate on the list to stay. Attorney-General Samuel A. Rice, of Oskaloosa, readily enlisted his legal brothers, and was every way equipped to win that upon which, after due diligence in a well-cultivated field, he had set his heart. There only seemed wanting unity and a cordial support by the Mahaska delegation, in which was found the Quaker element, not willing to be counted before courted. Many a true man has lost by too much reserve in a crisis. The peacemakers of another day were pleased with nothing less than a candidate without caution in entertaining John Brown, and ready to face the issues. It was in vain that I urged my friends voting to change for Rice, a personal friend, and a reliable ardent patriot. The convention dispersed. I did not sleep until I had made a journey to Iowa City, and had secured a pledge from Gov. Kirkwood that my friend should be made Colonel, as he was of the Thirty-third Infantry, doing fine service as an organizer, but receiving a wound in battle of which he died. He was early promoted a general; and in mortuary service and rememberance he was extolled as a citizen of great worth in peace, and a hero in war for the Union.

Next in order, the candidate must challenge his opponent to discuss the issues. Mine was Henry M. Martyn of Marengo, a member of our legislature, with a fair democratic record, and a lawyer of repute, shrewd, and a popular orator. Douglass was his idol; and much did he inspire the voters to put down the rebellion by resolves, yet was chary in advice on enlistments, not yet certain whether the war was waged for the double purpose of abolishing slavery and perpetuating the republican party. McClellan was his ideal soldier, as he was my aversion. Fremont I more than tolerated in his order, while relegated to the family of fanatics by my opponent.

The warning conditional proclamation of emancipation by Mr. Lincoln of the twenty-second of September, 1862, giving the insurgents to the first of January for reflection and allegiance, was the signal for sharp debate, bringing fire from oratorical flint and steel. I advocated the arming of blacks, and predicted what came to break the shackles. We were crossing the country together in a carriage when a stage driver brought out a telegram with a message. It was to Mr. Martyn conviction as strong as proofs of Holy Writ that war was to enslave the South, and Lincoln had destroyed the Union. "All of which," said he, "assures my election." From that time on there was no lack of crowds, a sharp issue and cheers by excited partisans.

His role as a candidate was to prevent enlistments in a "negro war", and restore the Union as it was. I plead that a man who could take as good sight under tufts of wool as under a crown of blonde, should spare our own race, while the black man could gain partial redress for injuries and make liberty and not slavery national after January, 1863. The Fourth District had sent a larger number of soldiers into the field than any in the Union, save that embracing Chicago, and we both sought to secure the soldiers' vote, to be taken in camps by commissioners. Appeals to prejudice did not move those in camp, pining for action and an early close of the war, and I received about four-fifths of the whole number of votes, while of the home vote I lacked an election, but counting the soldier vote had fourteen hundred majority. Here appeared a travesty of loyalty to the soldiers by a denial of their right to vote, although Mr. Martyn as a legislator helped frame the Iowa law. It was a bitter contest up to the affirmative decision of its legality by the supreme court, and a contest in Congress which added nothing to the credit of my opponent, not even securing the salary of a contestant as by the latter usages. A favorable issue of the war placed under the ban one well endowed for public service, and for years, in the city of Davenport, a lawyer of good practice. By the casualty of a broken limb, near the Rocky Mountains, his life was ended, calling out many tributes to a generous heart.

In 1864 I was again nominated for Congress, and, without an effort, or a possible ground of contest like that before, my majority was six thousand votes. My opponent shall be nameless, for, however convivial in practice and disloyal in denouncing the war a failure, he rose to a high social plane of life as a Christian minister in another state, and recast his political creed, regretting both his infirmities and the evil of disloyol association.

I lacked but a few votes of a third nomination, which was not sought, for I kept my place at the capitol that there might be no partiality to a contestant. Washington air I never liked, causing seasons of protracted illness; and, the war over, with the constitution amended, retiring brought rest and pleasant and profitable home and public occupation, of which I make full mention later. Politics alone can engage the ambitious only, except in a great formative and war crisis. Then there comes the reward, and the just pride in recounting one's part in framing laws that posterity commends, and giving authority to those who shall be their faithful executors. It was enough that I had seen the Congress of 1850, with later ones, in the midst of the taunts and excesses in debate before traitors had executed their warlike threats, and the still later war Congress, under the rule of a party charged with duties in which I shared, and under leaders before held in aversion.

It is an incident to this narration that I became enlisted as president in a railway north and south, to bring us coal and lumber; and that the revulsion of 1857 brought a paralysis in business, and arrested railway building and public enterprise, while clouding with disastrous defeat most laudable schemes. The hard times in 1857 were a reality. I recall that on my journeys, with the owner of farms it was common to roast corn for dinner and pay the lady ten cents for seasoning, with use of dishes. Coffee gave way on our tables to a substitute made of rye, sweetened with sorghum. Sugar was a luxury, as was fine flour, when wheat brought the farmer but forty cents a bushel. Taxes were unpaid for years, drawing heavy penalties, while hundreds of thousands of acres were abandoned to tax-title purchasers. There was brooding a financial cloud of inky blackness — no credit and poor money, up to the mad treason of 1860. Being "land poor" was not a figure of speech; and to introduce sheep was my device, and let the plough rest. In the meantime occurred a perhaps ludicrous interlude in my pioneer life, which may be here narrated.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A LAWYER.

On going to Iowa there was much legal business at hand, making bonds, deeds and special contracts, and I scouted the old forms as long, wordy, without reason, and their continuance a reproach to the age. At a social evening gathering of court lawyers, about 1858, Judge Stone being present, I ridiculed the useless forms, and was answered, "That would do for an unprofessional," etc.

Attorney-General Samuel A. Rice, afterward Brigadier-General, who died of his wounds, said I was in the main right, and, if I so wished, he would propose me for admission to the Iowa Bar. That was what I meditated as a convenience in the future, for I did own a Blackstone and the code, drawn as a senator, and in discussion of the session laws had often heard what was "common law," enforced as very uncommon law in perversion of statutes. The learned young chaps who mouthed often great words which Blackstone seldom used, were eager for such game in the examination as I promised to be. On my name being presented for admission the court appointed our first lawyer chairman of the committee, General Rice. He had but few elementary questions, while the committee boys seemed stirred with deep excitement, asking questions, and I gave the aptest burlesque replies at command, which they hinted were not plain; and I fell back on the privilege of counsel that I had high authority for the opinion that the "use of language was to conceal thoughts". In the next resort I availed myself of the usage of the court, "reserving an opinion" until consulting the authorities; or I bandied the eager young gentleman with an answer in Latin, which he said he did not understand, to which I replied I did not doubt it — an easy extinguisher. After long and mutual merriment, Rice in seriousness came to the rescue, saying, "The lawyer determined his fitness by taking good cases, and honorably prosecuting them, and he was satisfied to report on my giving a satisfactory answer to one constitutional question, viz.: Whether in my reading and reflection it is in violation of our Constitution to make a practical and personal appropriation of bivalves at this season of the year?" On a negative answer to this question, he felt called upon to recommend an admission as following a well-established precedent if not statute law. Of course, a supper was eaten after admission, by as hilarious a company as ever sits down, wanting the usual fluid excitement.

There soon came to me two offers of law partnership, and the proffer of collections, which were declined. Once a draft of two hundred and fifty dollars came just at the right time. I was counsel on the right side of the largest case in our county, and it is not vain for me to mention that I secured a proposal to the county of settlement of railway indebtedness, which would have saved us more than fifty thousand dollars had not the advice of lawyers in ignorance or with motives I will not name, been followed.

At that time admission to the Bar of course was a burlesque, but, written in the briefest language, my legal papers have stood the test, while many words have been fruitful of litigation, whereof only the hungry lawyers were gainers. A fortunate interpretation of contracts in the legal affairs of the Central Iowa Railway saved thousands of dollars to the company, and, before the Supreme Court of the state and the Supreme Court at Washington, I became a practitioner in matters of personal interest leading to equity, and I found mingled pleasure and success. The cases which I have caused quietly to be compromised were many. The first device was to subdue the temper, and the second to show that success even, in many cases, involves friction and pecuniary loss. This required delicate treatment to bring victims from the coils of counsel who had more regard for notoriety and fee than for justice.

There may be honor, which I doubt, among thieves, but little when robust clients are to be plucked or a pound of flesh taken regardless of blood. A class of idle loungers stir up canines on the corner for a fight, nursing brutality; a class of pettifoggers in legal business stir up litigation more degrading than any brute warfare, and then laugh at their dupes, traducing the judge as the author of defeat, or a jury which they irreverently send to another and warmer realm. Honorable and strictly honest counsel will make our court dockets slim, for there is not in the West legitimate business for one out of five of the lawyers, seeking practice by technical arts and fictitious pleas too long tolerated. Business demands but few, plain words, and I hold in high honor those who study peace, and practice in emergencies with fidelity. Bribery in official station so often talked of, I have never known, but legal collusion in secret, and open words like daggers, both of which must excite disgust even in the lower regions. Such shysters are in love with grand juries, and can coach or corner a witness on the stand with grimace and snakish eye. Filth to them is like nutritious food; they are crazy on constitutions, and in spasms of assumed virtue on a human suggestion not written in law. They have no God, nor one fit to be written with a small g. Human gad-flies — ! Vale!

My examination for the Bar reminds me of the early Oxford examinations for degrees. Professor Bryce, addressing the students of Iowa College, alluded to an eminent scholar years ago, not yet tested in his literary talent. While a candidate he was asked but one question, and that was, who founded Oxford University. His reply was, "I am not certain, I think it was King Alfred." His answer was wrong, but he obtained the degree, as I did an admission to the Bar, without regard to qualification. Thirty years have changed the conditions of admission to legal practice.

CHAPTER IX.

The War Congress—1863–5—A Seat Episode—Wilson, Kasson, Price, Allison, Hubbard, E. C. Ingersoll, Lovejoy, Henry Winter Davis, Oakes Ames, President Hayes, President Garfield, Colfax, Blaine and others—The Opposition Leaders, Hendricks, Voorhees, Brooks, Wood, Cox, etc.—War Days at Home.

I TOOK my seat in the Thirty-eighth Congress assembled in December, 1863. It was charged with the gravest duties ever intrusted to statesmen of any country or age. Gigantic war carried on in new methods, and a financial policy involving thousands of millions of dollars, were of equal concern—all related to the issue of battles. There was the arming of the blacks, the act of emancipation, and confiscation—topics of stern debate and of momentous import, watched as we were by jealous enemies abroad, and more exposed to dangers from much of the professed loyalty at home, which the sequel proved was for the defense and restoration of a disloyal party to place and power.

A SEAT EPISODE.

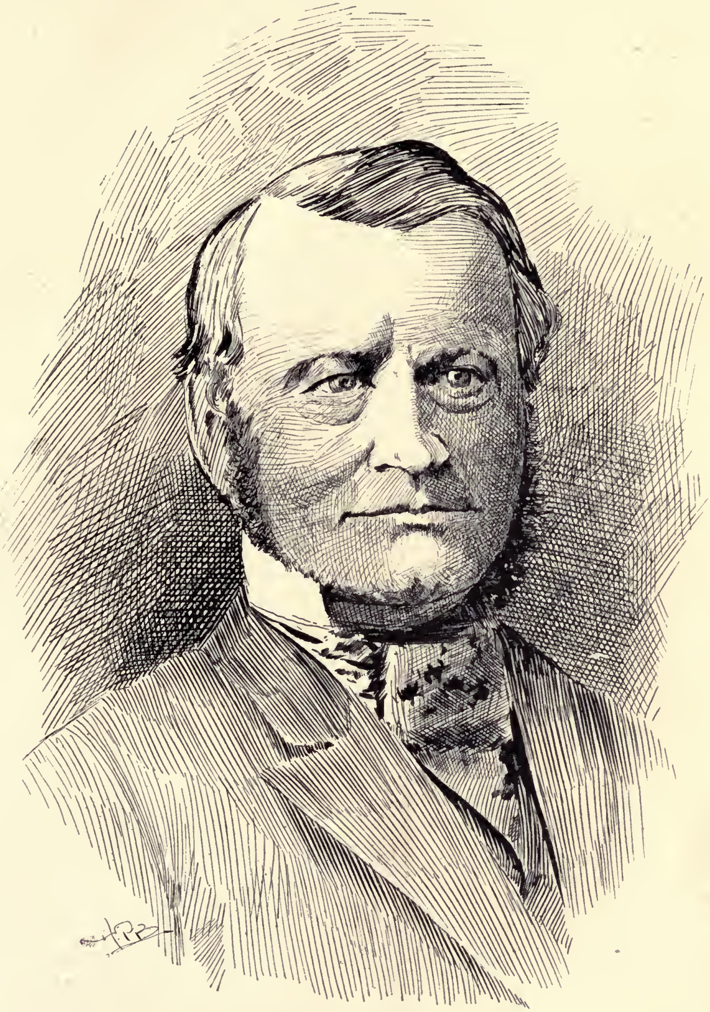
I must give in reminiscence how I came to be favored by a number of the chief actors in this grand epoch. There is a great choice in seats in the Representative Hall, which was built with regard to show, rather than business and acoustic qualities. Those in the front are disliked, and those in the rear are obnoxious on account of distance and intrusions by a cloak-room lobby, where there is noise and confusion.

This is the method on an occasion to which there is attached a deep interest by the old members, who know the advantages of a good location to hear readily and gain an audience in times of excitement. The names of all the members are written on slips of paper and placed in a box, from which a blinded page draws the names, and the early called get the choicest seats. It was my fortune to draw third, and I chose the best locality in the Ways and Means circle next to Mr. Stevens' old seat, long held by him — the Nestor of the House. Nearing the end of the called list, a member from New York, amid hisses, took Mr. Stevens' long reserved seat, saying, "This is a body of equals." Nearly the last member to draw was Mr. Stevens, and all but the very rear were taken, from which he could not be heard, besides being unfit locally for the leader of the House.

Soon the feeble old man, with a club-foot came hobbling up the aisle. As he passed along, I stepped out and touched his shoulder, saying, "This is the seat for you, which I yield to the venerable." "No, I cannot take it, for it is worth more than money." But, without rudeness, I placed him in the seat aided in entreaty by his old friends. Though deserving no credit, I was as much praised as the other was blamed, whose greed got the better of his judgment. I call no name, but he lost caste — was never listened to without a private gibe or a severe press notice. He failed of renomination and sank out of political view by this trivial act — if nothing else, a political blunder, next to a crime.

A bright page found me a good, overlooked seat, and the acquaintance made with the old Commoner was of more value than one term in Congress. I had only to hint to Mr. Stevens to learn the order of bills, with the privilege of amendment and frequent yielding of time in debate. He said, "If we live, time will bring us side by side in the next Congress." My good fortune in sitting by Mr. Stevens in the Thirty-ninth Congress, to be referred to later, further illustrates his character.

From Iowa we were all new members, save James F. Wilson — now and for eight years United States Senator. He was the youngest member of the great Committee, the Judiciary, in a previous Congress, also at its foot. In the new Congress, Mr. Wilson was the only republican returned of the former cast, but there were older lawyers aspiring to the chairmanship, and with others I did not choose a speaker without an assurance that our colleague was not to be jumped. Mr. Wilson became a leader, while his colleagues were Judges Bingham, Williams, and Ex-Governor Boutwell, who served in this capacity with honor during the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson. While this may be no time to



MR. GRINNELL WHEN IN CONGRESS.

praise the living, it will serve my purpose later in showing the high regard of President Grant for Mr. Wilson, who was offered a cabinet position; and indirectly my interest in a person truly the pride of his state, whose history he has adorned while declining three places.

John A. Kasson of Iowa, then in the House, has since been known in high rank of public trusts, negotiating postal treaties, and his career culminating in diplomatic service to Berlin and elsewhere. Hiram Price, also with more than national fame, was transferred from Congress to the important post of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, rendering great service to the country and to our dusky wards of the reservations. William B. Allison, still more widely known, and serving near three terms in the United States Senate, declined cabinet position under both Garfield and Harrison; he was strongly put forward as a presidential candidate in 1888, and holds no second place in our Senate. Nor can we forget A. W. Hubbard, who, depressed in service by ill health, died some years since with a most honorable record. Sioux City was his home, which he did not live to see rise to the measure of his prediction; it is now the refined grand city of growth and the commercial metropolis of our rich new North-west. It was a harmonious delegation with divers tastes but well assigned on committees, for peculiar service that gave it reputation as the strong "Hawkeye team". I was on the committee on Post Offices and post roads, which gave me a desired opportunity to serve my district, long neglected; also on other committees of importance.

On the death of Owen Lovejoy of Illinois, who had earned his way near the head of one of the most desirable committees, that of Territories, I was appointed to the vacancy, a compliment which I had not earned by any real service, but made on the request of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. Mr. Eben C. Ingersoll, a brother of the since well-known Robert G. Ingersoll, was Mr. Lovejoy's successor from Illinois. He was much depressed by the routine before him, in not finding a proper place on committees. I resigned in his favor, in honor of the district and its representation, and in aid of the successor of my good friend. I received the following letter, hereafter mentioned in criticism of Robert G. Ingersoll.

My Dear Sir:

I am informed by my brother, lonely and disgusted with his congressional life on the tail of committees, with nothing to do, that you have come to his relief. It is a high place he fills by your resignation, he tells me. If I have judged Congress made up of mortals akin to the lower animals in pushing for the full end of the trough, I make an honorable exception. I thank you, and we may meet, when it will be a pleasure, if in my power, to reciprocate the act of a gentleman.

Yours Truly,

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

HON. J. B. GRINNELL, M. C.

OWEN LOVEJOY.

On the *personnel* of that House, I first name the lamented Lovejoy. We were in sympathy, pioneers, farmers, radicals. He was the boldest of congressmen, fiery, eloquent, invincible in debate, an historic character, with no stain upon his reputation. At the congressional mortuary services in these decades there never has been shown more of emotion and the grief of colleagues than on the occasion of his death. Even Pendleton, one of the bulwarks of Democracy, surpassed radical comrades in warmth of eulogy. The following was reported in the *Globe*—one of the brief eulogies on the deceased statesman in the House of Representatives:

MR. GRINNELL. *Mr. Speaker:* I have just returned from a long journey, and it is only since I came into the Hall this morning that I received an intimation that I was to speak on this mournful occasion. My few words shall be the sympathetic utterances of a mourning friend rather than those of a classic eulogist. I had the honor of an intimate acquaintance with the deceased, having shared the bounteous hospitality of his western home, and at his bedside in this city I strove to drink in the inspiration of his spirit.

But a few weeks since, in his sick-room, I expressed fears for his recovery. I saw the tears course down his manly cheek as he said, "Ah! God's will be done, but I have been laboring, voting and praying for twenty years that I might see the great day of freedom which is so near and which I hope God will let me live to rejoice in. I want a vote on my bill for the destruction of slavery, root and branch." He saw the sun of national liberty, but in its rising, when he hoped to gaze on it with raptures in its midnoon splendor; but mysteriously has God called him above the storm-clouds of war, bringing rest to his weary spirit, and new vision, with an exchange of the sorrows of earth for the joys of heaven. A Christian and a hero has gone home, where there will be a multitude to welcome and no one wronged to confront him.

As I review his eventful life I am constrained to believe that had he died thirty years ago the world would have said, We have lost a promising scholar. Had his decease been twenty years since he would have been called a fanatic by almost universal acclaim. Had he left the world ten years since, the narrow circle in which he moved would have felt the loss of an obscure free-soil candidate for Congress and a Congregational minister. But what have ten years of noble, heroic devotion to freedom achieved! The clergyman, by leaving his flock for the promising field which invited his labors, is justified. A man and a citizen before a minister, he proved that his politics were consistent with and not derogatory to Christian and ministerial character, following the example of Mayhew, Cooper and Witherspoon of our early days, who were not more eminent in the pulpit than learned and useful as legislators, neither of whom made apology for a change of vocation when they might speak for a nation in the forum, and espouse the cause of liberty for the world. Our friend loved peace, and accepted the arbitrament of the sword only as a dire necessity. In his holy hate for the rebellion, and slavery, its cause, he was—

"For the peace which rings out from the cannon's throat,
And the suasion of shot and shell,
Till rebellion's spirit is trampled down
To the depths of its kindred hell."

Then for this country there was the ideal of the church, "beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as any army with banners," to which he was consecrated. The witnesses of his early and later devotion made him as eyes to the blind, feet to the lame; and the cause which he knew not he searched out. His home was his castle, where he gave assurance of shelter and defense to the escaped from the southern prison-houses, who were thousands, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy, while the blessing of many ready to perish fell on him.

Mr. Speaker, it is too early to pronounce the eulogy on our deceased brother. *Respice finem:* wait till the ripening of that of which he sowed the seed. Give time to gather up the great thoughts first expressed in the log school-house, which gathered volume, re-echoed from the pulpit, and, taken up by the telegraph and the press as from the statesman, true to his convictions, and the fearless unapproached orator. The glory of his life and the grandeur of his character will be unappreciated until the last shackle falls from the slave and the muse of history asks for those who were of the first to strike for the poor and end their life with humane and Christian devotion.

It is well expressed, Owen Lovejoy was no ordinary man. In the stern period of our history, breasting prejudice and obloquy, he rose to that proud distinction to which the impassioned eloquence of this morning is a fitting accord. His marked characteristics were evinced in firmness like his native mountains, and there was a scope of mind which seemed to borrow breadth and beauty of imagery from the expanse of his prairie home, carpeted with floral decoration. Above all, he died a Christian. With more than the honors of a conquerer will his dust rest in sepulture among the people by whom he was so ardently loved, and his soul, ascending to his God, would, if it might speak to us, counsel, Love your country, remember her despised poor, and if you would rescue anything from the wreck of time, lay it up in God.

It should be added that Mr. Lovejoy made the boldest replies to the maligners of President Lincoln; and the art of standing undaunted in front of a howling, profane crowd of rebels, placed him high in a niche in "Freedom's Holy Fane". He is remembered still for his bill which was to stamp out slavery, root and branch, not waiting for the arbitrament of war, or constitutional fiats in amendments.

Henry Winter Davis of Maryland, was the great orator. He had shocked even Chicago by his Fourth of July oration, declaring that honor, safety and statesmanship would give the black man the vote everywhere under the flag. This gentleman was the chairman of the committee of foreign affairs. He suddenly died in 1865—too early for his state and the nation. He was, by the universal verdict, the popular, magnetic speaker of Congress. His father was a clergyman, and the son had enjoyed the best classical training as a student, and the discipline of the professor. Every subject he handled was with the grace of a gentleman and the cultivation of an orator. His true picture hangs near me, the type of a brave, restive agitator, having faith in the triumph of the noblest principles and of the Christian religion. His encounters with General Frank P. Blair, jr., a soldier, attested his prowess; and his sad demise brought mourning to all the higher circles of civilians.

His speech of April 11th, 1864, was the notable effort of the time, and my best tribute to his genius will be found in this quotation, ending in a climax—a plea against all compromises with rebels:

> "It is because the people of the United States, rising to the height of the occasion, dedicated this generation to the sword, and pouring out the blood of their children as of no account, and vowing before high Heaven that there should be no end to this conflict but ruin absolute or absolute triumph, that we now are what we are; that the banner of the Republic, still pointing onward, floats proudly in the face of the enemy; that vast regions are reduced to obedience to the laws, and that a great host in armed array now presses with steady step into the dark regions of the rebellion. It is only by the earnest and abiding resolution of the people that, whatever shall be our fate, it shall be grand as the American nation, worthy of that Republic which first trod the path of empire and made no peace but under the banners of victory, that the American people will survive in history. And that will save us. We shall succeed, and not fail. I have an abiding confidence in the firmness, the patience, the endurance of the American people; and, having vowed to stand in history on the great resolve to accept of nothing but victory or ruin, victory is ours. And if with such heroic resolve we fall, we fall with honor, and transmit the name of liberty, committed to our keeping, untarnished, to go down to future generations. The historian of our decline and fall, contemplating the ruins of the last great Republic, and drawing from its fate lessons of wisdom on the waywardness of men, shall drop a tear as he records with sorrow the vain heroism of that people who dedicated and sacrificed themselves to the cause of freedom, and by their example will keep alive her worship in the hearts of men till happier generations shall learn to walk in her paths. Yes, sir, if we must fall, let our last hours be stained by no weakness. If we must fall, let us stand amid the crash of the falling Republic and be buried in its ruins, so that history may take note that men lived in the middle of the nineteenth century worthy of a better

> fate, but chastised by God for the sins of their forefathers. Let the ruins of the Republic remain to testify to the latest generations our greatness and our heroism. And let Liberty, crownless and childless, sit upon these ruins, crying aloud in a sad wail to the nations of the world, 'I nursed and brought up children and they have rebelled against me'."

Oakes Ames was one of the quiet but potent factors in the War Era. It is dangerous to devise without the counsel of strong financiers. In the great war epoch, no man's opinion on finance was more sought for, and on a close vote a quiet appeal was of greater service than vociferous speech. Mr. Stevens would say to me, "I wish I knew without asking how Ames stood. He can be relied on to kill what is not worthy of support, for he is a man of affairs, doing more for a great enterprise, which may bring only curses, than any man in Congress."

A brief tribute was paid to him in my "Cattle Industries of the United States". I stood by his monument at Sherman, Wyoming. This monument is of native granite, forty feet square, one hundred feet in height, and costing one hundred thousand dollars. Oliver Ames, the conservative brother, in a granite bust, faces eastward; Oakes Ames, the congressman, has his face westward. He was the animating soul.

"We all stepped from the cars and cheered, amid the waving of handkerchiefs by ladies, in honor of a name beyond the reach of calumny, high on the roll of American benefactors. The writer could not suppress his emotion in regret that he, so brave and devoted, was not spared to witness more than the fruition of his fondest hopes; to know that his fame is alike assured with the 'sages who wrote and the warriors who have bled'; and, without the commemorative monument, the herdsman by the mountains, and travelers in journeys from ocean to ocean, and all just Americans will honor his name down the ages, 'till the sun grows cold and the stars are old'."

The State of Massachusetts, by the clear voices of her scholars and patriots may well ask — it does — that the resolution of censure be expunged. It will be in due time, when the feeble tributes of to-day will be forgotten amid the thrilling plaudits of brave, just citizens for an honest man and wise legislator.

I might enlarge in further personal mention of the actors in the War Congresses. Their names and promotions are suggestive of the noblest manhood, and in association with immortal deeds.

I notice a few names from the civil and military lists promoted to senators, governors and well-equipped diplomats, but a failure to mention a longer list does not imply less patriotic devotion on their part to the country's weal. Many, with an aversion to politics have been found engaged in private affairs, and in public enterprises congenial to taste and bringing greater profit.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

was a quiet, modest gentleman in personality, a soldier patriot, and a decided statesman president. He is gaining a larger place in the hearts of his countrymen by the hearty and beneficent services of a private citizen, when human elevation and want ask a friendly voice or wise counsel.

A brief congressional career was closed by the nomination for governor of Ohio of this quiet man, before known to the House by a speech on a resolution. A question of one of his sagacious colleagues I repeated for the merriment of the fortunate president at the White House. "Do you know that man next to Colfax—a smiler—how tasteful in dress, always writing, never making a political record; he has the common sense to win. Watch and cultivate him. He will be president of the United States."

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

President Garfield was quite another statesman. A frequent speaker and a leader in debate, learned, fervid and electrical. He appeared in the apt moment to win the votes for a nomination by a fine civil and military career and captivating eloquence. What member spent so many hours in the library and who of the Presidents was his peer in scholarship. Nor was he wanting socially in gentlemanly spontaneity. His mind was a storehouse of facts, not less than his heart of desires and plans for the education of his generation. Thus I recall the pleasant good-morning slap on the shoulder: "Well, Josiah, how is Iowa College? I envy you and wish my people were up to your standard. The best service now I could render my people would be in an educational line week days, and good words and a higher life on Sunday. For Hiram Institute I have plead by day and dreamed by night in anxiety, for a higher education and practical is the work near to us, since the drum-beat of silence."

Vice-President Wheeler was a quiet New York statesman. Schuyler Colfax, the pet of the press, and a gentleman urbane, high-toned and exemplary in life, rose to the second place in the government, but passed under a political cloud which cast its shadow over him, I truly and charitably believe, not by evil complicity on his part with the "Credit Mobilier" scandal; but by a possible mistake of one of the parties, perhaps never to be explained. Most cheerful was Mr. Colfax as I met him in Denver, happy out of the political whirl, and gladly leaving his fame to a later generation.

This war Congress also furnished James G. Blaine as speaker, who, notwithstanding the trials of a candidate, is extolled even by enemies as a great statesman, even if failing to reach the high position to which he was believed to have been elected in 1884.

War legislation and army experiences educated the following gentlemen of national repute, giving the responsibilities of senator or governor. The State of Iowa has wisely kept William B. Allison and James F. Wilson in the Senate; of them I have spoken. Cornelius Cole appeared from California; J. A. J. Cresswell was cabinet minister as well as senator; Gov. George S. Boutwell and Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts were senators; E. H. Rollins and J. W. Patterson of New Hampshire, Justin S. Morrell of Vermont, T. W. Ferry of Michigan, Roscoe Conkling of New York, Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin, Shelby Cullom of Illinois, and the lamented William Windom of Minnesota, reached political fame without scandal.

William B. Washburn and Alexander H. Rice of Massachusetts, and Sidney Perham of Maine, became governors, while there were, distinguished in the diplomatic service, Elihu B. Washburn, Gen. Robert C. Schenck, and John A. Kasson, all united in conviction that the constitutional amendments were necessary as anchorage in reconstruction. Fiercely opposed — leading spirits in the democratic party, yet finding distinction, were Brooks, Cox, Pendleton, Kerr, Vice-President Hendricks and Fernando Wood. These have closed their career, leaving Kernan, Holman and Voorhees in meditation upon perverse action and false prophecies of ill success in reconstruction, which they jeopardized by sympathy with the vanquished, and in a desire for the domination of the party recreant to principle and lacking capacity to govern.

In the Senate were our bold colleagues, the bulwarks of the Union, strengthening the armed cohorts. It is a fashion to talk of the "better days of the republic" and to depreciate living actors. In this there is no reason. A better organized heart-and-brain-equipped company of statesmen, of genial, radical co-laborers, will never be raised up to confront traitors. What jointly had we to do? To defend and enforce the draft in the presence of the Knights of the Golden Circle, one of the most secret, wicked, powerful and cruel organizations to be found in all the chapters of time — unmasked by ex-cabinet Minister Joseph Holt, who with almost inspired denunciation placed it as on its final gibbet. Then there was the greenback, virulently attacked in both houses, a financial device based on the credit and character of our people, assailed at every step as an unconstitutional issue of money. Then the internal revenue scheme, which stamped a burden on business, yet a necessity in raising revenue, was a fit subject for the constant jeer of those only that may be likened to a Nero, who, if not the author of the conflagration of a city, could at least fiddle and smile over its ruins. Greater than all was the protective tariff, its success, next to emancipation, inspiring hate for the eastern states, and plots to alienate the West, as if both sections were not bound together in the issues which these great measures embraced.

I name these senators not in the order of their potency. William Pitt Fessenden, the son of Samuel Fessenden, an old abolitionist at whose hospitable table I have sat in Portland, Me., was cool and logical. Senator Lyman Trumbell, of Illinois, in draft of bills and analytical debate had no peer, as his colleague, Ex-Governor Yates, who fell so sadly by intemperance, had no equal in brilliancy, as was evinced in his championship on many subjects. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, was earlier on the ground, the wit and patriot for a decade, the pride of the North and a foe in a well-clad mail which the chivalry of the South could not pierce. Senator Zachary Chandler of Michigan and Senator Wade of Ohio, were rough in expression, bolder in action for having made an exposure on the "Conduct of the War" as waged by the craft and inaction of General McClellan. These senators wore his military scalp dangling as a trophy, which I now believe was more than an incident to the unfolding of a political conspiracy, and the destruction of slavery and the restoration of the Union. Sumner of Massachusetts, the scholar, and Wilson the Natick cobbler, with Iowa's eminent and alert senators, I have elsewhere sketched, to whom might be added a list composed of Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, a late convert, John Sherman of Ohio, and Solomon Foote of Vermont, whom I have placed on a pedestal with the loyal Vermonters at his funeral obsequies in the capitol.

Of the opposition, the genial Hendricks of Indiana, was not so far party-blinded as not to admit his mistake ten years later. McDougal of California, was seldom sober enough to represent either himself or his loyal people; while Garrett Davis of Kentucky, had a whining refrain, disgusting his Senate colleagues and the country with harangues only remembered by their days of duration, there being no previous question to arrest his garrulousness in debate.

Senator D. W. Voorhees of Indiana, was the bitter, impassioned orator and opposition leader. He dared to be bold in figures and dashing in rhetoric. The late Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania, also a democrat, I saw in his incipient greatness; he was social, genial, ambitious, tolerant, an honest advocate of the American protective principle, and of him it will be said when his life is written, "He was the ambitious partisan who saved his party from defeat, and in whose sad demise there is a tear for a foe who had no enemy, and a statesman without a price, yet with an unenviable war record."

The late James Brooks of New York, triplex in the gifts of orator, writer and historical statesman, of the democratic party, went down under the same cloud and by the same agencies as Oakes Ames of Massachusetts. Mr. Brooks in temperament was fitted for a revolutionist, and in the American Congress, with professions of loyalty, was one of the ablest and most dangerous of the obstructionists of his party who held sway in the city of New York. He was unseated by the model philanthropist and statesman, William E. Dodge, whose memoirs by his son, D. Stuart Dodge, should be read by every person seeking the highest loyal type of manhood.

Some, in the House, not only whispered their sympathy with treason, but like Benjamin B. Harris of Maryland and Alexander Long of Ohio, declared our war a barbarism; and success, they fervently hoped, would be impossible. Resolutions of censure were passed, but not a two-thirds vote could be obtained after a lengthy and bitter discussion. This fact gave comfort to the enemy and proved the status of at least sixty democrats in the House. The discussion itself was salutary, educating up to a high plane of loyalty at home, nursing the valor of the soldiers in the field, while awakening detestation for peace democrats, who were called Copperheads, really the most dangerous foe to a restoration of the Union, whatever their professions. Fernando Wood of New York, the ex-mayor, was a cunning rebel, but not more in favor than the more frank and bold sympathizers with the South. Pendleton of Ohio, was the cool statesman, who added nothing to his permanent fame by the championship of civil service reform. Yet, I could praise him for his eulogy of Lovejoy, remembering how frank were his expressions and genial his nature; but this could be no atonement for a failure to support the constitutional amendments.

Of S. S. Cox of New York, deceased in 1889, I said:

> He was alert, almost ubiquitous, voluble, ready in debate, witty in retort, and an able parliamentarian. His industry as a legislator and his classic tastes always won respectful and delighted hearers, while he lacked that power to which learning, eloquence and thirty years' service gave him title. As a man he was social and attractive; the delight of the galleries, with the suave ways of a "Buckeye" and refinement of a savant and fortunate traveler. He was cautious and wary in public gaze and discussion, as evinced in declining debate with the elegant and bold Henry Winter Davis, especially avoiding the old commoner wielding a Damascus blade — Thaddeus Stevens. Once, in a thoughtless hour and mood, on hurling a question at Ben Butler, I saw a wave of the hand in disdain and heard an echo, the street song of the boys —
>
> "Shoo fly, don't bodder me."
>
> This, taken up by a prolonged shout of the house, was one of the most effective rebuffs on record. Mr. Cox was the best equipped and ablest politician of his party, yet never fully trusted. He incurred the dislike of Pendleton and Randall, and was quite too conspicuous for the fame of younger and ambitious partisans. It was a cold and unfeeling part which he played on the Freedman's Bureau Bill, and after the war naming Republicans miscegenationists, as more offensive to the "groundlings" than that of Abolitionists. His "Anti-robber" tariff speeches were numerous and illusory, adapted to free-trade New York, while he well knew that protection was the safer policy, and matured conviction of the West. His peculiar friends may hold that in the war, like Douglas, he forgot party to be a patriot. But he was the bitterest foe of the great amendments and our national currency; and ablest generals in the field he satirized without reason. The biographer will note that he did not attain the power or place to which an author, a scholar and wit gave title. This may well be the solution of the failure — lack of courage and conviction — a politician in search of mere majorities.

The blacks, their position in the war, and their future, was a question which loomed high and was the occasion of many a threatening storm. Even if egotistic, I must say that the first resolution which I ever offered in the American Congress and which was adopted, gave focus to an opinion and was in these words: Resolved, that a more vigorous policy to enlist, at an early day and in larger numbers, in our army, persons of African descent, would meet the approbation of the House. More than a mere sentiment, it was heeded by land and by sea. There were new enlistments, and the policy of enrolling the black man as a sailor and a soldier was defended from the highest plane of statesmanship.

A *résumé* of the actors and the deeds furnishes a remarkable chapter in our historic annals. Has a nation raised up men more worthy of their mission than the loyal congressmen? Have there been achievements, military or civil, to bear comparison with those of the war epoch? The loyal legislators made history. They invoked the criticism of the civilized world, not less than its admiration for heroism and the soundness of their conclusions. Courage and sacrifice were the first requirements, then patience, and broad statesmanship in reconstruction. Was it not an honor to be associated with the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Congresses — 1863–1867 — marshaling armies, upholding credit, confronting foreign enemies, silencing in the rear the guns of the Knights of the Golden Circle, restraining a president in his divisive plots, bringing life into new states and harmonizing by an industrial policy millions estranged by war into homogeneity?

To sum up the brilliant record of this War Congress would be to reprint the bold speeches of Thaddeus Stevens, on the conquered states held as territories, and his defense of our financial system in the revenues it brought and in the credit of the country which it maintained. None wished to meet Stevens, nor Sumner, nor Trumbell, nor Harlan or Grimes in the open field of debate. Our enemies rested in the vain delusion that the northern people would waver in the presence of debts, personal alienation, and in the flow of rivers of blood. The star of Mr. Lincoln rose high, the valor of our patriots was assured to the world, and to the credit of Iowa, James Harlan in a speech in reply to Senator Saulsbury, bold in statement, clear in the light of religion and history, declared that no class of men were made for slavery, and that they who had enslaved, would, in their overthrow, learn a lesson by the vengeance which the God of this nation would visit upon the disloyal.

He lives crowned with years and honors; his colleague, Senator Grimes, has passed away, with national tributes to the memory of him, who, impatient with false leaders, was a mighty factor in making the navy a powerful arm of our national service, securing victories that overwhelmed pretended patriots in Congress, and the millions misled by their example.

DARK WAR DAYS AT HOME.

From the War Congress of 1863–5 we may turn to some local Iowa Scenes of 1864. War came to our doors. There was menace in the "Knights of the Golden Circle"; a spy often in the house; traitors in jury boxes, and judges with the heart of a Jeffreys on the bench in our cities. Even Mayor Wood of New York, proposed secession for that city. Ex-President Pierce gave his opinion to the world, by an intercepted letter, that there would be fighting among the dwellers on both sides of the Mason and Dixon line. Citizens of Iowa were in prison on charge of aiding rebels, and justice was then but partially meted out.

This was a dark hour when the loyal pulse beat feverishly. Gold was worth a premium of one dollar and eighty cents. Banks were closing and capital hieing away into vaults, or passing to the Old World for safety in the emergency of disunion. The great city of New York in the hands of traitors, a colored orphan asylum in flames by the fury of a mob, Governor Seymour making a timid, perhaps a politic address to a mob, addressing it as "My friends!" Our union forces in the field met defeats, and orders were given to draft for the military service. This brings up local history of a war incident, far from our battle-fields.

The Provost Marshal's office, occupied by Captain James Mathews, had been established at Grinnell and loyal speakers held meetings to fill up the ranks, in hope to save us from disgrace of a draft. Sugar Creek township in the south-west corner of this county was behind in its quota. I had an appointment with Judge H. S. Winslow to speak south of Lynnville, in hope that enlistments could be secured from a section in default of its quota. Meantime the same fatal Saturday was a drill day for the copperhead disloyal circle. Captain J. M. Woodruff and John L. Bashore, soldiers on temporary leave, had notification papers for the arrest of three persons not appearing, called for by the draft.

They took a buggy, and, well armed, struck south about fifteen miles to execute their writs. At Mr. J. A. Craver's, who was truly loyal, but cautious — father of Hon. C. F. Craver — they took dinner, and then learned that part of a company had passed that way for drill day. There the parties wanted might be found bearing arms, and, before facing the disloyal cohorts, it was deemed best without risk to report the situation at head quarters. Without a suspicion or fear of an assault, they met an Irishman by the name of Pat Gleason, apparently well disposed to answer questions as to a return road through the grove. At that moment two men, the Fleener brothers, in ambush or on the way from the drill, fired upon the marshals from the rear, inflicting fatal wounds. The venom of an enemy appeared in the mild-mannered Gleason breaking his gun over the head of Bashore, but himself received a shot which broke his leg, so that he was left a forced witness by the blood-thirsty Fleeners, who fled westward. Woodruff's last words were, "Tell the Captain I died doing my duty." A courier from Craver's, where the dead marshals had been borne from the brush, was sent to Grinnell, and the order for the arrest of the company and a proclamation of martial law was made, to protect the office records while drawing the lines of deep-seated treason into bolder relief. The drilling company dispersed, and their guns were concealed rather than hung up for handy use as of old in the kitchens. Meantime, while making my way home after dark, my horses, quick under the lash, were in a fright, and I heard a shout, "It is him, by G—," and the lash soon brought me beyond the lurking assassins whose threats had come to me. Fearing a second call, I hurried on to Mr. Kenworthy's, where I passed the night, yet only later aware of my real peril and narrow escape from assassination.

It was a quiet Sabbath morning, when, nearing our city from a west road, I was challenged by soldiers and forbidden to pass without an order from the provost marshal. This was the first shock on the news of assassination, and the fear that treason might lay the town in ashes. Every loyal man seemed a marshal, and the riding through Sugar Creek and the borders of Washington township, the secret lurking places of suspected criminals, would make a long and exciting chapter.

I hastened to the scene of treason and murder. The Irishman Gleason I found in his cabin, and about to be strung up by a rope fastened to the rafters, so infuriated were our townsmen at his silence and stolid indifference to the murders which he had witnessed, if not a party thereto. Great was his surprise on seeing me, for months after he told me that they were after "larger game" than hireling strangers—they had vowed to die before going to help put down a nigger war. I protested, as the rope was about to be drawn, against hanging a man with a leg broken, and he could give us testimony perhaps important if left alive. He raised his head with a gleam of hope and said, "I will say something if you will all leave the room and let me whisper to Grinnell. This was his story: "I did not belong to the company; it was the two Fleeners who fired, and I came up and was shot. They went for you, and how did you escape? Let me live and I will tell the truth. I know my guilt but don't want to die. I am no murderer." The crowd yielded as I came out, and Gleason was spared to be tried, and found guilty, and sentenced to be hung, his execution only arrested by a life imprisonment at Fort Madison (by order of President Johnson), where he died years after—I trust penitential, certainly a very good loyalist talker; and in prison he admitted that I saved his life in the cabin. If it was a cold-blooded refusal to sign the petition to prolong life, I felt there was an occasion for swift retribution to traitors of the "fire in the rear" order.

My next office was intercession for a liberation of a portion of the thirty suspected, under guard in my wool house, making a bed of the sacks soft with wool stored for market. Some of the number had the crown of years and a record of good behavior, while others could not be punished, for lack of an overt act. It was used as a most opportune occasion for advice to the doubtfully loyal. The corpses of the officers I accompanied to Oskaloosa, where crowds assembled. At Knoxville, the home of Capt. Woodruff, I addressed an immense crowd at the court house, picturing treason near home and the issue of blood in crimson flow at the South. It was an occasion to hush secret enemies, and it not only buoyed up the loyal but facilitated enlistments in protest to dastardly assassination on Iowa soil. The state offered a reward of $500 for the capture of the Fleeners, returned dead or alive, which I duplicated, so positive were we of the guilt and deserts of those men, never arrested. They had farms, and kindred succeeded them in occupation. Perhaps twenty years had elapsed before they dared pollute our soil. It was in 1886 that I heard of their abode in the West, and there came a proposal for their arrest if the award was held good. The statute of limitations forbade their trial for murder, and a return to Iowa would have brought to them death by the enraged relatives of Bashore and Woodruff. To assassination I could not be a party, and those deserving death were left undisturbed after twenty-three years of expatriation in Kansas. So ends a chapter of home war history, and the days bringing joy but never mitigating the disloyalty of the ignorant dupes of the Knights of the Golden Circle, an order of which Vallandigham and reputed statesmen of his rank were secret leaders, only waiting for reverses in the field to hoist the flag of cowardly concession or disunion.

Two noble lives on duty were worth a regiment in awakening patriotism in Iowa and unfolding the deep plots of traitors in the county. In company with the governor, the comrades of Bashore and Woodruff came down from Des Moines, so enraged that they asked permission for the privilege of taking care of the assassins, saying they would have fifty funerals in as many hours. This was not tolerated. Professor S. J. Buck of Iowa College, being captain at the head of many citizens and students, was quietly making arrests and unearthing the treasonable conspiracy that had ordered large shipments of muskets into the county. Those drafted who failed to report and for whom the officers held orders for an arrest, were Joseph Robertson, Thomas McIntyre and Samuel A. Bryant.

CHAPTER X.

Thirty-ninth Congress, 1865–7—*Financial Problems*—*Red Tape*—*Whiskey Tax*—*The Thirteenth Amendment*—*Reconstruction*—*Review of the Times*—*The Press Reporters.*

It was under a brighter sky that I took my seat in the Thirty-ninth Congress. There had been sent up a body of legislators fresh from the people, demanding an unconditional surrender of the armed rebels. Only three states—Delaware, Kentucky and New Jersey—dissenting in the election of Mr. Lincoln. It is not to be assumed that the majority were in absolute harmony. A class like Senators Wade, Chase, Stevens and Davis, called "pushing radicals", had a policy in the treatment of contrabands. But they joined in the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, and on the surface there was political harmony.

The following family letter is in marked contrast by its spirit, to that written on the meeting of the previous Congress. Then I was a stranger, my seat contested, and the country was under a war cloud of gathering blackness and bringing the throes of revolution. Now, nothing could dim or hide the victories in the field. My seat, before contested, was now secured by a popular majority of six thousand votes. The letter is here given as narrating an incident in the life of Thaddeus Stevens rather than my own, and as expressing the universal joy of the loyal:

House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

My Dear Wife:

Well, I am in my seat, and it is by invitation at the side of Mr. Stevens, the leader of the House. His name was in the top of the box for drawing, and on a full half-sheet of foolscap, which gave him the first choice, and his hat preempted the coveted next seat, which was reserved for me. It was in vain that I said it belongs to an older member of your committee. "No, no. It was generosity in the last Congress that kept me from the noisy rear, and I want you right here, if you can endure trembling senility, and the adjoining profanity, for General ——— is next on the left." A seat in this great noisy chamber is not a small affair; then to know the order of business, and listen to the wits, as they hover near, is a great return for an act of civility.

So with a good seat, not one contested in want of a home majority, as before, and buttressed now by six thousand majority, and with news of victories all along our lines, with fewer copperheads to face, I ought to be happy. I am at least content, unsuited as Washington air and ways may be to my health, and so unlike home associations. Many of the ambitious in the home district covet my seat, and they will not find me in the way, by efforts to retain it if I can see the war over.

Yours,

J. B. Grinnell.

This and the previous Congress had to deal with such financial problems as never had confronted a people. Hundreds of millions of a war debt had been contracted, and enemies at home and abroad pictured repudiation. The loyal, despoiled, clamored for pay; railways sought relief from the harsh exactions of war, as common carriers in times of peace. Internal taxes seemed heavy. Wounded soldiers asked relief, and like those in the field desired larger pay and bounties for enlistment. Added to just appeals, the demoralization of war was exhibited in stronger colors and with more repugnant facts. Plucking the government in many quarters was regarded as a pastime or a fine art. In disgust I was glad at last to close my congressional service.

Oh, the red tape! It dangled from the limp fingers of rollicking clerks, was in bows and knots, starched and plaited. It was a disgraceful burlesque to hunt in pigeon-holes, to aid a quartermaster or a postmaster in a trivial claim or correction. War had contaminated the civil service with suspicions and obstructions, and it came to be, with an anathema, an opinion that it was easier to hole a lie than to recover a paper from a clerk's pigeon-hole.

The day would open with letters in oppressive numbers — for example:

A post office complaint.

Notice of delicacies sent for delivery to boys in prison at Libby from home — many appeals before forwarded.

Error in description of land patent.

Soldier hears nothing of promised promotion.

Contestants for bank charter.

This is only a sample of demands that led an M. C. to draw the line of public service at taking in washing. It was unsafe to be absent, with only a small political margin in votes on vital questions. The policy of a high whiskey tax for revenue was joined to one more than a collateral, a direct good in decreasing consumption by increasing the cost. City members, with those indifferent to the temperance cause were for a low rate. A heavy tax was adopted, after long discussion, bringing a wise solution of a great question in a revenue of a hundred million of dollars annually. I am glad to remember that I had an active part in effecting this end.

It was a further duty to keep up courage at home. To represent and respect the patriotism of our people, with eight thousand soldiers in the field from the Fourth District, I did get through my resolve for more currency. The West had need, as we were of the debtor class. The war party had the power of issuing bonds and the establishment of National Banks, to provide the sinews of war and maintain the national credit.

But the great aspiration of the country was the entrenching of an emancipation edict as a war measure in the bulwarks of the constitution. A few votes were lacking to pass the Thirteenth Amendment, which was an occasion of grief to Mr. Lincoln not less than to the loyal soldiers and citizens of the North.

Time, however, brought its conpensations after the democratic party had promulged the great war-failure lie, and made McClellan and Pendleton its standard-bearers. This left a square issue in the selection of members of Congress undaunted in spirit, and pledged to the great amendments by promises early redeemed. The proclamation did not, as Senator Cameron proved, "lose us the next elections". History may record it as the great crisis, and in association with deeds which time cannot dim in congressional halls, only less brilliant in debate than victories in the field.

A meeting of the loyal war governors was held at Altoona on the 22d of September, 1864, and an address made which was often quoted and gave backbone to feeble patriots; also, a reassuring voice to soldiers tired of the camp and fearful of the "fire in the rear", which encouraged a prolongation of the war, permitting a cruel delusion at the South, and inviting murder at the North.

In Congress, Alexander Long of Ohio, expressed his treason in the belief that we could not conquer the South, for we were in the wrong, and Benjamin G. Harris of Maryland, bolder than his party, said he would not vote a man or a dollar for the war. The effort at their expulsion revealed the desire of the hearts of those persons in Congress who were in their sympathy but too late to be effective.

Again "the wrath of man was made to praise Him". It was a tonic to our soldiers in the field, when they were lauded for bravery, bounties proffered, and thousands of new recruits sent forward to close the war. It was the welcome to colored troops, and a widespread knowledge of victories in the camps begetting scorn for pretended patriots and blending the army for its triumph. Not so can I dismiss the carpers, cold-blooded traitors. Here I class Fernando Wood of New York. He was in Congress, skilled as a leader, and adept in awakening prejudice against the colored people. They were held to be too cowardly for soldiers, and quite beneath the care or thought of Congress as proposed by General O. O. Howard, who was of course offensive to the disloyal as a soldier losing an arm in the decisive battle of Gettysburgh, and now chosen for his great heart and probity for service involving humane treatment to the poor, education for the children and enlistment of adults. It was a blow aimed by Wood at Grant primarily, but looking to awakening prejudices that would stir the lower classes and lessen the colored enlistments. It was the device of one who had hoped, as mayor of New York, that his city would go with the South. Defeat of his resolves does not lessen his perfidy nor atone for the prejudices aroused and evils caused by delays in securing legislation, alike demanded by the honor and justice of the nation. For the House a more radical Senate had led the way by a vote of thirty-eight yeas to six nays. Now West Virginia had a voice on the right side by her loyal Willey and sturdy Van Winkle, and Maryland sent the venerable Reverdy Johnson to admit the evil of slavery in a state, and the policy of its inhibition forever. The longer sessions in that body having no previous question, permitted my hearing Senator Wade of Ohio with sledge hammer blows, Wilson of Massachusetts in pleas like a plebeian for the poor, and Charles Sumner on a broad plain of right for the nation, and a policy to save honor and the union. James Harlan of Iowa made one of the effective speeches of his life in reply to Saulsbury, who plead a Bible sanction for early slavery and the morality of the American system. Senator Sherman treated the divine right theory in this age as a nauseous defense of it; and he did not convey a hint that those who resorted to these pleas were clouded in their intellect. I must, being true to my perceptions, affirm that Senator McDougal from California, and Saulsbury, were by their habits unfit for legislation. So charitable a plea could not be made for Hendricks of Indiana, who, late in life before reaching the Vice-Presidency, admitted his error. Riddle of Delaware, kept the traditions of his state, and Powell of Kentucky, with Senator Davis of the same state, clung to their delusion of an old union with a slavery corner-stone; and Davis not only spoke hours, but days, after his squeaky voice and garrulous habits had emptied the galleries and put members to sleep in disgust; the officials only remaining on duty to make an audience.

In the House there was the now veteran Holman, ever an objector. Of Fernando Wood, Thaddeus Stevens spoke as one who for mere party could never hope to be ranked among statesmen. "Nay, sir, he will not even rise to the dignity of a respectable demagogue."

S. S. Cox with the voice of Jacob could be seen with the hand of Esau indirectly, on economic questions, to arraign sections, to weaken the nation's power, unfairly using figures in delusive array. It became my duty to answer that there were no words fit to execrate the attempt, in time of war, of alienating people in a struggle for their flag.

Mr Randall of Pennsylvania had described the constitution sought to be despoiled as a tree which sheltered him in youth, and it was no time now to touch a single bough. General J. F. Farnsworth of Illinois, had come in from the war, and with fresh appeals and sharp retorts was the lieutenant in service of James M. Ashley of Ohio, who called the vote of the house only after he had polled it to learn that a few, recreant to their constituents, would prevent the adoption of the great measure under discussion. He changed his vote to ask a reconsideration, coolly saying, "The record is made up and we must go to the country on this issue presented."

Concluding this narration I would not omit another mention here of Owen Lovejoy, a brother of the Alton martyr, one of the first to confront, and daring in assault, having framed a bill anticipating the great amendment. Too early for his country he died. And I may add in passing, that, as an unmerited compliment, I took the places vacated on committees held by the deceased.

Small to the historian will appear the space allotted to most of us in freedom's majority, but the heads of the great committees like Stevens, Morrill, Wilson, Schenck, Davis, Boutwell and others, will appear without a stain on their legislative garments—bold, yet tolerant; the friends and admirers of our martyred chief, Lincoln, not as a God dwelling among mortals, but as one waiting and moved by the divine hand.

On the constitutional amendments Mr. Lincoln leaned in hope for their early passage. It was the forecast of statesmanship and shall be forever in memorial. His hope was realized. For the Thirteenth Amendment there were one hundred and twelve, lacking two votes to carry it. There were in opposition fifty-six. In the Senate there was the requisite two thirds in favor of the measure. There was an adjournment waiting for the verdict of 1864—Lincoln versus McClellan. It was glorious. The union was saved if the ballots were decisive, and January 31st, 1865, the rejected amendment was passed by the same Congress that waited to hear from the people.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

The Thirteenth read: Section 1st—Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist in the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Section 2d—Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

The presidential vote in 1864 gave such potency to the popular voice as swept Mr. English, a Connecticut democrat, and Mr. Ganson of New York, into the majority current, voting aye. On the taking up of the question there was profound silence, crowded galleries and the intensest emotion, while with solemnity Mr. Thaddeus Stevens said, "We are about to ascertain the national will, by another vote to amend the constitution. If gentlemen opposite will yield to the voice of God and Humanity, and vote for it, I verily believe the sword of the destroying angel will be stayed, and this people be reunited. If we still harden our hearts, and blood must still flow, may the ghosts of the slaughtered victims sit heavily upon the souls of those who cause it."

In the sequel, on the passage of the amendment in the House without a vote to spare, it was a happy thought of Hon. E. C. Ingersoll, the successor of Mr. Lovejoy, to rise and move that in view of this sublime event this Congress do now adjourn. It was a scene of hand-shaking, caressing, throwing of hats in the air, lifting a great burden from the loyal heart. The contagious joy reached the White House, where Mr. Lincoln was serenaded and congratulated upon this amendment vote, which would be read around the world as a great moral victory. The votes of three fourths of the states soon followed and made the amendment a part of the Constitution of the United States. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were the natural sequences to the Thirteenth. They become a study in the light of subsequent history and a necessity in carrying out the great purposes of the founders of our government, denying a state the power to deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law. It apportioned representatives among the states, according to the number of persons, excluding Indians not taxed. It required a vote of two thirds of each House to remove disability, before persons who had taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and had been engaged in the rebellion, could be qualified again to hold office. It asserted the validity of the public debts contracted in the war, and made provision for pensions and bounties, and denied all obligations as void in an insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave. It gave Congress power to enforce the amendment by appropriate legislation.

RECONSTRUCTION.

I meet to this day idle, floating reproofs of my policy in the solution of the great questions related to the civil war. For my vindication I could confidently appeal to the opinions of colleagues. "Why," it was asked, "did you not adopt Mr. Stevens' theory of the death of the seceding states by treason, and the confiscation of Rebel property to lighten the war debt?" The answer is easy. These schemes could command only a majority of the war party. The cities desired a restoration of trade. Those who had seen the South in war desired to upbuild it in peace, looking to large gains and the welcome of the banished poor people; and their cry was "forgetfulness and fraternity". A majority of loyal congressmen would have placed every rebel in arms on political probation, and given a vote to the loyal black man, and to the white man, who could read his ballot. There was on the surface a good answer to this scheme, that it would alienate venerable patriots whose ignorance was not their fault. It would leave the loyal black man to suffer for the crime of his master who had inhibited the spelling-book and Bible. These questions would not wait on discussions in a political canvass; for the wastes of war, certain high taxes, and a large standing army to enforce peace in the South, all conspired to prejudice the timid, tempt the sordid, and bring to the front leaders secretly against the war, and awake to the promise of an anti-bank and anti-tariff cry as means to secure the domination of the old party.

It is true, ballot-stuffing, intimidation and unholy alliances have tended to discredit the wisdom of all the reconstruction acts. Still, courage and decision for the right, and an honest administration may, in the light of a most wonderful exploit in the management of our war debt and the accretion of thousands of millions of dollars to our national wealth, secure a candid recast of opinion as the ratification of the acts of a memorable War Congress.

My humble acts were based on decided convictions. All in my power in aid of high whiskey-excise duty, as a joint economic and temperance measure, was done. The encouragements of enlistments of colored troops under my resolutions, came to meet with favor. A larger volume of greenback currency for the West as the debtor states, was a measure of justice which I sought to push with vigor. It is a fond hope that General O. O. Howard, the Christian soldier, named the Havelock of our war, will not forget my intercession with the Secretary of War, or the Freedmen's Bureau and its commissioner.

The following excerpts from a reconstruction speech, are decisive as to my radical convictions:

> Sir, we are acting in sublime concert with the peoples of the world now overturning the wrong and remodeling institutions as never before to insure popular rights. The plea and demand for suffrage has the charm of an inspiration and is in alliance with the power of Omnipotence. It gives that charmed eloquence to England's great reformer which sways multitudes like the forests bent by storms, and rocks the chief power of Europe to its base. The victorious arms of Prussia have enlarged the sympathies of her nobility, and the liberal ideas of King Frederick William have given universal suffrage to his Germanic dominions. Spain, in preparation for this boon, assures a free education. Alexander of Russia, more considerate than the late "patriarchal masters" of our Republic, builds school-houses for those born in slavery and gives them a homestead. Bold and timely action in behalf of our states will send cheer to millions in the old world; while a deferring of impartial suffrage will leave our people of the boasted "free Republic" beneath the subjects of king or autocrat.

"Let us alone," they cry. That has been the criminal's supplication in all time. "Give us peace and guano," they ask. No, that is not their great want, but the humility which is one of the first evidences of sorrow for crime and the humanity which will raise up the lowly who have been the victims of their despotism. To become coequal members of our political family they must open their eyes upon the party wrecks, the strewn and broken timbers which tell of the ignorant conservatism of captain and pilot. Conservatism! That of to-day offers neither a retreat for the man nor a pledge for the growth and virtue of his party. The idolaters of fossils, who on all occasions and with prolonged speech shout Constitution are akin to that class described by the Virginian who declared unwittingly that when they said Union they meant nigger three times. They propose to save nothing good which is really endangered; and having intrusted their locomotion and progress to that very conservative steed, with eyes turned backward to his load and a facility for breeching labor rather than with the collar they make only such down-hill strides as are easy and convenient to that memorable abode of the chief conservatives of our time, the slough of despond. All compassionate generals, sparing of ammunition, fearful of the temper of their sword — all neutral states and political constitutional saviors have their day, and are to sleep with the Bourbons of all nations.

Will the party that has amid the throes of civil war become strong, heed the prejudices of ignorance, fearing its vinous inspiration, and dare to be unjust by neglect of those now imperiled who, in great numbers, without the hope of promotion, went from under the lash and stole away from the slave-pen, or broke from the coffee-gang to nurse our sick, pilot our armies, or take their place in the ranks of our brave soldiery? Then it will be denied the pleasure of gleaning from these fields "where the red rain makes the grass grow"; then the humble laborers who have made our majorities at the polls, remembering that the royal arms of Lilliput were an angel lifting a lame beggar from the earth, will retire in sadness and abjure your party creed. Those religious denominations, representing the conviction and zeal of millions, have, in their late annual gatherings, spoken with united voice for that comprehensive justice which no constitutional amendment now proposed will assure, and the conditions of their future cooperation must be our adherence to principle and the recognition of a God in our history.

Mr. Chairman, I do not despair of the adoption of a safe and radical policy. Our long marches and decisive battles have a parallel in mighty civic victories which have a voice for the timid.

"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
  Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
  And every wave is charmed."

That clemency of the conqueror to rebels, as shown by president and Congress, has brought out a timely development of the proud unsubdued spirit which would dictate the terms of restoration. I regard it as related to a wonderful chain in God's provinces. Our first Bull Run defeat, which menaced this capital, awakened the moral sense of the nation to its crimes, and pointed out our dangers and duties. It was preparatory to the warning proclamation of President Lincoln in September, 1862, which traitors in arms would not heed, and was followed by the loss of slavery, that for which they began the war. And now when they scorn the mildest terms of conciliation ever made to rebellious spirits, the question of rights and ballots for the long degraded and defenseless, need not be committed to the caprice or love of power reigning with the dominant class. Let history speak with her trumpet tongue from the graves of nations that consented to the degradation of their meanest subjects, and if wise we shall be warned by the fatal compromises made by our fathers, and now about to shape the destinies of millions shall not forget His paternal care of those who survived the slavery of Egypt, the perils of the sea, and wanderings in the wilderness, in giving them homes, protection from enemies, and wise and devoted friends.

I regard it as a delusion that representation here by the rebel states will strengthen or assimilate the nation. Congeniality of spirit is a prerequisite. Let the disloyal spirit just evinced at a fair held in this city be exorcised, where the ballots for the rebel general, Lee, were as six to one for our great captain, General Grant; let rebel airs no longer on festive occasions drown our national song, and if there be a loyal pulsation let it bring out the stars and stripes so long overlain with the rattlesnake flag; unlock the cemetery gates closed against the sable patriots who would strew the flowers of affection on the graves of their comrades; bid the Lone Star State desist in her demands for the removal of our dead from their graveyards, that the dust of "hireling soldiers" mingle not with that of her "noble and heroic dead"; make political preferment in city and county possible to a Unionist, and, for the time, penitents should detain their sons from the college lectures on moral philosophy by ex-pirate Semmes,

"The mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a human throat";

and at least when safe and convenient arrest defiant murderers at large, that the cry "I am a loyal American citizen" be no more the signal for a visitation of cruelty if he be an American citizen of African descent.

Demons stood aghast at the cruelties unatoned for endured by our prisoners, and hell doubtless waits for the coming of those leaders in rebellion whom we seem to have no laws to punish. Strange that they should desire a return on any terms, and more strange our leniency, and that we have not met the expectations of the country and made impartial suffrage a condition. This withheld, my vote for their return will not be given. Never, never!

The shame of so-called patriots in opposing the policies of the war party should have brought confession, but rather angered those who had been defeated at every step. Those amendments which were designed to forbid slavery and to protect the poor were not supported by the anti-war party. This alone was enough to place obstructionists at the North under suspicion as to future acts. Not as prodigals, then, did the South come back, but to affiliate with the most dangerous foes of the Union at the North. Trade and commerce wanted peace and outvoted the radicals.

There was an unholy combination, a purpose to depreciate loyalty and place at the head of the table the McGregors, conferring honor on future dispensers of power. The bugbear of carpet-baggers at the South was kept up after their offenses ceased. Then a cry of civil service was taken up by the artful as a species of Pharasaic cant to aid a few, too cold-blooded for the crisis, to hold the balance of power and to care for the few of the clan, a minority able to mass their forces in aid of Bourbonism. It was to copy England; keep in the old paths and fill places of trust in disregard of party policies and service under the flag.

It is a part of the history of the last twenty-five years that the fears of radical reconstructionists of the war period have been realized, under the temptations of political power and a morbid idea that the elevation of ex-slaves to positions of honor would be for the degradation of ex-masters. I am not unmindful of a low prejudice North fanning an unholy flame which nothing less than justice and the highest dictates of religion will suppress. In 1872, joining the liberal movement that nominated Horace Greeley, and putting behind me promotion in my own party, I made a conscientious sacrifice to test and win our late enemies, and I now the more regret, in the light of false counts, terror and assassinations, that there had not been a territorial probation before an admission of states to full fellowship in the family. For reasons which are public we detained Utah, knocking for admission. Statesmanship would have kept the reins of power with the party that had saved the union, until time should blend as equals the sons of those who upheld and those who trampled on the flag.

It is too late to moralize, but not for thanks that a tariff, a basis of hope for the soldiers, returned to industrial pursuits, has not been destroyed. The wordy goodyism of the southern Gradys, when avowing the place of a colored man to be under the yoke of sham patriots, does not find a response from those who have trusted in the act of Congress which forbade slavery or involuntary servitude in any of the territories of the United States, or on any soil of which the nation should hereafter become possessed. This greatly embittered the border and democratic representatives, while making appeals to the country which only malignity could inspire.

The curtain falls and the second War Congress disperses. Caution like fear has given way to rapture. The value of the black man as a soldier has been recognized. He has become assured of personal liberty and the ballot, by the devices of Congress and the passage of the constitutional amendments. A great financial scheme and an anchor is found in the national banking system. The American protective policy survives the assaults of ex-rebels and free-traders. Foreign intervention came to an end with the overthrow of the French in Mexico, and the execution of Arch Duke Maximilian. Victories on land and sea drove the "Knights of the Golden Circle" into secrecy, placing the leaders in the roll of reprobates and in pillory to the scorn of the world. Their favorite for the presidency received but the votes of the states of New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky, a total of twenty-one votes, leaving one hundred and ninety-one as Mr. Lincoln's electoral majority. The most conspicuous members of this Congress were re-elected. The rebellion was soon crushed, but there was a sad hiatus in the apostasy of Andrew Johnson, vice-president on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, April 14th, 1865.

THE PRESS REPORTERS.

As the able press reporters, more influential than many who had seats on the floor, are an important adjunct of Congress, they fitly come in here for some notice. My sympathy with the men of the press has always been strong. Indeed, among my escapes, I came near being an editor. Early, after much hesitation, I declined a newspaper partnership offered by one who had knowledge of my tastes. It has been my lot to write the salutatory for two newspapers, and a valedictory for one, while freely indulging a pen for the airing of my opinions, and pushing on social and political schemes, not to mention the calls for contributions by the various reformers who have arisen the last thirty years.

It is the habit of the press to claim that out of very poor material it has made conspicuous actors, and that it never has been repaid for the blunders it has averted, and the venality of public officials it has exposed. I think I could name a score of public characters whom the scribblers claim to have "got up". Long before entering Congress, while but a visitor, passing down the capitol ground, I heard this colloquy:

"That speech of yours this morning was the best effort of your life, but I thought of some things you could have hung on to it, to brighten the points." The M. C. answered, "Glad you think so; I had not much preparation and am going out of town. Here, I trust you (handing over a gold piece) to fix it up for the *Morning Globe*." I judged it was a cheap but good investment by the praise which the speech, revised, brought to the author. He is yet alive, too indolent, it is said, to correct his speeches, but for forty years in the line of special favors.

Popular speech-makers are as rare as born poets or model legislators, and, when a constituency demands an utterance by their member, he must speak; and then appears, not the man tailor, but the professional literary aid, to astonish the readers with the speaker's gifts, until then undiscovered. This is not of necessity a vicious method in moulding public sentiment, since it is often true that a correct thinker, a royal man, often lacks the skill to clothe his opinions in their proper garb.

Time makes new demands. He was once regarded as a genius who could report a speech in its spirit, before the era of shorthand. The great debaters did not indulge in written speeches, and the polishing by a reporter was a welcome aid. The newer art, which a dull boy with an acute ear can learn, makes less the scholar and rhetorician who is a reporter. It is now the question who can best grasp the subject, group the headland facts, report graphically the actors, and outline future skirmishes and the issue of debates. In conversation with Mr. Greeley, I remember that he said it was his most difficult task to get the right man to sit in the galleries, and one who also had a welcome at the departments to find the freshest news.

From those with whom I became personally acquainted I could make a list. They would make a roll of claimants to a large share of honors, especially in the exposures of the base in politics. If an ambition to reach a seat in Congress cannot be gratified there is another school of opportunity and service in connection with the press. Was it D'Israeli, while a member of Parliament, who said, "I am myself a gentleman of the press and have no other escutcheon"?

Ben Perley Poor, not long since deceased, was a Senate official for thirty or more years, and an amateur Massachusetts farmer, while holding a veteran's rank in Newspaper Row. His conceits were pardonable, for he was loyal to his convictions, if seemingly intolerant. General S. V. Boynton, of the Cincinnati and Western Press, had the rare gifts of a Washington correspondent—perseverance in a hunt, and a talent for sharp criticism, but not always of mature and impartial judgment.

Dr. George Alfred Townsend with the *nom-de-plume* of "Gath", has for a quarter of a century startled the public by discovery, and been feared and berated as the Bohemian of his time. I think he commanded the largest pay by the column of any correspondent, for his original researches, brilliant sketches and political predictions as to success or defeat. Levi P. Morton, our Vice-President, found in him an elegant biographer and friend, whose rare gifts and delineation are known without passing through a forest of verbiage. Mr. John Bigelow of New York, who was a quiet looker-on from the gallery in the service of Bryant's *Evening Post,* later became minister to France, serving his country with the skill of a diplomat, and the *protégé* and executor of his personal friend, Samuel J. Tilden.

Horace White, after college graduation, became a Senate committee-clerk and correspondent in Washington, and later the managing editor of the *Chicago Tribune,* especially conspicuous in the Liberal Greeley campaign, together with Whitelaw Reid, and Samuel Bowles of the *Springfield Republican.* On the death of the poet, William Cullen Bryant, of the *New York Evening Post,* Mr. White became the purchaser of that sheet, amassing a fortune while retaining the editorship, with the rank of a severe critic rather than a trusted party leader. Colfax of Indiana, Baldwin of the *Worcester Spy,* and Wood, Brooks and Raymond of New York, sent out editorials from Washington, quoted as of high authority.

Horace Greeley of the *Tribune* had the sagacity to select and retain as correspondent that accomplished gentleman J. L. Pike of Maine, later our minister to the Netherlands. Samuel Wilkinson, who married the sister of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, had held for many years the pen of a graphic writer, and for twenty years was secretary of the Northern Pacific Railway; he was widely copied as a skillful delineator of great characters and passing events. "Richelieu" was the *nom-de-plume* of the young Irishman Robinson, nearly forty years ago, a severe caricaturist, and taking especial delight in "twisting the tail of the British Lion" for the *New York Tribune.* With a residence in Brooklyn, he became a sensational democratic member of Congress, where he took little pride in his position, and, as he told me, found less pleasure than in a hunt for news and the characters whom he could describe without a fear of a call to order. His collisions were sharp and frequent on the floor.

"Agate" was the best known, sharp, learned and courteous correspondent of the *New York Tribune* in the war epoch. He found easy promotion to the chair of assistant editor. On the death of Mr. Greeley he became a large stockholder and its managing editor; and this "Agate" was Whitelaw Reid, our accomplished minister plenipotentiary to France, whose official service has won for him higher honors than the delicate attentions to the wants of his countrymen and his elegant hospitality. He magnified his journalistic office in long service as well as in his verse:

"Ah, no! to the day-dawn of knowledge and glory,
  A far brighter noon-tide refulgence succeeds,
And our art shall embalm through all ages in story,
  Her champion who triumphs — her martyr who bleeds;
And proudly her sons shall recall their devotion,
  While millions shall listen to honor and bless,
Till there bursts a response from the heart's strong emotion,
  And the earth echoes deep with "Long life to the Press!"

It is now my conviction that no vocation in war time gave better opportunities than the reporter's for the mending of weak points in our political harness, or the detection and exposures of the lapses and weaknesses of public servants. I have no defense of mere sensationalism, nor can I deny that some reporters at Washington retired rich, and not by legitimate methods.

CHAPTER XI.

A Personal Assault—Freedman's Bureau the Occasion with the Apostasy of Andrew Johnson—James F. Wilson—Freedom of Speech—General Rousseau reprimanded by the House—His Death.

A PAINFUL congressional episode cannot well be omitted. It throws light on a period of intense bitterness, and was connected with the relapse of an accidental president. It is also an exposure of the barbarism of slavery, depicted by Jefferson, and is of a piece with the cruel inhumanities of later periods. We all are interested in the defense of free speech against the assaults of violence. There was no ground for the loose assertion of the unthinking that an unarmed man of peace should, in return, have killed in cool blood his assailant. The action of Congress reflects credit upon the body, in the infliction of a non-partisan punishment, and verifies the sentiment of the wisest, that "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city". To the honor of Congress it may be said that there has been no repetition of a kindred assault in the last twenty-five years.

It is personally distasteful to call up the incidents of an assault for words spoken in debate. Still, the hasty public judgment that I should have fought my assailant, and, without his apology, taken the life of a criminal, required a statement of facts with legitimate deductions even after the lapse of twenty years.

I never saw a man struck by another with a blow in anger until I was called to in a friendly voice on the porch of the capitol of Washington, and assaulted by a cane in the hands of General Rousseau of Kentucky. He was a pugilist, over six feet in height, weighing fully two hundred pounds, and armed with pistols. I had not even a pen-knife by me, and was physically unable to resent his assault. The sequel will show how fully afterwards he was in my power, that heavy drinking was held to mitigate the offense, and that on his death-bed not long after he sent me a frank, if late, apology.

POLITICS THE OCCASION, NOT PERSONAL HONOR.

It was early in the year 1866, and Andrew Johnson, relapsed from professions of friendship for the colored people of the South, had become their enemy. The Freedman's Bureau, in charge of General O. O. Howard, became to ex-slave owners an intense object of aversion. Mr. Rousseau had the credit of a membership in the "back-stairs cabinet"; also of a failure as a legislator. He sought notoriety in another role, and was prominent in the convivial circle whereof the president was a disgraceful oracle. He antagonized every law which looked to a just protection of the colored people. Then there was being made a wider chasm to separate the republican party from their accidental president, who turned to mass the South, before his bitter enemies, into serviceable political cohorts. Denunciation of the North was powerless to do what an assault, on the plea of avenging wounded honor, might effect in drawing sectional lines and giving power to Johnson in a dissipated career.

This is, in part, the record. The House having under consideration the bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedman's Bureau, I as a member of the special committee and selected to lead in the debate, said: "This bill has been carefully considered in committee. It is endorsed in its main features by General Howard of the Bureau, General Grant and Secretary Stanton." I showed the abuses of the colored people in Kentucky and the desperate opposition of the delegation from that state, headed by General Rousseau. I denied that it was a partial bill, and declared that it was framed to reach those in want, even the White Mountain refugees, especially the poor and homeless. The long-enslaved were our friends, yet had been kind and considerate in long and abject service to now cold-blooded masters. Continuing I said:

> It is the Christian duty of this government, as it has been the duty of the various philanthropic societies and religious associations, to take care of these people. At the homes of the sons of the pilgrims on our remotest prairies contribuions are made for the refugees and freedmen; and the Society of Friends, who have gauged the numbers and wants of these suffering people, hid among the mountains in camps and hospitals, have set us an example of fidelity. They could not take up arms with a good conscience, yet they were the first in the hospitals

and the longest there, refusing to receive compensation, munificent in their quiet charities; and now they come to us from Maryland and all our states, asking protection for their agents and schools. Their school-houses have been burned since the sitting of this Congress, and so near to us that the very flames of the conflagration might have lighted up this capitol.

Mr. Speaker, there is to-day devolved upon us — I care not who decries it; I will not evade it — a high, solemn and religious duty. We should be worse than barbarians to leave these people where they are, landless, poor, unprotected; and I commend to gentlemen who still cling to the delusion that all is well, to take lessons of the Czar of the Russians, who, when he enfranchised his people, gave them lands and school-houses, and invited schoolmasters from all the world to come there and instruct them. Let us hush our national songs; rather gird on sack-cloth, if wanting in moral courage to reap the fruits of our war by being just and considerate to those who look up to us for temporary counsel and protection. Care and education are cheaper for the nation than neglect, and nothing less than this bill will meet the demands of statesmanship and humanity.

I am ready to yield my preferences and co-operate with all sections, knowing that we rise or fall together in national character. I would have nothing partial or sectional, nor by a word or act hinder a state in the march to the noble position which her generosity or heroism may give title. To even that state which is so unwilling to receive a nation's dispensations to her poor, I would give a proud and commanding position among our commonwealths.

Near the conclusion of an hour's speech I said: "This discussion is plainly not promotive of the most commendable temper. The honorable gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. Rousseau, declared on Saturday, as I caught his language, that if he were arrested on the complaint of a negro, and brought before one of the agents of this bureau, when he became free he would shoot him. Is that civilization? It is the spirit of barbarism that has long dwelt in our land; the spirit of the infernal regions that brought on our war."

On a challenge of my statements, I used this language, which gave offense; proposing to extract or qualify it, if not true:

MR. GRINNELL. History repeats itself. I care not whether the gentleman was four years in the war on the Union side or four years on the other side; I say that he degraded his state and uttered a sentiment I thought unworthy of an American officer when he said that he would do such an act on the complaint of a negro against him.

After Mr. Rousseau had risen to a question of privilege and attempted a denial of the language as reported in the *Globe*, I said:

"I give the member the full benefit of an explanation of his declaration that he would kill a white officer acting under oath and in the discharge of his duty, if that is a less unworthy act than to shoot an American citizen of African descent. That may not have been degrading to his state, and whether it was, as I said, language unbecoming an American officer is a question which I shall refer to the gallant soldiers of the State of Iowa who never fought, thank God! but on one side, and it may properly be decided by the code of the first of American generals, and referred to the greatest of American captains, the Lieutenant-General of the United States.*

"I have nothing more to add, only to repeat that my *animus* toward the member was the kindest. I criticised barbarous laws and his language from a sense of duty, and I have given his own language in justice to him, although he first used the unparliamentary language toward me, which, as I repeat, I regarded as no personal offense."

The friction between the president and Congress increased, up to the time General Rousseau in New York alluded to the member from Iowa as "a pitiable politician", and my rejoinder in ridicule and denial of his pretensions in leading Iowa soldiers, is not material. The "fire eaters" demanded from him a speech or blows. He called me to halt under the guise of a friendly voice.

A TRIAL.

This being the second offense of the kind in the history of the government, a select committee was appointed to investigate and report, which they did, the majority proposing a reprimand for both. The House vote was a reprimand for my assailant, but none for me.

The special committee for the investigation of the assault by General Rosseau upon Mr. Grinnell, held a meeting yesterday. The evidence taken conclusively established the fact that Rosseau formally informed one person of his intention to attack Mr. Grinnell on Thursday morning, and asked him to act as his friend in the matter, but that no less than three persons were present, armed, on his side. Two or three persons, one of whom was Colonel Pennybaker of Kentucky, admitted that they were armed with loaded pistols. This testimony tends to show that Rosseau and his party were bent upon bringing on a bloody affair, and that had Mr. Grinnell offered the slightest resistance, he would have been killed without doubt.

The following is a statement of Mr. Grinnell before the committee on the evening of the 19th:

As I was passing out of the rotunda I was seized by Mr. Rosseau, who, swearing, said, "I want an apology." To which I replied, "You are the one to apologize; you began the attack; I have no apology to make." Placing his hand on his breast, to draw a weapon, I seized him by the collar, when he struck me five or six times over the face with a cane having an iron end, until it was broken. I said, "You have assaulted me in the House, but I have no desire to hurt you." He said, "You d—d coward, I want to disgrace you." I said, "You cannot do it. I only defended myself in debate." He continued swearing, when I said, "If the crowd is done with me, I will leave," and picked up a piece of the cane and walked away. I was alone and saw him surrounded by friends. I did not resist, presuming there was a purpose to assassinate me. I have suffered considerably from injuries in the face and on the shoulders, received from the iron point of the cane.—*Washington Correspondent.*

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*While the papers were discussing the assault, General Grant said to me, "The cowardly assault is reprobated by every honorable soldier, while your criticism was severe but just."

My treatment of the blustering general was salutary. It ended his retort, "When were you in the war?" and my reply was pleasing to generals of real fame. Of those who stood up in my defense, were the Hon. James F. Wilson, Thaddeus Stevens and Generals Banks and Garfield, who spoke against the assaulting party and asked for an expulsion. These points were made by Mr. Wilson in his arraignment: that there had been in the assault a flagrant violation of the constitution; that honors were easy as to the use of language in personality, but the gentleman from Kentucky had been wounded and worsted in debate, and had fallen on the shield of his military record. Mr. Wilson, amid frequent interruptions, carried the house in his arraignment of mock chivalry so fully that no one cared to reply; and, on a call for my reproof, there was not a member to call for a vote of the house. This was the conclusion of his argument:

"Sir, we have had too much 'impression' about this case already; altogether too much 'impression'. Instead of being guided by the imprint which the official types have made upon the official records of this House, the impressions of gentlemen have been resorted to. This is the case so far as the words used in debate are concerned. But I am not ready to yield the case to the gentleman from Kentucky yet. There is one other thing worthy of our attention. After my colleague had responded to the gentleman from Kentucky, the gentleman from Kentucky sought the floor again to reply. He did reply to what was said on that occasion by my colleague, and he closed his reply in this language:

"'I hope now that I have heard the last of the member from Iowa. I hope I shall never have occasion to recur to the subject again. Whatever glory he has gained in this contest I am content he should wear.'

"Such, sir, was the parting language of the gentleman from Kentucky to my colleague. He in effect declared that he desired to hear nothing more in relation to the case; that he desired to have nothing more to do with my colleague. With that declaration imprinted upon the records, the member from Kentucky deliberates for four days—'expecting an apology,' though he had not notified my colleague that he would not receive one; and closing in the House with the remarks I have just quoted, again notifying my colleague that he wanted nothing to do with him, the belligerents retired from the field. All was at peace so far as that controversy was concerned. 'I won't receive an apology; I do not want an apology. The storm is over. I am satisfied with what I have made, and if the gentleman from Iowa is satisfied with the laurels he has won, let him wear them; I am content.' Four days passed; and what then do we find? The gentleman from Kentucky seeks my colleague on the eastern portico of this capitol, and there administers to him a caning—for what? Why, sir, as the record shows, for language used in debate in this House, for which the Constitution which the member from Kentucky swore to support and maintain, declares no member shall be questioned elsewhere. Now, it may be that there is nothing but sunshine on that side of the case; but I want to know from members whether they are to be driven or coaxed away from their duty of maintaining sacredly the privileges of this body by any sympathy that persons may seek to create here in behalf of the gentleman from Kentucky, who seems to be so abundantly able to take care of himself, and who refuses apologies when tendered. Why, sir, from the nature of the discussion we have had it seems that in this country no man's character is worth anything unless he has been a military man. You may charge a man with being a 'liar', a 'mere thing', 'a pitiable politician'; you may use all kinds of opprobrious epithets toward him; he is nobody. But when a gentleman like the gentleman from Kentucky comes in here from the military service—and whether he performed his duty well or ill, I am not going to question—when such a gentleman comes in here and uses unparliamentary language like that I have read from his remarks, attacking the character of other members of the House, he is to be shielded by that immunity which his service in the army throws about him. Sir, I trust it will be very long before this House will adopt that doctrine.

"Why, sir, the character and reputation of a civilian are as dear to him as the character and reputation of a military man are to him; and when one is attacked it is certainly quite as much a provocation for a return of the attack in the body where the attack is made as language uttered by another is provocation for the military gentleman to change his base outside of this Hall, and make his attack there.

"Now, sir, I have occupied the attention of the House longer than I had intended when I sought the floor; but I desired to present, at least in an imperfect manner, the side of the case to which very little attention had been given during this discussion. I wish, also, before I conclude, to remind the House of the circumstances attending this assault. The gentleman from Kentucky had been thinking over it for four days. It was a deliberate, malicious assault upon a member of the House for words spoken on the floor. It was not only deliberate on the part of the gentleman himself, but his purpose was conveyed to at least one other person, whom he invited to be present, and who by some cunningly-devised means managed, without formal invitation, to have one other there, both of them being armed. The second one testifies that he did not arm himself for the purpose of taking a part in this difficulty; that he did not know the difficulty would occur. But by some means this man Pennybaker, who was notified of the assault, procured the attendance of these other innocent men, who did not know anything about it. It was strange, but it is true.

"Now, of course, these parties were all innocent, and this congregating together of three or four persons to assault a member of Congress amounts to nothing. I suppose, from the course this case has taken, that the privileges of this body amount to nothing; that the independence of the representative character, the independence of the legislative body of this nation amount to nothing, if you only

> have its privileges infringed upon by some gentleman who comes here surrounded by military glory such as is claimed for the gentleman from Kentucky."

Mr. Allison in finale called up the resolution and order of the House. Speaker Colfax said:

> "*General Rosseau:* The House of Representatives has declared you guilty of a violation of its rights and privileges in a premeditated assault on a member for words spoken in debate. This condemnation they have placed upon their journal and have ordered that you be publicly reprimanded by the speaker.
>
> "No words of mine can add to the force of this order, in obedience to which I now pronounce upon you its reprimand."

There are incidents outside of the official debates, and the action of the House, to be noticed. I was deeply interested in this Freedman's bill, having had interviews with General Grant as the head of the army. Prominent colored people, also, and General Howard, looked to me as a champion of the bill. In the discussion in committee of the whole I was chairman a portion of the time of the speaker's call, and listened to all the debates. I was further pushed to the verge of personalities by the overbearing, pompous manner of the member from Kentucky, and the frequent boast of his military record and the taunting sneer, "When were you in the war?" This was offensive to real soldiers, who were happy in seeing his plumes lowered on the field he had chosen for the false estimate of his ability. The remark that "he would shoot a soldier on duty" General Grant assured me was regarded a disgrace and unsoldierlike. The civilian, loyal, and on duty at home and in Congress, I deemed as honorable, if less noted, as the soldier, and the code of ethics and taste which made severe language fit for a general, I regarded as suited to a civilian. Still, my peaceful course in waiting for the action of Congress did not meet the favor of belligerent spirits. I had with the spirit of a man, on my way down the avenue, stepped in and asked for a pistol, but it did not suit me. On entering my lodgings, I met Senator Howard of Michigan, who asked what was the matter with my face. And on the reply, "Not much," said he must know, and I gave the facts in a few words, saying, "I will go to my dinner." "Dinner! Shoot him before you eat. It is a cowardly conspiracy backed by Johnson and traitors." Soon he came to my side at dinner, saying, "I gave you wrong advice, it is too late for violence, you cannot afford it. They were drunk, while you are cool and sober." On going up to my room I found Senator Grimes of Iowa, Senators Wilson and Sumner, also members of the Iowa delegation, to restrain me from shooting my assailant, which would, they said, involve regret, and end in assassination. The time had passed to use a deadly weapon, except in self-defense. My Iowa friends in the department made me a present of a heavy cane with an iron head from a bolt in the historic Monitor, and this I carried. By a resolution of the House, the parties in this affair were summoned before a committee called to meet in a high by-corner of the capitol, reached by winding stairs. I was the first to arrive and stood alone by the stair, when Rosseau appeared. Seeing me only, as, standing over him with the iron-headed cane, he could not retreat without exposing himself to a blow which would have broken his skull. Standing still, while in my power, he turned pale. I said, "I have you in my power, but I will not kill you." Not a word further was spoken, and I give him credit for a frank relation of the circumstances that I did not use my power and advantage to take his life. Great as the provocation was, I have always been glad that, though he made one attack upon me, I did not imitate him, which I could have done with a deadly blow, in safety, when alone.

General Rousseau, leaving Congress, was appointed an officer in the regular army, by President Johnson. While on duty in New Orleans, after two or three years' service, he died. I hear that he has a family living, and I would not mention rumors or facts as to his career which might be an uncharitable reflection on the unfortunate dead. While in New Orleans, I met an acquaintance who was with the general in his sickness, and learned that when near his end, he said he regretted the assault, for while I wounded his pride by severe words, he wished to live to make reparation by an apology, for I had spared his life.

Fair debate without personalities is a practice to be commended, however great the provocation to bitter retort. For many years I was thrown where there was sharp debate, and suspect myself of a bitterness, which I must charge to indignation toward a cruel pretender. Severe words should not be indulged except on the greatest provocation, is the lesson of an unhappy affair. I would be one in the role of peacemakers, who are on the best authority blessed.

CHAPTER XII.

Lincoln's War Cabinet — Salmon P. Chase — Edwin M. Stanton — William H. Seward — General and President Grant.

The Emancipation Cabinet I knew well — Mr. Chase, Mr. Seward, Mr. Bates of St. Louis, a quiet gentleman of the old school; Montgomery Blair, son of Francis P. Blair, the eminent admirer and eulogizer of General Jackson; Caleb B. Smith of Indiana, a speaker of ability and local fame; and Mr. Stanton the War Minister. Abraham Lincoln, of course, was the great figure who humorously describes himself on duty, "Keeping his cabinet in order and from quarreling." How little they had in common in native endowments, and even less in environment and birth, yet all favorable to the attainment of world-wide renown.

It was in 1861 that I first met the president. Waiting, on his request, I took from the marble mantle a volume by Orpheus C. Kerr. It was a light, witty burlesque, and, while holding it in my hand, Mr. Lincoln said, "Don't judge your friend by that book of fun and romance. I read it when my brain is weary, and I seek relief by diversion, which this promotes. I have hours of depression, and I must be unbent. When a boy, the owner of a bow and arrow, I found one must let up on the bow if the arrow is to have force. Read Kerr and then pity me chained here in the Mecca of office-seekers. You flaxen men with broad faces are born with cheer, and don't know a cloud from a star. I am of another temperament. But, drop the book, and if the country will get up as much fever in enlistments as there is strife for the offices, the rebel leaders will soon have a collapse."

Months later I called, and met his salutation, "How is Iowa; with whom did you leave those few sheep (a few thousand) in the wilderness?" "Not much, Mr. President, of shepherd David's wilderness — all prairie. Will you please tell me, how did you know I kept sheep?" "I remember men by association, and know you a tariff man and sheep owner by a picture of one of your flock, in the United States Agricultural report. It was his Satanic majesty, clipping the hog, that founded the old proverb, 'Great cry and little wool'; but the war demand should make you sheep-farmers very happy and patriotic." I soon passed to business, which was asking for the promotion of the gallant Eliott W. Rice to the rank of brigadier in the army, for heroic service. "What does Stanton say?" he asked. "Nothing, will not even look up the papers." "Yes, I know the cases like yours are hundreds, and it disturbs him, even my hint that we may move up the boys and encourage enlistments. It is a very delicate question. Don't be impatient, but get on the right side of a very good officer." On a second call, Mr. Lincoln anticipating me said, "Stanton was fairly mad on the suggestion of promotion by civilians or members of Congress." My answer was, "I base my claim on the recommendations of superior officers in the field." "You get the facts," said he, "and quietly say the president hopes your request will be granted." When we next met I was accosted, "Have you not gone home yet? Let us walk; I am weary and depressed by many things I cannot talk about." After a renewal of my argument in behalf of the fourth district of Iowa, and pleading the gallantry and number of her soldiers, he said, "I cannot attempt to make Stanton over at this stage. You will win, if patient." With a nod of doubt, he said with his hand on the knob of the White House door, "Have you a slip of paper?" And while resting against a column wrote:

> "*Sir:* Without an if or an and, let Colonel Eliott W. Rice be made a brigadier-general in the United States army.
>
> "A. LINCOLN.
>
> "To E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War."

He took my hand with a parting good-by and said, "Report, if necessary, from the War Office." It is in sequel elsewhere, the successful issue in promotion by Mr. Stanton.*

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* From Colonel Byers' history, "Iowa in war times." Hon. J. B. Grinnell, on being elected to Congress, insisted that the gallant Col. E. W. Rice, who had been promoted for gallantry at Donelson, be made a brigadier-general. Mr. Stanton refused to talk with civilians on the subject. He would not permit interference with army appointments. Mr. Grinnell still importuned, urged that Rice deserved this, that all the officers of his company approved it, wanted it, and that he, Grinnell, personally had oome to Washington to demand it. "No use, sir,"

At another visit to the White House, in company with several Iowans, I called, urging the appointment of Secretary Chase as chief justice. Later, seeing Mr. Lincoln alone, he quizzed me with questions. "Are you sure the seat of a chief justice will not heighten rather than banish political ambition? It ought to banish it; so high and honorable a place should satisfy and engross any American. Well, you are of good hope on the outside, but I must do the right thing in this critical hour."

Mr. Lincoln was met by the assassin in the theatre, and I think it was the need of relaxation more than the attractions of the stage that made him a witness of the best actors, though he was an ardent admirer of Shakespeare. I once said, "Mr. President, I see that you with some of the rest of us were out last night." "Yes, and they said my coarse laugh was very audible. But what did you think, Grinnell, was the best thing there last night? I will tell you what convulsed me." Mr. Lincoln rose from his chair and stepped out from behind the table, struck an attitude, and raised his hand as if in holy horror, "Lord, how this world is given to lying." "We had some good war news yesterday," he continued, "and I was glad to unbend and laugh. The

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answered the secretary, "your case, sir, is like thousands. What we want now is victories, not brigadiers. We are in a crisis. I refuse, sir, to make a promise even to *consider* the wish of a civilian at such a time. I am sorry. My desk is loaded with business; I must say good-morning." A second call ended as abruptly as the first. "No use in a civilian's talking to me on the subject, sir." "Neither can I waive a civilian's rights," added Mr. Grinnell. "Then go to the president," said the secretary sharply. "That would be an offense; my regard for the Secretary of War would make that step a last resort." "Get your request granted and I will resign," said Stanton angrily. One more trial, and Mr. Grinnell did see the president. After returning from a walk and hearing the full details as to Rice's strong endorsements, Lincoln asked for a bit of paper, leaned against one of the pillars of the White House, and wrote, "Without an if or an and, let E. W. Rice of Iowa be made a brigadier-general. A. Lincoln." The bit of paper was handed to the secretary. "I will resign," he said, crushing the paper and tossing it into the waste basket. Mr. Grinnell was about to go. "Wait," said the secretary, smiling for the first time in a month; "wait, Mr. Grinnell; come over and take dinner with me." Mr. Grinnell was compelled by engagements to leave the city at once, but shortly he was tendered the colonelcy of a regiment. Eliott W. Rice was made a brigadier; was later made brevet major-general and continued what he had always been, a brave and competent officer, whose deeds added luster to the state. His commission, by mistake, was made out in the name of his brother, Samuel A. Rice; but, as the latter was also being urged for promotion at another part of the army, no harm was done. The brothers both got the stars they had earned, and both were popular officers, the elder brother giving his life for the cause.

acting was good, and true to the case, according to my experiences, for each fellow tells his own story and smirches his rival."

Mr. Lincoln was especially considerate of democrats, as I learned while calling with a complaint. There was in the Interior Department a constituent of mine, who was frequently insulted by a department clerk, a real rebel, and the more bold because he had a brother, a member of Congress, whom the Secretary would be slow to offend. As I opened my grievance, Mr. Lincoln laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Don't ask me to strike so low; I have to do with those whom I despise, for we are at war. Democratic aid we must have if possible, and I conciliate to avoid all friction. There is General McClernand, from my state, whom they say I use better than a radical, and the devotees of the dead Douglass I honor and praise often, as I would have promoted their chief had he lived. There is too much of mixing war and party in the field, when real fighting out of the trenches would better suit the case." I knew he was alluding to McClellan's imprudent advisory letter.

General Fremont's proclamation was, as I had good occasion to know, a severe trial to Mr. Lincoln. On the opening of a budget of my grievances, he said, "Don't mention them. I meet insults, standing between two fires, and the constant blazes of anger. Why, not an hour ago, a woman, a lady of high blood, came here, opening her case with mild expostulation, but left in anger flaunting her handkerchief before my face, and saying, 'Sir, the general will try titles with you. He is a man and I am his wife.' I will tell you before you guess. It was Jessie, the daughter of old Bullion, and how her eye flashed! Young man, forget your annoyances! They are only as flea-bites to mine. They are serious comedy, while I am in the focus of tragedy and fire. You folks up on the hill must aid me in placating those congenital democrats, whom we want to keep fighting for us if they will. We must coyly give rope if we have to make a short turn later. I remember, of the New York 'Barn-burners', it was charged that to get clear of the rats they burned the barn. We must put up with vermin intrusion, to save the barn. By the way, your Senator Grimes, I met smiling. The navy is sending up such good news I was glad to see his cheer. The croakers are getting hoarse, the spies scarce, and the maligners well-known."

These are a few of the treasured words by one whose grand position in history requires no disparagement of his cotemporaries and former political rivals, equal in service and ability if in a lower scale of action. The historians of the martyr have placed their god on a solitary pedestal, and there should be no inference drawn from the frailties of a Seward, Chase and Stanton, that they had not grand parts in the drama of war and reconstruction. I think them safe, each on his own historic pedestal, and not to be clouded by the shadow of their chief. Our grief on his assassination was deep beyond expression. For the first time in my life, on a bright Sabbath morning, I fainted on the porch of our pastor, Dr. Cochrane, on breaking the news of the assassination, and in an attempted public eulogy, my personal sorrow and gloom forbade audible and coherent expression.

SALMON P. CHASE,

the minister of finance, attained a fame kindred to that of the president. I had every occasion to like him personally. He attended regularly the Congregational Church in Washington, so long as I stood in the pulpit. He would bring his friends, and while by profession an Episcopalian and a nephew of Bishop Chase, lent his sympathies to the bold progressives of our church. On my leaving Washington he sent his regrets, with the hope that there would be a free and untrammeled church at the capital soon, and he cared little for the name. On my writing the State Republican Address for Iowa, he sent me compliments while Governor of Ohio, which served to mitigate regrets that I left Washington under a cloud of suspicion because not loyal to slavery. He was a bold man as he stood undaunted in the Senate, a great lawyer as shown in his plea in the Van Zandt slave case. Fluent as a speaker he was not, nor did he interest the galleries as did Hale and Douglass. It was his directness and measured language which carried power, and gave confidence to his friends that he had an eminent future. Among the guardians of liberty in the Senate and at the social gatherings, he was a model gentleman, tall, rotund, comely, with a benign countenance and a broad brow. There was dignity in his deportment, and an air of gravity which forbade rudeness in his presence, but not imposing undue restraint. If there was ever a better equipment by temperament and natural endowment for a finance minister, or a chief justice of a great court, that character I have not seen drawn.

I know he was ambitious, for he asked me, as I complimented the national banking law, if I thought it would give him political favor in Iowa. "You will see that your cattle and your lands are to bring more money. You will find, if we can only have victories in the field, that in finance our policy and success will bring the enforced admiration of the world." When sitting in the secretary's office, he said, "Don't be afraid to talk frankly." Thereupon I mentioned Dr. Bailey's family as that of his friend, whom I hoped he would remember. "Certainly," said he, "and that son I will take care of to-day."

Months later, under a bureau conspiracy to exalt favorites, and degrade men who carry a free lance, one of the clerks, a friend of mine, was about to receive a stab; and, on my calling to protest that that was one of the things not safe to be done, the secretary said, "I will take your advice, without knowing the details, for you are my friend." Afterward he thanked me for the advice, which was a prevention of a wrong. I knew more of him through Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, with whom he was often in consultation. They were wholly unlike, but of radical and advanced views. They compared notes as students of finance, and parted with the hope that McClellan would move, or Lincoln get mad. With arms folded, lips compressed, and firmly standing, I saw the man worthy of the eulogies bestowed upon Necker the Frenchman, and our idolized Hamilton; and during these years, whenever holding a bank-bill, with his benevolent face and broad brow engraved thereon, I have been moved to revere one who made enlistments easy, comforts for the soldiers possible, with victories for our arms. I am deaf to the insinuation that he was a marplot, if a severe critic of his chief. His radicalism cannot be judged fully, for his friends had no power to test it amidst civic strifes and military jealousies.

But, it is asked, did he not in later years disavow his earlier professions? No. He was true to the freedmen; he was a friend of all the great constitutional amendments, silent when the shafts from political rivals and detractors were hurled, and in the discharge of his duties as chief justice without bias, fear or weakness. "Did you like his presiding at the Johnson impeachment trial?" I am asked. I regretted that he was against the impeachment policy, and that he did not conceal his *animus.* It is possible, as his enemies assert, that he believed the issue would call him into the presidential chair by the aid of democrats. It could not. The leaders knew his early history, and there was the record of a pure life without a scandal, and the poise of a great jurist. And so I leave my friend with the declaration of the late Justice Miller, "Democratic politics and presidential slate-makers had no use for him, for in my opinion he was incorruptible, and the greatest man that ever sat on the Supreme Bench." This was from a colleague with a close intimacy of twenty years — a compliment for one who found the highest appreciation where best known.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

It was a popular belief in the war epoch that to get a hearing with Stanton you must become a sycophant or win in a fight. His reputation for dispatch in business was no less the admiration of the war party than was his radicalism an offense to the bourbons, while some like Attorney-General Black, Mr. Cox and others, insinuated that he was disloyal in speech and a rebel at heart. On the contrary Senator Henry Wilson and his class were happy over his late loyal conversion, and pointed to acts that were giving full proof of the wisdom of Mr. Lincoln's selection.

Mr. Stanton, standing at his desk, short, broad, with smooth brow and long, dark beard nervously stroked, was a study. Two and sometimes three clerks were required, taking down directions and orders for business as the visitors came up in single file. Compliments and smiles were waived, while occasionally there would be an invitation to tarry in the next room after congressmen had found a hearing. The sequel to my conflict in a struggle in behalf of Colonel Rice's promotion was a most warm welcome, and I cannot deny the justice of others' experience, that he was gall to enemies, honey to friends. A bill had just passed which opened the way for a recast of officers and additional appointments in regular service by Mr. Stanton. At an early day I was in the next room, but with the door ajar could hear the members, including my colleagues, asking for appointments. The reply would be "No", or an evasion. After the crowd had passed, I appeared and said I had overheard and assumed it was no time to ask favors for my constituents. His answer was, "Did I ever say anything but yes, to you, save once? What do you want? Colonel, take down Mr. Grinnell's requests." They were Captain C. V. Gardner, to be captain in the regular army; George B. Hogan, paymaster; the grandson of Mr. Hawley of Ottumwa, cadet at large." "Anything more?" said Mr. Stanton; "your requests shall be granted"; and the appointments were made. This will suffice in proof that time has found an estimate of one neither boor nor beast, bearing more than a load for Hercules. Pleasantly would he talk of Quaker birth, and studying law with Senator Tappan of Ohio, and being as much of an abolitionist when a law-student as the Tappans of New York. Good news he was swift to impart, up to the line of official privacy, to his friends. He was not tardy in extolling favorites. Joseph Holt, who exposed the "Knights of the Golden Circle", had a good word from the war secretary. Matt Carpenter, senator from Wisconsin, was his favorite in the legal profession for a specific case, for, said he, "He has dash, persistency and an heroic spirit, which captivates and wins like an astute genius." Of Henry Ward Beecher he was very fond, saying, "You see your friend and mine goes to Charleston when the old flag goes up on Sumpter again. I know you will like his going, for the public had made the choice without the formality of voting. The first preacher of his time, the orator who subdued the British Lion, is the man to speak — one who honors the flag and honors his race."

Such in dim outline was the iron man of the cabinet and the organizer of victories. That he was quick in temper, desperate in his hates, there is abundant proof. He was a keen detecter of shams and had the open heart of a lover in treatment of those true to their convictions and heroic and loyal in the field. Success became an inflaming passion, and timidity his aversion. "I have never despaired," said he, "in the dark hours, nor do I allow myself to read the stabs of knaves and cowards, whom I have been compelled to place under the ban of condemnation. I have my days of depression and don't know how long I can endure it here." It is true his days after retirement were few, but he was not, as his enemies aver, a suicide. Doubtful acts are to be measured by a call for desperate remedies. So will the honor of the great secretary be unchallenged by the biographer of the future.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK IN 1837.

Senator William H. Seward was from my boyhood romantically admired; he was one of the idols of young men. He had been a leader, and while temporarily out of the public gaze was earning fame as an able patent lawyer, and otherwise, as in the great criminal railway conspiracy by farmers in Michigan.

In 1846, the case of the colored man Freeman, who was the murderer of several persons in Auburn, New York, brought out the astonishing resources of Mr. Seward, not less than bravery in defense of one whom all execrated, but whose brain was found, on post-mortem examination, to have suffered from an old injury. The defense set up was the famous one of "moral insanity". In company with Mr. Wilder, a law student, I was a fortunate listener to his free office talks in the evening, when relaxing after court hours. "Prince John" Van Buren was the attorney-general in prosecution, in regard to whom Mr. Seward said, he would artfully draw out more law and opinions by doubts, than his habits and the industry of a genius could otherwise gain. All Mr. Seward's arguments and speeches bore the marks of close study and a fine mind in grasp of great themes.

Natural gifts, culture, forecast as a statesman, persistence, probity, with an honorable ambition, made him senator, and like the morning star of hope in the presidential race of 1860. The most unprepossessing figure in the chamber — thin, pale, eye-sunken, a retreating forehead hidden by a shock of dishevelled hair, voice high-keyed and almost repulsive, said to have been impaired by the use of snuff — this was the first impression of an actor, grand in rhetoric, learned, philosophic, undaunted, not only the oracle of a great state, but the prophetic voice of a nation. He takes the floor, clenching the chair with one hand — the other seldom raised — with the calmness of Plato and the spirit of Girondist, for a strictly impersonal speech enlivened neither by incident nor story. The page boys are hushed and fire-eaters pay the tribute of attention to one in whose manner there is the composure of a victor and philosopher, the bold challenge of a denial.

Webster in cool derision styles the slavery agitation only a "rub-a-dub". Seward announces "an irrepressible conflict" — the talismanic truth of a great epoch. Union saviors ask his adherence to the constitution and an assent that, "What the law makes property is property." He can answer, "The law before which I bow is an emanation from the bosom of God."

The Fugitive Slave Law claims his adherence. When governor, he scouted the perjury of Virginians and the alleged comity due to slave claimants on free soil. Now must he become the agent of oppression? No — "I defy the mandate, and accept the penalties of treason." Thus in 1850 he struck the highest note in peaceful rebellion, and made the North unsafe ground for hunting escaped slaves. "There is a higher law than the Constitution," was his plea. In vain he urged the impolicy of a statute sure to incur the odium of the world.

Why not president? Mr. Seward led all candidates at Chicago in the support of the press and leading partisan, but there were wings to the party; all conservatives on the border had a vote. Horace Greeley, since the formal dissolution of the firm of Seward, Weed, Greeley & Co., had favored a Western man without political scars, and Mr. Weed was the assumed advocate of Mr. Seward's nomination, but had the voice of Jacob with the hand of Esau. I give a fact, whatever the conclusion. I was a delegate to Chicago, fully advised of the part New York was to play with her seventy votes and dramatic announcement of the train of cars to be loaded with all the devices and displays of art, and a sumptuous outfit, where Moses H. Grinnell and Governor E. D. Morgan were jointly commissariat and captain.

Business calling me to New York, I was quite ready to be one of the party on the westward trip. When going East I called at Auburn and, as Mr. Seward was just leaving for New York, I became his company. To my inquiry as to the situation the answer was, "The skies seem clear — Mr. Thurlow Weed I am to meet at Albany, and he will talk with you freely." Mr. Weed I quietly interviewed to further strengthen my faith in Mr. Seward. My ardor was soon cooled — the so-called slate-maker, a very Warwick in our politics, was courteous, and seemed to be weighed down in spirit. "I much dislike to have Mr. Seward, the great man of the nation that he is, lean on me. Greeley is on a rampage, and an availability is the cry of the West. We must have the next president to save the country — our party took Taylor for victory, and the democrats won with Pierce, for there was nothing known about him. Now this is not for the public or even for your own delegation; it is a grave question whether the greatest and most conspicuous man of the nation is the best candidate to win. The *Journal* knows but one candidate, but serious confidential advice is another thing."* I always pitied Mr. Weed in his personal conflict—devotions *vs.* politicians.

I returned from New York to my home alone rather than in the crowd as a guest of the Seward company, involving an allegiance which I could not avow by my vote. Was Mr. Seward less in the esteem of his country, wounded in the house of his friends, afterward secretary of state and the optimistic yet great diplomat of the war era? Not to me. I saw him in 1850, calling on Mr. Henry C. Bowen, the merchant that advertised that "he had goods for sale, and not principles". I further recall that he said the firm whom I honor had made a speech more courageous and widerspread than that made by any senator. If devotion is the measure of the virtue of an idol, then the griefs for Mr. Seward were the sublimest of human tributes. I met Mr. Moses H. Grinnell at the Tremont House, with his face covered, sighing audibly, "We are beaten," and his company were like him, only able to utter, "The greatest of Americans has gone down before treachery." Five years passed, the witness of service as secretary of state in the highest position of honor. The maimed veteran, with face mutilated by the blows of a coward on the fatal night of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, I recall, and the offer of the Virginia rebel of fifty thousand dollars for his head. He makes a voyage of the world, to gain the homage of nations, and honors which politicians had denied at home, and ended a life of probity, with the career of a statesman having the vision of a seer and the soul of a patriot, in the rural seclusion of his home in Auburn, New York, in 1872, enjoying the loving ministries of his family and awakening a nation's grief.

GENERAL GRANT.

The great soldier and president has found so many eulogists that I condense my acquaintance in an extract from a newspaper interview, and my appreciation of the patriot in passages from a eulogy before the Grand Army of the Republic, at his death:

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*It is said that Mr. Seward came to doubt the loyalty of his friend. They were riding in Central Park, New York, in presence of the statue of Lincoln. Mr. Seward said, "Weed, if you had been true to me, I should have been on the pedestal." "Would you prefer to be alive or dead, with your head in bronze up there?" was Weed's answer.

The following interesting reminiscences were brought out in an interview with Hon. J. B. Grinnell, who knew Gen. Grant personally. In reply to a question, he said:

"Hon. E. B. Washburn, M. C. from Galena, had more to do with his gaining position for military and civil power than any person living, and on resigning a cabinet position as Secretary of State had a distinguished career as minister to Paris in the time of revolution and war; yet for some reason not known to the public, Grant, the *protege*, and Washburn, a political Warwick, were not in the last ten years in social and loving accord; but of the occasions for this it is no time to talk."

Under what circumstances did you see General Grant?

"It will involve a little personality, and my neighbors and good fortune gave me opportunities, and I will answer: I first met the general with a request that he should give James F. Wilson, now our senator, a place in his cabinet. He said I could talk with Mr. ——, but there was no need of any state or political expression. The second meeting was in the White House, after his inauguration, with this message to him as he met me and we looked out of the window, 'I know Wilson has declined to go into the cabinet on the ground of poverty, but I have engaged that house' (to which I pointed) 'on the square, as a friend and citizen of Iowa, and hope it will aid in meeting his objection, if not too late.' The reply was, 'I am very sorry you were not here early this morning. I set my heart on having your friend Wilson near me, but he declined three positions, and the secretary has just left for the Senate waiting for the names of cabinet sent for confirmation. Too late! too late! I regret to say.'

"Until then I did not know that more than one place had been tendered, nor was I aware of all the diplomatic talk incident to the occasion.

"The third occasion was when the president was signing commissions, and I was about to leave for Iowa. He said, 'You have not been in to see me as I asked you.' 'No,' I replied, 'the last thing you want is more company, and by the press you can't please half who do come.' 'That is true, and I shall be called a dull, slow politician. Iowa complains, I presume, and I want to know about some things.'

"At this point an artist was announced, who was touching a portrait, and was ready for a sitting. 'Come along,' said the general. 'We can talk while I am the victim. It is one of the penalties for notoriety that I would swop off without a word.' 'Talk on,' said the artist, 'the more vivacity the better,' and Grant was the 'silent man' no longer.

"'Grinnell, do you know what you had to do in bringing my troubles on? Washburn said, the other night, as we talked over political events, that you were the first man in the halls of Congress that mentioned me as a possible candidate for president, but it was no real kindness.' I could only answer that, 'When Washburn so often shouted General Grant, with a very emphatic broad, long *a*, that I was for the man who came out ahead, and did not care for his politics, and being badgered by democrats to name him, said amidst some applause, that it was this hour Grant, and to speak frankly, I was afraid you would be captured by the democrats; so very many I could name.' (The colloquy is in the Congressional *Globe*, and after near 20 years, I forget the details). 'I have,' said the general, 'heard that before, as to the fear of a democrat, if I had any politics, but the scare is all over.' Then he launched off on horses and Indians, saying, 'Every reservation was deemed a paradise and coveted by white men, but they were as a rule over-rated; not half as good soil as Illinois or Iowa. You are leaving Congress, what do you expect from the administration?' 'Nothing,' I answered. 'For near ten years I have been in state and national service, and have a family and cares at home, and you will not have places for all who want them.' 'Don't you know that the senators have you in mind, and have asked me to wait,' etc., etc. 'It is news to me, and on my account there need be no delay. If I can get favors for friends, let me be a cipher.'

"The rest I will not mention, and would not this had it not been said, when for the next term I was for Greeley, that I was offended, it not being true, as Senator Harlan and many others know.

"The fourth meeting was at Des Moines, at the Army of the Tennessee meeting, I think in 1874. There was a grand greeting in the parlors of the Savery House, but I was not in the house, remembering the active part in the Greeley campaign, and that a Chicago paper had made me say harsh things of the general, never spoken, and that he asked an Iowa man what was the matter with me when he knew no cause for my course, to gain this reply: 'Greeley had long been a particular friend.' Still I am ashamed, not of my company, politically, at that time, nor of my words, but that I distrusted and feared coldness from one who met me half way across the room with a cordiality that was marked by the company, and I confess was an embarrassment, added to which was a compliment later to my dinner speech on The Navy. Pardon this, but it was an incident which stamped the great hero as one of the most generous of mortals, and brings him near to my heart in grateful emotion.

"I cannot help the conviction, that he would have been a grander figure in history if president *once*, rather than a second or third term candidate. That I think was his private opinion, and of non-partisans the world over. Still his life stands for courage, simplicity and patriotic devotion. No American had such favor by circumstances in military and civil life, and with one acclaim he will find honor with Washington, for he was not venial, nor coarse in speech. In later years he abjured profanity as vulgar, strong drink as corrupting, and held implicit faith in the value of religion as divine, and our debt of gratitude to a common Saviour he acknowledged."

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Towers are measured by their shadows, and the resounding crash tells of the fall of the majestic oak. Did ever the raven wing of mourning cast so dark and broad a shadow, or the fall of a mortal send so deep a sigh around the world, as the demise of Grant, the nation's idol?

Soldiers of the Grand Army! You have peculiar pride in a comrade, and none shall chide you for tears and a kinship in idolatry to the worship of a God. Alexander, the Grecian warrior, moulded but six hundred thousand men less than the army your great captain vanquished. The Roman Cæsar clouded his fame by the destruction of a million of men in conquest; Grant commanded a million for union, with the genius of a soldier and the heart of a peacemaker. Greatest of the marked figures in military service were either slain for their ambition, a prey of corrupting vices, or escaped dying like a hermit, or banished to solitudes where only moaning winds and dashing waves voiced in sad refrain the shouts of conquest, while it is left for you to admire and mourn one whose later life was a climax in the silence he won from foes; a world's applause, and the brave endurance of disease, and the calmer, bold meeting of the King of Terrors, from the mountain height where the weary spirit ascended to its home in the bosom of God.

A MISJUDGED HERO.

I have pleasure in the recollection of voting in Congress the gold medal, and to create the rank of lieutenant-general, only held by Washington, for Grant; yet language fails me in fit mention of the envious, cool maligners of his fame, those carpet knights and military shams of doubtful loyalty, feigning the scream and flight of eagles, while noisy, hungry and of evil omen. We were regaled with slanders specific and distinct as the odors of the famed city of Cologne, while comrades were silent, and the great soldier-president was too busy and too great for an abasement in denial. I, with thousands of his party, would not, did not, question his generalship, yet deemed his administration personal rather than broad — his associations more repulsive than inspiring. We were ignorant of the man. The reports of his coarse texture as a mortal, profane speech and intemperate habits, had made the circuit of the world, with all the gross, morbid begettings of falsehood. I bow my head in confession of ignorance, and of an honest but unfair judgment of his personal worth, gladly to join in the praises of clouds of witnesses, to aver he adorned those virtues in which he was held to be wanting, and emerged from the passing cloud to shine brighter, as do the lights of heaven for temporary obscuration, and like a sun our hero will shine in the radiation of cardinal virtues through the ages.

Confiding boldness was the key to minor faults, and the grand solution and secret of supreme power. Character in the soldier he read like an open book, and dared to trust. Generous in praise for corporal as for captain; cordial and gallant, returning the sword of the vanquished Lee, a new leaf was added to the page of chivalry, and a character you search for vainly in the Iliad of Homer or in the annals of modern warfare. The cautious have only lean virtues, and in war are allied to show, and sink with mediocrities. They are the old side-judges, wise only in their silence; pulpy and fair in the shade, but clever, pompous negations. This was not Grant in robust manhood. He feared neither petty thieves, the assassin's bullet, nor the rising fame of a ranking general. A silent tongue left his fame to the candor of the world, and warm blood pulsated in his mission, leaping like a cataract rushing to the ocean. Like a Cromwell, he trusted a God "to cover his head in the day of battle" — never planned for defeat, but for victory, sounding the trumpet-call from Cairo to Richmond — forward! forward!

My countryman, with bold actors, God's confiding agents, there may be seeming errors, but they are forgotten at the tomb, and it were as profane in their mention to-day, as the illusion of Washington that Arnold was a patriot, or that the traitorous kiss of Judas discredits the purity of the world's Savior.

A PROVIDENCE.

The world can add to its providential deliverers, Gustavus Adolphus, Washington, Cromwell and Moses, another wondrous personage under the divinity that shapes national existence. What agonies for his coming, in camp, amidst prison horrors, city mobs and wasting credit! I saw the General McClellan, skilled in entrenchment, and in grand parades. Into the face of the gallant Hooker I looked to discern the dashing eye under too narrow a brow to gauge the campaign. The hand of Burnside we took in sorrow as he, with modest distrust, threw aside a commander's commission. Who next? The voice of the great war minister and the wisdom of Lincoln pointed to the hero of Donelson and Vicksburg; late an obscure clerk and poor wood-chopper, now to guide our destiny. He is a dull student of Providence who does not see him held back and in reserve for the blows that destroyed slavery, an armed rebellion, collossal in malignant power, and for stern splendid statesmanship, on the death of the martyr Lincoln by the assassin's bullet.

We were drifting like a dismasted ship on the breakers. Victories in the West were counterbalanced by rebel success in the East. Drafting was resisted, soldiers were discouraged. The great powers of the earth were in secret league with our enemies. Repudiation threatened the national credit. Oh! what gloomy forebodings of border warfare blackened by pillage, the crimes of assassination, bloody insurrections and a race war, with the woes in apocalyptic vision, "blood flowing to the horses' bridles."

WHAT CAME?

The virtues and blessings of peace can never be pictured but in faintest outline, in praise of our dead chieftain. A million soldiers returned to their families; slavery dead; thirty-eight great states revolving like planets, smoothly in their orbit, not twenty-eight weak in dissension and barricaded for war. *American*, significant of unity, renown and power. A home where three per cent. bonds are at a premium, as in the great money marts, our credit leading all nations. Of a people rising from wealth in the sum of sixteen thousand millions of dollars in 1860 to fifty thousand millions in 1885, and surpassing in growth of population in each post-bellum decade every rival; the envy of monarchs.

The ex-president becomes a guest of the nations. How responded and bore our guest? In cultivation of fraternity which gave us fifteen millions by arbitration from England. Asking not for his country honor by prowess on the sea, nor a standing army, rather one hundred millions annually to the families and soldiers sick and maimed by war. Our free church and free schools were held up as our crown jewels, with the fervor of an advocate.

There was unfolded in later years a personal character more to be admired than a public career at home or abroad. He was greater in poverty, and facing the storm of detraction, as he who rules his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city. Then the knowledge of fatal disease brought no murmur. "Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure." Mortals could not add to his renown.

Friends, behold the silent, pale, great captain! He has given testimony to the value and divinity of the Christian religion and bravely welcomes his last enemy, the "King of Terrors". Mightier than the famed shield of Achilles is his protector, bearing the loves of this world, and awaiting the welcome of patriots and comrades, Lincoln, Rawlins, Reynolds, McPherson, Thomas, and a cloud of gallant spirits passed before. The glow of the camp fire is dimmed in the brightness of the coming of the great deliverer for whom the lips move, and the voice breaks forth in praise. That spirit invincible on earth, is at rest in a higher realm — it is the peace of God.

CHAPTER XIII.

Thaddeus Stevens — Schuyler Colfax — John A. Logan — Gratz Brown — David Davis — Henry S. Foote — Jefferson Davis — Gen. Winfield Scott — Henry Clay — Daniel Webster.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

It is unusual for men of mark to obtain their just rank while living. Mortuary service is fittingly sympathetic, adulatory; but stirring, fierce partisans mould events which conspire to delay a just verdict long after the death of the actor.

Since the death of Thaddeus Stevens there has been ample time to temper the praise of ardent admirers, and to blunt the shafts of enemies. Having enjoyed the favor of his friendship, and rare opportunities to know him in the national House of Representatives during the late war, I attempt with the admiration of a friend to compress ample material for a volume into this article in vindication and illustration of a great character.

Did not our last quarter of a century, fruitful of forces, produce one great American commoner? The British House of Commons may represent our House of Representatives, from which only a leader in alliance with popular measures, an American commoner, may spring. Mr. Blaine in his eulogy on Garfield before Congress, so justly praised, cites three parliamentary leaders, Mr. Clay, Mr. Douglass and Thaddeus Stevens. Generosity to one of another political school, it is fair to infer, moved to the naming.

He graduated at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, not far from his home, and was soon engaged as a teacher in the Academy at York, Pennsylvania, for which position his discipline, clear perception and enthusiasm made him of service in giving impetus to many students, later conspicuous and able in the higher pursuits of life. No one had a higher contempt for the exploits of a mere genius or the profundity of mere impromptu speeches, which had a preface in boast of ignorance of books.

A mind trained by thought, severe study and wide reading, made him invincible in debate. Taking evidence in trials of great importance, he rarely made notes; for his memory was tenacious, nor was he ever confused with a manuscript, save in the preparation of state papers and the drafting of bills. Having derived so much aid from a classical education, he was the friend of the college and patron of poor students, struggling and weary on the road he had traveled.

In person the Commoner had a shrug to the shoulders that suggested a push of the head from a graceful position. The club-foot forbade facile locomotion and dwarfed the whole man save brain and imprisoned vivacity. He had an ambition at war with the restraints of sedentary life; business was rest, and fox-hounds a diversion in the chase of a bold rider. That head, in later life, covered by a sandy wig, was a study—wide and bulging above the ears, high in front, prominent above the eyes, which were deep set and radiant. The facial muscles were strong, and a broad chin sent up lips, the lower projecting, that were an index of a character determined in repose, and to be dreaded for their uses in those contests where giants drew upon every weapon at command.

With humorous reply he would say, My organism is not favorable to retreat, and must leave to my friends the honors to be won by the arts of locomotion backward. There was no native melody in voice; it was on a high key, capable of winging sarcasm and scorn with stinging effect on a venturesome opponent. To a critic of legislators there was galling autocracy in his leadership, and a verdant legislator would seek by artful attack to question the veteran's right to lead; but there is no record of a second attempt by the same person. "I hope," said he, "I may be credited with virtuous silence on this occasion; let the wounds made by the gallant foe, wide, gaping, plead my cause"; which conveyed sarcasm effective above any formal reply; still there was alertness in a question of motives or war policy, and always a victor who left the impression of a courageous, learned and adroit leader of men in the seas of strife.

Legislative tricks were his great aversion, and justice and full credit to his adversary was his shield in the forum of debate. This called for compliments, and led him to ask an opponent if it were not a better policy "to proceed with arguments, if he had any, rather than sickening his chosen victim with honey". Failing to vote, or questioning a majority edict, brought such glee to democrats that in the midst of the plaudits for a brave man, he shouted, "I can stand reproaches, but the praise you bestow has an offensive odor."

Petty points were his great aversion, holding that the smallest of mortals were equal to an objection or a technicality; and order-sticklers were the least reliable when true men were in demand. "There was an hour lost in a wrangle over order and the manual which a school-boy of common sense might have settled, I hear, but I slept in blissful ignorance and am ready for business if the skirmishers will allow it."

Contested election cases were treated as a side show, settled as a rule by the political complexion of the jury, but so often had he broken from party moorings that fervent appeals were made for help. "No, no — I cannot speak, when we come to vote." "But," said the pleader, "he is a scoundrel." "They say the other is," was the reply, "and I must know which is worse. Don't count me where I judge you have more than a legal quorum."

He was a trusted guide in storms, which neither pacific policy nor compromise could avert; a constructionist and blender of a nation, riven by sectional strife and the crime of slavery. Clay, with the rarest endowment of an orator, closed his grand life in tender, yet unavailing persuasion. Douglass piloted the party ship on a rock, "squatter sovereignty," and was only kindly spared to counsel loyalty to the flag before his lamented death. In nature the "triumvirate" had little in common save obscurity of birth. Their providential mission, too, was unlike; the times determining for the earlier sages the role of conciliation in the way to the presidency, while eternal right and the subjugation of traitors was the absorbing thought of Stevens, regardless of smiles or frowns. Thus it was that he was fitted by education, converse with men and undaunted courage, to spring to the front by the only divine right known to man, when rebels were confronted in speech, national credit maintained, amidst the clamor of party aspirants and untold wastes in war. Hence he was for many years a trusted leader holding without a peer supreme control in the republic.

The eccentricity, brusque manner and witty sayings of Mr. Stevens enveloped his character in a cloud of prejudice and made his name a conduit, for years, of doubtful story and legend; because of which he is to-day judged at a disadvantage. To be specific, he was thought to be wanting in refinement; coarse, a stranger to generous emotion, malignant without reverence, infidel and blasphemous.

These are allegations, alike unjust and cruel in the light of the late and early history of the poor orphan club-footed boy. Mr. Stevens, with filial devotion made an annual journey of hundreds of miles to his native Vermont to comfort and support the mother of whom he said: "It is the great joy of my life to be able to give to my mother a well-stocked farm, and an occasional bright gold piece which she loved to deposit in the contribution of the Baptist church which she attended. She worked day and night to educate me, for I was feeble and lame in my youth. I tried to pay her afterward, but the debt of a child to his mother is one of the debts we can never repay."

The child was father to the man, and one of the last acts of his life was making provisions in his will whereby the sexton was "to keep his mother's grave in good order and plant roses and other cheerful flowers at the corner of said grave every spring". A bequest was also made of one thousand dollars toward the establishment of a Baptist church to which his mother belonged, near the old home, and with this reason: "I do this out of respect to the memory of my mother to whom I owe what little of prosperity I have had on earth, which, small as it is, I desire most emphatically to acknowledge." This is an index to a character of delicate sensibility. Of his limited means he paid a surgeon for restoring a poor lame boy to soundness, an act which offered so much pleasure that he enjoined the doctor to treat any poor, deformed, disabled boy whom he should meet, at his expense. On a reverse in business partial friends proposed a gift of one hundred thousand dollars — a gift delicately declined in further proof of a sensitive, rather than of a sordid nature.

Women, notably the Sisters of Charity, were the largest dispensers of his charities, whose abundance was known only by the poor and their Maker. Pledges were often made when money was not at hand. An incident is given by an irreverent friend without a personal guarantee of its authenticity. It is the story of gain of money at a game of chance. When nearing the capitol the party was accosted by the ladies holding his pledges, whom he surprised with a roll of bills, saying with a smile, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

Never marrying, his bachelorship, like that of President Buchanan, was the occasion of many a comment, but often cruel, for there is a story of delicate sensitiveness to the allurements of love and beauty which has more than a tinge of sad, youthful romance. It is of a death that brooded over him with raven wing. The ideal beautiful girl at his early home was ignorant of his emotions, and passing to and returning from the boarding-school found only a formal greeting from him, so great was the disparity in their conditions—hers of affluence, his of poverty; thus he withheld marked attentions, and hesitated to proffer his hand until he should have gained a name to reflect honor upon a bride. He retained the secret, and at length disclosed it, only too late, to the ideal of his heart, who, to his great grief was pledged to another, and who removed to the old Pine State, where his earliest and latest love found a grave.

The policy of confiscation brought upon him the charge of a vindictive spirit. It was this political measure of which Mr. Horace Greeley designated Mr. Stevens as the author in his Richmond speech of 1867, in conferring a warm compliment upon him as the leader of his party. Congress had sanctioned the law supported by precedent and the authority of eminent publicists; and it is not denied the measure was pressed with vehemence as a policy promising land to the slaves which would bind them more firmly to the Union.

Abduction and even his assassination had been planned by enemies at the capitol, the former only averted on a certain occasion by the threat of sure death in the city suburbs if the hireling did not halt and return. Andrew Johnson, in a public speech, had designated Wendell Phillips, Sumner and Stevens as fit for a gibbet. In face of all Mr. Stevens hesitated to frame articles of impeachment lest he should be judged vindictive.

The Hon. Mr. Julian in his "Political Recollections", says: "The profane words of Mr. Stevens, always the central figure of the House, were frequently carried on the shafts of his wit and lost in the laughter they provoked." Facts will discredit this judgment, giving another tone and hue to current stories. On a recess in the House Mr. —— addressed Mr. Stevens with an oath-laden tongue, to find only a cold greeting: "I hate to be addressed with such blasphemy as 'by G—d', etc. I deny that I am profane, and for years have held it vulgar, but I do say 'damn', for the provocations are great. It is war time; but the counsels of my childhood will not allow me the use of a blasphemous word."

The great Commoner, if not a saint, was far from an infidel. Mr. —— was introduced, who said: "Mr. Stevens, I believe I have the honor of your company as a Free Thinker." "Yes," was the reply, "rather free until I submit to your dogma, if you have one. My mother was a soft-shell Baptist, a reputable thinker in her time, and, as I remember, held the Ten Commandments good law and the Sermon on the Mount as orthodox. I am one of her poor disciples; good morning, sir." In derision of a speaker he said: "How he hugs the delusion of no hereafter; he would write God with a little 'g', but don't criticise brutal ideas if he has a brute's end to match."

The notorious inebriation of Andrew Johnson brought up Mr. Stevens' opposition to the use of alcoholic drinks. "I became terror stricken," he says, "on the death of my particular friend, who found his way, inebriated, to his home but died in the hallway, unable to find the way to his room. Thereupon I demolished every keg and bottle of liquor in my cellar. We were in the whirlpool together thirty years ago when I made the short turn. At the national temperance meeting in the capitol I sent over my adherence by Mr. Dodge, and I am complimented, as I see by the paper, that my declaration brought out applause. I vote for a Mohammedan against drunkenness before an orthodox Christian liquor dealer. Slavery's twin — the dram shop — will stir the nation next. They come so near to me that I am saddened to think of them."

I could quote many of his memorable sayings, public and private; but none are more eloquent than his choice of burial-place. It was sympathy for the poor victims of prejudice, which led to the characterization of the exclusion of the colored race from the cemetery as an impious act. To strike impressively at this vulgar inhibition, he chose a new spot without the odious restriction as his place of burial, with this protest to be read on his tombstone until time's effacing fingers have abolished his name from marble: "I repose in this quiet and secluded spot, not from any natural preference for solitude, but finding other cemeteries limited by charter rules as to race, I have chosen it that I might be enabled to illustrate in my death the principles which I have advocated through a long life — equality of man before his creator."

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

This statesman I have briefly mentioned in Chapter IX., but it would be unjust to his memory not to speak more fully of him. Before his death, we met in Denver, where his sister resides, and a more jocund spirit could hardly dwell in manhood, with a rose on the full cheek and the elastic step of youth. His devotion to the fortunes of Blaine was not more intense than a conviction that he would be elected and astonish the world with a brilliant administration.

In the year 1863, Colfax was the favorite of the nation, winning fame as an editor in the West, reclaiming a congressional district, and becoming well-known as chairman of the committee on post offices and post roads — alert, incisive in speech, broad in policy; a parliamentarian, and upheld by President Lincoln, and Greeley, of the *Tribune.* There was no secret in his elevation to the speaker's chair. Favor to Iowa was so marked as to occasion remark if not provoke jealousy. Diplomacy in securing positions on committees is that of which the great public are but little aware. We were five new members, and but one — James F. Wilson — knew of service, and that at the foot of the judiciary committee, and by good fortune those once before him were not of this Congress, yet a score of "great lawyers" loomed up for chairman and Wilson was to be jumped. Colfax was seen, and Wilson presided in war time and reconstruction over the great committee of Congress. Did the speaker ever forget Iowa and her new delegation? Price was made chairman of the Union Pacific Railway committee, Kasson was on ways and means. Later, Allison, Hubbard and the writer were well placed, the latter surprised by promotion to the places made vacant by the death of Owen Lovejoy. It was a feeble return for favor to Iowa that I made, indicating Colfax as the name for the prosperous health resort near us. A sister with her family came to Jasper county, as farmers, on his advice, and when the husband and father, a mail agent, was kept from degradation by the humane perception and acts of that most able and exemplary gentleman and jurist, Judge Love, who would not ask "an insane man to plead in his court", a new bond of attachment was formed, never sundered but strengthened by a hundred welcomes on our soil as orator and eulogist of Lincoln.

By whom did he rise but by himself — an expert journalist, adventurous overland stage tourist to the Pacific coast, temperate, dashing and chivalrous in debate. He was by nature vivacious, and had cultivated the arts of magnetism, which availed him in gaining place near abler men, but lacking his tact and industry. Law he had never studied, nor could he have passed a prescribed civil service examination for a clerkship, but men he read and measured with such precision that he never blundered as an Indiana politician. He avoided a conflict in Congress with his superiors in debate; was an apt prompter to the abashed new member, so that when the time arrived for a speaker's campaign the press was in line of service, and cohorts, all loyal, moved at the command of their captain.

In the stormiest periods of our national history he dicided great questions in the House and in the Senate with promptness and clear perception, winning the favor of extremest partisan foes as a model parliamentarian.

The secrets of his lapse into private life were two: a modest letter while vice-president that he was not a candidate for re-election, and, though so far reconsidered that his name was used, Henry Wilson gained the honor after a sharp contest and by a few votes. This was no damper to a generous spirit, nor did it lose him prestige or favor as a worthy and astute leader.

The Credit Mobilier scandal, like a tempest in the forest that bears down the tallest trees, struck some of the first of our public servants as with the breath of a political sirocco, and among the number was Colfax, in proof that detraction like death "loves a shining mark". Oakes Ames, who parceled out the stock to friends at a cash value, was arraigned for seeking to corrupt by the sale of thousands of dollars worth of this property to eleven members of Congress. There was a morbid thirst for scandal, and a victim, as in the days of Pontius Pilate, was demanded and two were found worthy of expulsion. Ames, who had sacrificed a collossal fortune — millions to join the two oceans by iron rail, and had become poor, and James Brooks of New York, a veteran editor, congressman and orator for democracy, were expelled — Ames to die of a broken heart because of injustice, and Brooks later, never recovering from the hasty verdict which clouded a brilliant career.

In the sequel there has been a revolution in public opinion in regard to Oakes Ames' motives, as evinced by the unanimous request of every senator and representative in the late General

Assembly of Massachusetts, together with that of thousands of our most eminent citizens of all parties, that Congress should erase their resolution of censure.

Colfax, who was alleged by the testimony of Ames to have profited by the stock held in the sum of one thousand dollars, made a denial, but being out of office, there was no formal verdict in the case. Colfax's denial, with explanations and strong corroborating facts in his favor, were held as conclusive evidence of his integrity, by friends. The act of holding stock was no longer deemed a wrong, for accepting bribes was not charged, but it was a denial which involved a contradiction of Ames' book and verbal testimony. This is a brief historic record, which outlines facts leading to the conviction that a confiding trust and not a timid distrust would have saved a great character from political expatriation from the councils of statesmen. There is left but a charitable construction to be put on the deeds of both, involved in this controversy — a mistake by each in the multiplicity of vexatious cases, rather than an untruth, which, unconfessed, no matter of charity can cover.

This Colfax said and could afford to say: "I seek no political recognition, and ask neither party nor friends to bear this load of scandal. It is my aim to cultivate a cheerful temper, and prove that I have not been unworthy of the honors received at the hands of my countrymen." So I remember his words, which were in accord with a life, charitable to the unfortunate and to enemies, radiant in words and deeds, to outlive one of the incidents to notoriety and fame. The severest wintry blasts did not prevent the gathering from far and near of multitudes on the sad funeral occasion at South Bend, over which city sorrow brooded.

The life of Schuyler Colfax was a personal protest against grossness, profanity, intemperance and infidelity; a shining example of filial devotion, of industry, political sagacity, generous impulse and consummate generalship.

GRATZ BROWN.

He was caricatured as a tag on the coat-tail of the great editor, Greeley. And what are the facts? Gratz Brown was of a fine family. He was a student, a graduate with high honors. Then he electrified the nation as a member of the Legislature of Missouri, when about thirty years of age, with eloquent and earliest philippics against slavery. The great Thomas H. Benton said to me in 1853, in St. Louis, that Brown was a doomed man, either to die by ruffianism or become a conspicuous actor. Southern people remember his career as a writer for freedom. At the breaking out of the war he was commissioned an officer; then he became a trusted friend of Lincoln, arm in arm with General Frank P. Blair, a cousin; then governor, later United States senator, it is true depressed with poor health but self-poised, a statesman of thought and courage.

On one occasion Senator Grimes said: "Gratz Brown has the floor for a speech, and he is never common, but worth hearing; original as a student of affairs." Then he was a candidate on the Liberal ticket for vice-president with Greeley in 1872, a place he did not seek, but did aspire to the first place, supported by warm personal friendships. How absurd that he went out of sight by that hireling, rude, professional Nast! I saw him in the campaign, and know he was calm, cheerful, yet not confident of success after tokens of treachery by the southern wing of the party. Pictures, or jealousy, or defeat, never disturbed one so gallant, who wore all his many honors with Christian modesty and forgiveness for enemies; a great favorite where best known, in the circle of the literary; besides, a real hero on his own soil in denunciation of a slave system where he was cradled. A wonderful intellect sank in a frail tabernacle, after a grapple with great questions and high official stations held without a hint of dishonor.

A solution of his quiet retirement behind the political curtain is found not in caricature or defeat, but rather from excessive stimulation for a time; the bane of such a genius often; a habit he overcame to become a champion of sobriety and the cheerful citizen, attracted by an endeared family, rather than the allurements of politics, until he was suddenly called hence. In the roll-call of pioneers and champions of freedom, there may be no peer to the magisterial Benton of Missouri save Gratz Brown, who carried the lance of a knight, never consulting political weather, nor relying on adepts in caucus "round-ups". Numbers did not abash him, and it is cruel calumny that he was angered by derision, or a stolid misanthrope. The verdict of the gods would be (if as of old in judgment)—a man who abjured sordid maxims in the road to fame, evinced the brain of a statesman, the courage of a soldier, and sounded the bugle call of emancipation on slave soil amidst howling mobs, the jeers of an apostate clergy and bold threats of assassins.

DAVID DAVIS.

Many in Iowa were in sorrow when Illinois laid away in sepulture at Bloomington an eminent jurist, statesman and devoted friend. Those who knew him best, the Weldons, Funks, Fells, and pioneers of forty years ago, were the saddest mourners. Robert Lincoln was chief pall-bearer, the son of the martyr, in a sad, reciprocal service, recalling anew the favor which made the jurist a justice of our great court, and the honored executor of the great emancipation.

I came to know Mr. Davis in business, as an Iowa land owner twenty-five years ago, and to learn that his estate, near the town of Newton, came, like many other tracts, as a retainer, but an incident in his profession, which nursed a love for the soil, and made him the favorite of agriculturists and the largest possessor of reality in the region, if not affluent above all our pioneer land owners —a farmer rather than a speculator.

There was nothing strange in his political ambition, nor was there one repellant feature in methods or leadership. He desired the nomination for the presidency in 1872, which was given to Mr. Greeley. He was an ornament to the bench, and not less a favorite with the patriotic masses than with those of the class of the late J. M. Walker, of the C., B. & Q. Railway, whose ardor was so great that on the way to Cincinnati he avowed to me it would be a pleasure to make the journey on foot to the Queen City if necessary to secure the nomination of a liberal sure to sweep the country. Mr. Greeley, I know, preferred Davis' nomination to his own, but the candidacy of Senator Trumbull was active and fatal to Mr. Davis. I mentioned his probable presidential nomination later, to which he replied: "It is idle to use my name. The labor party nomination has given me no absolute strength. Once I had expectations, perhaps desire, as a liberal, and that was my time if ever, but despite devoted friends it was not to be." The headlands of later political history are well known. Democrats and independents made him senator. The repute for judicial integrity made him a member of the presidential commission, but a high sense of honor forbade a service which partisans still hold cost Tilden the presidency, and then followed a culminated honor in the selection of acting vice-president by the republican senators with whom he was often in opposition.

Mr. Conkling had made a thrust at a senatorial "fence rider with doubtful proclivities", which called forth a reply, at once a model in diction and with candor and emotion to make the impress of a patriot and fix his station among statesman, even beyond temporary obscuration. It was at the old National Hotel at Washington that he won by simplicity and cordiality the masses. There he occupied the rooms vacated in death by his political idol, Henry Clay, whom he resembled in nothing save in political aspiration and failure to reach the goal. Party exactions were too great for the gallant leader, and independents were but blindly-led cohorts fatal to Davis, who trusted in conservative methods and timid counsels.

The deceased in presence was colossal; twice the weight of an average senator, causing him to be sensitive to caricature and frequent mention of abnormal size. In the broad face and cheery countenance, coupled with a hearty welcome, there was an attraction which held friends as by hooks of steel. In his person, history and achievements, there is a refutation of common opinions which limit such endorsements to mediocrity. Tried by the associates of eminence and many stern conflicts, he must be placed higher in the world's esteem by the lapse of time.

JOHN A. LOGAN.

Americans should be drawn toward this statesman-soldier, especially in view of his political environment in the Egypt of the North, where he was surrounded by the peculiar allurements of a dominant power in his early manhood, but from which he broke away to recast of opinions. He became as bold for the right in later years as he was subservient in youth to the baser intolerant party edicts.

"Dirty Logan" was the earned title of the champion of Illinois black-laws. His eye was not opened to the degrading exactions of the slave-power, until Douglass had in the name of friends been betrayed, and fire-eaters in speech blossomed into open traitors to the flag.

He was a soldier—the victim of a lurking suspicion by radicals, while touched by the poisonous breath of old comrades, jeering him; but he was not reached by flattery nor allured by bribes. Using his own language ten years after the war—"I was left to fight my way to confidence, and the post of danger was welcome—while silent and calm under provoking injustice in the field."

Time became his vindicator as a soldier, and impartial history will ever associate his name with the first honored civilian-general of the war. A violent temper, coupled with ambition, could but alienate some, and retard his career. Cautious generals sneered at his rank, and the press was cruel in criticism, and made much of the rhetoric of one not fortunate in enjoying the early culture of the schools. Still, he was apt in story, bold in figures, merciless in invective. I bought his book on the Rebellion, which I praised as liberal and trustworthy though I knew that I had found no flattery.

In his person he could have been taken for a Spanish prince, and no mean compliment. He had a dark, keen eye, firm-knit frame and proud tread. Did he, in the Mexican war, seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth? He was fair to his foes. Too generous was he not to credit his foe in battle with a devotion that showed the stuff for real heroes.

We met socially at the Yellowstone Park, and I loved the man more the nearer an approach. Indulging in severe judgments of men and compeers, his loves were strong. Without pretence, or defense of inconstancy as a church member, he carried a confiding trust in man's immortal Captain and Guide. But "he was ambitious, and a political slate-maker!" Grant all, and his ambition was legitimate and open, and it was the presence of rivals less open that made his acts, and the choice of confiding friends, a necessity. There was neither the taint of duplicity, nor of venality, though he was often depressed in want of the sinews of a political campaign.

It might have been vanity, yet there was no concealment that he might, heading the presidential ticket in 1884, have been elected, and an impression prevailed that the soldiers, and Illinois with emphasis, would make him the leader in 1888; but suddenly he was called to join the majority beyond the realm of politics. He leaves the "Great Conspiracy", a volume of facts and bold philosophy, as a rich legacy to his countrymen, yet not of equal value to his personal career as a soldier and friend.

HENRY S. FOOTE AND JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Long ago, from my gallery seat, I made a study of the Mississippi senators, Henry S. Foote and Jefferson Davis. What they had in common beyond professed hate of free soilers it was not easy to discern. Foote was a dark-faced, baldheaded man, reputed in the streets to have blood that suspiciously tinged his skin under the eye where you locate the Crow-foot. Whether the Indian or the African color, they will say, "Let him soar, for he is a gorgeous southern orator." He was peripatetic and merry as a page boy. With all his bluster and dramatic beatings over the place where a heart is supposed to be located, the fire-eaters really held him in contempt as a compromiser—staunching wounds on behalf of "Union saviors".

Mr. Davis was his antipode in every aspect, certainly an unmixed Caucasian. He eloped with General Taylor's daughter, and I dare say from his hauteur he has never begged pardon for the offense. Wherein he was very lovable I did not discover. Cheek-bones high, nose very sharp, cheeks gaunt, lips compressed as if in anger, undergirt with a chin which meant a welcome to a fight under any conceivable provocation. The air of a West Point officer he carries, and affects the importance of one who won a title in the Mexican war, but is too thin in person to look well and far too stilted for plumes won in a doubtful war.

He detests compromise, and I liken him to the shallow pugilist with a chip on the shoulder. How he listens when a radical like Hale or Chase speaks, having, as I read him, a morbid desire for some *lapsus linguæ* on which he can hinge a speech fit for the cotton growers, or allow an indulgence in threats and in speech on the worth of the Union, provided it has a Calhoun slavery cornerstone. As a speaker he had neither the fluency or the real sublimity of Foote. Did he ever smile? There is no record that Cataline did. He had not wit like Hale, nor the poise of Seward, yet, I thought, he will do to watch, even though a gentleman senator of good habits.

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

This venerable historic soldier was little seen in public up to the firing on Sumpter, save on grand occasions. Who would not be vain! The hero of Lundy Lane, and of the Mexican war, bringing great gains in treasure. He was tall, rotund, well-moulded without the device of padding; none better than the old general could feel that, like Napoleon in his glory, "To be a god you must not be too common among mortals."

Had he said, "Let the erring sisters go in peace?" It was rather an opinion than high philosophy. He oft ate and drank with the fire-eaters. Fratricidal war, and "garments rolled in blood", had less attraction for him than for younger bloods never in the smoke of battle.

In 1861 he was not doubted in loyalty, but regarded unequal by age for the crisis. Governor Grimes suggested to us, a group of Iowans in the city, that we call on the chief and take home the best news to our anxious people; for the war was on, and it was a sad prospect of more than a sixty days' conflict.

It was a sight-seeing, curious company, headed by the governor, that, after halts, skirmishing and sulphurous execration of red tape lines, were ushered into the old general's presence — truly august. To all save reminiscences he was dumb, and on an effort to find cheer in a military horoscope, he shut his eyes in blind nonchalance and mystery. He did say that many good soldiers were buried, victims of the cholera in Rock Island in 1833, in the Black Hawk war, where he was stationed, before Iowa was. So husky was his voice and dull the eye, that one of our company sought to interject a western opinion, and our general not only nodded assent, but fell into a sleep at mid-day. So we retired guying our spokesman on the speech and its soothing effects. This report to Senator Grimes only confirmed an opinion that, with an old, imbecile head, there was more than protracted war — disunion. Before night Mr. Lincoln, by the senator's visit, was advised of this spirited reception given to the senator's constituents.

Mr. Lincoln said to me, later, "You stirred up Grimes to swear in madness over the incapacity of our general. Now, candidly, did he color it?"

I answered, "He did sleep, and we retreated, not on a bugle call, but before he snored out in prologue."

It was not long before there was a hail to the new McClellan, chief of the army, but late in the refrain, "who in triumph advances".

This is no reflection on an old soldier of seventy-four years, but a fact of the times; a key to the boldness of traitors and another evidence that our president had not only to create an army, but a delicate task in dealing with senility, sporting the plumes of youthful victories long after the stamp of raven feet, under once brilliant eyes, should have been a signal for a less vain hero to retire without an official invitation by the kind-hearted Lincoln.

HENRY CLAY.

These sketches of eminent leaders may be closed with more distant, but not less vivid, recollections of the great Kentuckian. It is many years ago that I exchanged salutations with Henry Clay at Washington, in the barber's shop of the National Hotel. Taking the chair at call of "next", a tall, venerable gentleman opened the door, whom I recognized as Mr. Clay, and to him I said, "It will be a pleasure to give you my turn." After some hesitation, and thanks for the courtesy, he said when seated, "May I know the name of the gentleman to whose politeness I am indebted, while I have visitors above waiting?" This prepared the way for his warm expressions of devotion to my kindred by name in New York, and gave me a chance to say that as a Vermonter, when the stages were full, I was compelled to walk near twenty miles to hear him speak once at Burlington. To this he replied, "I was called the lion of the occasion, but the roaring was very poor pay for so long a walk; but come up to my room at any time after dinner and we can talk at leisure." Of course I accepted the invitation, for it was at the time of heated discussion on the compromise measures, and it required a senatorial pass to gain admission to the small Senate chamber, now occupied by the Supreme Court.

I heard Mr. Clay make his last public speech, but after a peculiar outside colloquy. Webster had made his 7th of March speech, on the questions of compromise. Extreme fire-eaters like Jeff Davis, were with free-soilers, like Seward, Hale and Chase, on one side, while Clay and moderate democrats like Douglass and Dodge and Jones, from Iowa, were on the other. In the midst of a great rush for seats my senatorial card was of no avail, and only the "privileged" could find admission.

The door-keeper, C. H. Brainard, I knew well, and in the presence of an anxious, waiting crowd I touched the door to go in. "No, not unless you are a privileged member. Are you? There are new orders; the Senate chamber has been like a rushing mob. Are you privileged?" and, bowing with hesitation, he asked: "A judge?" "No." "Ex-member?" "No." "Governor?" "No." "Minister?" "Yes." "Pardon my inquisitiveness, from what court, sir, if you please?" To carry out my part of the comedy I solemnly pointed up. Thereupon Brainard, the wit, said, "I regret to inform you, my friend, that will not avail and bring you under the rule, for this government has had no intercourse with that foreign power for many years." An original retort which scattered the merry throng, and, after a brief delay I came back to find admission.

It was near the close of the great debate of the century. Jeff Davis was bitter. Senator Benton clutched the resolutions, holding them up, shouting, "So would I strangle the propositions worthy only of derision." Mr. Clay, pale and emaciated, passed up to the president's desk either for a pinch of snuff or to talk with the clerk on an amendment, and it was then in order that he said "Mr. President" with a bland expression, senatorial dignity, and unusual cadence that hushed the chamber into the stillness of sepulchre. One hand rested on the marble desk, his cloak was hung loosely, while a trembling hand was raised in solemn gestures, or oftener in wiping emotional tears which could not be hid while making a last appeal to the Senate and his country. That occasion revealed the secret of his power; a suave manner, melodious voice, sublime expression and patriotic appeal, with the premonition of a dying speech—the most touching appeal to which I ever listened.

I think there is but one person on Iowa soil besides myself who heard that farewell of the great Commoner, and that is Hon. George W. Jones, now of Dubuque, one of Iowa's then United States senators. There is no senator now serving who was in that body in 1851 and 1852.

Has time, civil commotion, bloody war, the edict of emancipation and the fierce debates of reconstruction brought into that chamber—draped in mourning on the 29th of June, 1852, for the gallant leader—a peer? Mr. Blaine names but two parliamentary leaders in his history, after Clay. Douglass excelled in mere animal force and demonstration, which moved the lower stratum of society to admiration for audacity linked to ambition which gave promise of power in a popular and gallant forensic challenge in high forum. Thaddeus Stevens was a keener wit, more learned, subtle, clearer in ethical perception and bolder in enunciation, but wanting those native gifts in voice, endowment of person and frank address so conspicuous in Clay, for whom by popular verdict there have gone up oftenest the rude, loud huzzah at the hustings, and in whose honor scholars and patriots for a generation at the festive boards, with the spontaneity of lovers, quaffed their wine to the toast — "Here is to Harry Clay!"

What of the striking personage whom an impressible young man saw from the Senate gallery! Seated, there was nothing in the wan cheek and sunken eye that suggested greatness; only pity that a gallant and great patriot had not reached the goal of his ambition. He rises, and there is nature's nobleman; tall, unbent by the toil of seventy-five years, erect, firm and graceful in movement on that floor where he held a kingly sceptre. The page boys have a benign recognition, old rivals court a smile as a benediction, and the president announces the senator from Kentucky.

How fine the modulations in clearest tones and of astonishing compass and power. You cannot escape the spell of his magnetism, nor be unmoved by that sublimity which is the climax of oratorical expression. There is no longer wonder that he is the senatorial idol, the gentleman with the "five-fold blazon", the last and greatest of the "historic triumvirate". So I remember the man; and in review of all his triumph, he is to be ever remembered as "the father of the American system of Protection".

Daniel Webster was Clay's antithesis — dark in complexion, phlegmatic temperament, rotund in form, slow and studied in speech. Reading Clay's speeches, his reputation was a mystery; hearing Webster in ordinary debate you would wonder at his fame, there being a dry flow of words with measured periods, inciting the wish that he would break the monotony and give you evidence of that power which gave him the rank of the great orator and matchless rhetorician. He was the orator for great occasions where his sympathies were enlisted and there was the challenge of a foe worthy of his powers. His business and financial speeches are seldom quoted. His set orations are chaste and classic, and unequalled. That he was under the cloud of the 7th of March speech may account for what was peculiar in his later life, when he was less free in manner and wanting that jocundity made attractive in the parlor and by the sea-side.

CHAPTER XIV.

Our Notable Guests — Wendell Phillips — John Brown — Horace Greeley — Henry Ward Beecher.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

This great character calls up thirty or more of his letters on social, business, reformatory and political matters, addressed to myself and family. My eye rests on his portrait, the best in artistic skill of all the pictures of the comely, princely, classic face of the renowned American. It is said that Wilberforce was "the most learned and respected person in all England". Has not the grave just closed over the peer of that great philanthropist in long, heroic and devoted service; one as eminent and forceful in endowment, meeting the demands of a grand epoch? Wendell Phillips is not a name to be forgotten, nor will it ever be mentioned by those who knew him personally without the deepest emotion. I shall only trace him briefly in the by-walks on his journey, rather than follow his public eulogists. It is near forty years since he charmed me with his eloquence. A debut in Iowa in 1856, described, may have the merit of interest in a state where he was a great favorite. He was to speak, on his first visit, by special contract at Iowa City — the state capitol — on the Lost Arts.

Governor Grimes, state officers, members of the legislature, and the leading minds of the city were present. These were the stormy days of 1856, and anticipating a desire to hear him on political topics, I suggested to Mr. Phillips a change of the lecture, to which he replied, "I think our timid friend the presiding officer would faint at the suggestion." The "Lost Arts" was in the orator's best vein, but previously a note had been handed to the governor and others suggesting a call for the agitator. On an agreement to second the call, a request was made at the close for a supplement without "bit or bridle". The chairman said, "The lecture is over; we have no further responsibility." (A mob had been hinted.) On a shouting vote for a new speech, the excitement began. Mr. Phillips said he would not take time to deny that he was, as he said, the incendiary fanatic, lighting up his way with burning parchments and constitutions. He first tortured half-way-house republicans with such keen wit and severity—those "who tempted their gods that fell to be foot balls"—that democrats shouted; then he bid them repress their glee, for, with the logic of a political outlaw, he would have in reserve medicine for the party rich in professions of Jefferson and profuse in the apostasy of the early Julian. Their time came and the other side cheered with great vociferation at these words: "Democracy which will assassinate Douglass and every northern man who cultivates his backbone. The last doughface is being moulded to have equal place in politics with the mummy of Egypt. Garrison has no halter about his neck; Sumner is in the Senate; your load is the heavy corpse of slavery."

His figures of speech were fresh, pathetic and eloquent, and he was urged on after repeated attempts at pausing, by cries of "Go on," "Go on," which carried the dramatic scene until after midnight. The local press was full of it. Governor Grimes, writing to his wife, called it a most exciting and enjoyable treat by the silver-tongued orator. Mr. Hepburn, M. C. from Iowa, said a few days since, that this was the speech above all others he had ever heard he best remembered, though delivered thirty-five years ago.

Years later, on my recalling that the Lyceum president, with protest and avowal that "he would not be responsible for a possible mob", Mr. Phillips said, "You capped the climax in ridicule by saying that 'your responsibility is not of the least consequence'." I wonder if such a picture of a human spaniel has recovered from a fright in fear of billets of wood and possibly accompanying stale eggs. Now and then such a specimen of fraud glides into notice, thinking that he controls sentiment, when he is only a poor show of a weather-cock gilded above where live roosters learn to crow. At best, he was but an engineer building bridges for retreat. Well, it's a part of the compensation in my journeys among strangers that such fellows produce healthful merriment.

Mr. Phillips' generosity, the spontaneity of a great heart, was well known. For labor, impartial sufferage, and many organizations, his words were free. On the request for a lecture his answer often was, "If I choose my subject, probably 'Slavery', only expenses; if you choose my subject, one hundred dollars and expenses." I give a fact in further illustration. At an early day I made investments on his account. Delinquents in principal or interest he would not allow to be sued, but would rather apologize for reminding as to the debt. There was the case of a soldier of whom he wrote, "Would it not be better to encourage him by throwing off a few hundred dollars? I cannot afford to be pushing, and had rather lose than bring pain to worthy people." There was a Kansas debtor. "If he is true to the free state men, and has a spark of the courage of Jim Lane and John Brown, let him go! Kansas has good soil but no certain value, until the issue of blood and war is over." It was his conviction that time with lenity brought greater gains than litigation. And in the issue of his western affairs his philosophy was a true one.

The theological opinions of our friend were far from loose, with a creed not atheistic, as commonly held. He was orthodox. "I know of no theological divergence from my brother-in-law, Dr. Blagden, minister of the Old South. It is possible that there are deductions and doxies of which I am ignorant, but this is not a painful reflection when on the march and in assault." As late as 1880 I received from him an account of a heated discussion in a circle of liberal authors and theologians, when he, like the historian Bancroft, gave an approval of Jonathan Edwards, the theologian, in these words: "He was a great force in New England and the 'gods' of the Connecticut valley grew up under such preaching as his. In high character, devotion to public interests and great self-sacrifice, they were as good as anything we have to-day."

It is many years since, on my proposal to make a loan of his money on hand to an orthodox church, that a good lady doubted if so much of an "infidel would like it". Long after the use of his money there was a fine stone church being completed in the city of Grinnell. Casually there came to view a fact as to his liberality. The mention that this is the ground on which he once held a mortgage, recalled that his clerk said he was not certain of its discharge. On inquiry, the trustees had for years forgotten both interest and principal. "Bring me the facts, and a blank," said Mr. Phillips, "and I will sign a release of all at once."

To the surprise of both parties, the indebtedness amounted to seven hundred and fifty dollars. This Mr. Phillips said it gave him great pleasure to donate in compliment to the enterprise of the church and its sturdy faith. At the time of the tornado, in 1882, the first notice by telegram of a few hundred dollars by "draft on the way" was from our friend, soon followed by a letter requesting me to come on, and, should he be short of money, he would find a Phillips who wasn't. Thus one thousand dollars came by a simple suggestion to aid in rebuilding the college halls destroyed.

Civil Service as a political plank, I heard him often deride, and long before its late bogus exemplar was in office. These are his exact words in a letter before me, written just before his death: "As to this cry about Civil Service, I am against creating what they have in England—a set of life-offices eaten up with *esprit du corps* and imbued with aristocratic ideas. The worst element I ever saw in this country was the close corporation of fellows who had been office-holders in Washington for thirty or forty years, and were, in 1861, the worst 'secesh'—all dead against Lincoln. My civil sevice is going a stride ahead toward more democratic institutions." This was enforced with a question, "Why should not the patrons of post offices and custom houses elect their servants under certain limitations? This will be effectual reform." In this connection, I mention that he was emphatically opposed to the free trade policy with which as a student he was enamoured theoretically, but found that in practical business concerns an American policy of protection proved to be the highest statesmanship, intimately related to our national growth and financial preeminence.

John Brown of Ossawattomie came up in association with our Liberty Room (once the parlor), where the old hero stacked his arms and his company of fugitives slept. "Don't mar it or part with it, for every year will lend interest to the room and your guest, who with courageous blood dared to strike the great blow of the century."

On my referring to the long, dreary burial trip of his friend, among the mountains, he said, "No, no! I was not at the heels of a mailed warrior, or a dead prince. It was not my purpose to keep from the funeral. Don't think me peculiar in my admiration, for I could surprise the world by telling what I know of the deep convictions of able, but very cautious surface people. There are now many strains of blood that are red and with full bead, as in other days." Soon in our history it was developed, only more than he saw in vision. When a biographer comes to picture to the life the man of soul, Brown, who lighted and alarmed with rockets in our drear dark night, Phillips will be in the foreground at the burial of the victim of the gallows, in the shadow of the forests, in the solitudes of the mountains. None but an inspired pen may touch the theme. This will be the epitaph of the hero, who was of Revolutionary blood:

I GAVE MY SWORD

TO THE

SLAVE MY FATHERS FORGOT.

The Phi Betta Kappa oration at Harvard was bold, revolutionary in mention of dynamite and dagger as a way out of the slavery of the Czar. He said: "It is not to be modified. All I could not enforce. Demand a whole loaf, if you will get half of it. This is the issue of reform that only when striking high will you bring game worth bagging. They will stop often at a half-way house for rest. Place our people in the shoes of the banished millions in Siberia, and fearful, for their children, they would say 'Amen'. Nothing heats blood like the thought of victims in our own family. The virtue of a radical idea is in making the masses think. Yes, they complain that I did not give my Alma Mater credit. They of Harvard know all its good, and it was my painful duty to remind of what it was all along their pleasure to forget."

At our last meeting in Boston he said, "Come up, and call with me on our Governor Butler; I have an errand and he will be glad to see you." While on the way across the old common, these words fell, "I don't forget a general who took our first regiment to the field in face of Baltimore assassins, when noisy and sleepy patriots, with hands in their pockets, only looked wise. If Butler is not your leader in full uniform, he will be mentioned long after mere respectable idle patriots are forgotten. Your party should have cultivated him more, and cursed him less, for it is too late to call him a mere cipher, with a cultured good stock of brains and immense vitality for emergencies."

On the State House steps and in the hall, varied humanity swarmed about Phillips like insects over honey. As near as I could learn they wanted a place and "were broke", if the passing out of bills from their friend's pockets was a fair indication of the pleas in poverty. In regard to all he said, relieved of the crowd, "I am almost doomed to hermitage, for there is a delusion as to my influence and pecuniary ability." I could then guess why he who was an heir to a fortune, a great income and with frugal habits, had little wealth, as discovered at his death.

For his home, which I often visited, I have but a word. Neither of his residences, that on Essex street which he left sorrowfully, at the demand of the city for improvements, or that on Common street, were worth more than ten thousand dollars each. Their interior finish was even plainer than the exterior. I saw no canine of any degree seeking his caresses; nor did canary or mocking-bird break the silence in window, hall or library. His interest was devoted to the higher, not the lower brute order of creation. His library was truly a work-shop. Newspapers were strewn, clipped and marked, with no semblance of order, save to him who knew all his tools as readily as the tropes and quotations leaping to his tongue in artistic form and apt array in debate. There were rare gifts in pictures, and embossed souvenir volumes from many lands. Only a poor library, by count, yet rich and rare in quality for reference and in our standard literature.

Whittier, his quiet Quaker poet and delight, was most conspicuous on the wall, both in robust youth and later in pensive mellowed age. Sumner's statue, by Miss Whitney, awakened my interest and was admired by the owner. The bust of Garrison and miniature pictures of Theodore Parker, and of John Brown in marble, brought up the old guard, and one to whose fortunes as a martyr Phillips linked his name in the mingled pathos of tears and enchantments of eulogy.

On the occasion of my last call at his house, these were the last words heard from his great, warm heart: "Though I am an old man you won't forget me, will you? Good-by." How would it be possible for those who knew him ever to forget him?

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATTOMIE.

A ring at my door, March, 1859. "Good evening, sir. I am a stranger here — pardon me — is this Mr. Grinnell?" "That is my name." "I have heard of you and do not feel like a stranger, for you married a daughter, I am told, of my old friend, Deacon Chauncey Chapin, of Springfield, Mass., where I once resided."

"Will you come and see the daughter?" "Yes, I am chilly riding, and wish to open my errand privately."

Captain Brown was not slow in making his way by a mention of his dear old friend, Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood; and he said that his Sunday timepiece was "the passing of your father's carriage on the way to church, and I would tell my group of children to hurry or we should be late to church." He accepted an invitation to tea; and his attentions to the little girl, our prattling Mary, soon brought her playfully to his knees.

"Let me see you in the hall a moment; I am not here for a social visit — I am the 'awful Brown' of whom you have heard — Captain John Brown of Kansas." "Yes, and I was reading just now in the *New York Tribune* that you were leading a company of fugitives through Iowa to Canada; that there was a large reward offered for your capture, and the United States marshals were sure to capture the party." "Please let me see the paper," and on reading, he said, "My company is just back here in the grove, and I am only a scout. Don't put yourself and family in jeopardy — I came for advice. I was in the 'wool business', and am still, they say derisively, and I hear you are openly. We are sixteen persons, with horses, and man and beast must be fed, and stop with friends if we can, and not spies. Then, it is Saturday and we want rest. I make it a rule not to travel on Sunday if it can be avoided, and to save expense we can cook our own food; and we need a rendezvous to stack our arms. What do you advise?" I opened the door into the parlor, since called the "Liberty Room", to say, "This is at your service, and you can occupy the stalls at the barn not taken. Our hotel will be as safe as any place, for a part of your company, and there is no occasion to wait until night, for you have too much of an outfit for concealment." My guest I followed to the door, the sun shining full in his face, his head uncovered with a light and facial expression an artist might covet as a subject.

He stood very erect for a man nearing sixty years, and wore a full, long beard, almost white, with hair parted and standing up, suggesting Andrew Jackson as pictured. The chin was broad, lips compressed, the eye was a keen, light gray, deep set and mild, only flashing in moments of excited action, or when crossed in debate. Charles Sumner's opinion is mine, that, after seeing his bust, there is nothing the sun shines upon so like Michael Angelo's Moses. There were no spurs on his boots, and he was only clad in a plain, well-worn suit, with nothing to suggest border warfare save a wide-rimmed hat and half-concealed pistol.

He afterward explained his pistol being in sight, for there was a law against carrying it concealed: "But mine," he said, "is not fully concealed, and there shall be no pretense for arrest on my peaceful journey."

He went to Mrs. Reid's hotel and engaged stalls for the horses, and supper for the women; then went back to meet his company. The news had spread as to Brown's arrival, and the town was out in good numbers to see the outfit. Couriers, making as good a display as possible, were glistening with spurs, and there was a clink of swords and in sight Sharp's six-shooters, which Mr. Beecher's church had purchased. There were canvas-covered wagons followed by horsemen, altogether a novel affair before the civil war era. Sentinels were placed by strict military precaution, and my parlor in the corner was a deposit for small arms, ammunition, swords and rifles, some having been brought from concealment under the canvas.

Soon there were calls from curious neighbors, the most of them to cheer, and to propose an evening reception for the guests in the large audience room used for a church. One, more conservative, said, "The town will be burned — it had been threatened, and every man should be at home to defend his property. Spies were about and the United States marshal could easily make an arrest." This nervous, good man I did not bring into Captain Brown's company, but told him of dangers. It was then that he disclosed his defense. "We can shoot sixty times a minute, and every one, even of the women, is a practiced dead-shot. My men have seen service on the border, and one or two have a military education. Never fear! I have found that cowards and ruffians are one family. Then I have many times been a fair mark for their lead while defending freedom, but they only touched my hair. But what shall I talk about to-night?" "Tell your story of Kansas, and, if you feel safe, strengthen the back-bone of our weak people — good men, but cautious."

It was a large meeting of several hundred persons, many from the groves, brought, not by sympathy, but by curiosity. Captain Brown was calm in manner, but full of emotion as he pictured the assassins from Missouri, and the death of a son, shot by outlaws in open day, and another tortured to madness — a worse fate than death — driven and chained like a dog, charged with no offense.

For his part in the Kansas struggle he made a formal defense, and said that in the taking of life there was only self-defense. "The 'drop' was in gaining the first shot, and if you are right and your life is worth more than that of a man with murderous intent, save your own. Kansas is the home of bandits — I am, with Union men, alive to tell the story, because we got into their camp, having learned that, on a certain night while asleep, we were to be shot. My soldiers got the drop — only strategy — and the violence only proved that — this is good Bible — 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.' "I went to Kansas for peaceful settlement and to save a great state from slavery. Those that went there to forge fetters became murderers and deserved to die. I am not a man of blood, but when God sends me on an errand I don't wait for my enemies to choose the battle-ground, and if I ordered men shot it was because they had planned murder. There is no law on the border. But there will be — the hirelings, backed by Buchanan, cannot face lead."

"Tell us about your company!" one called out.

"They call me a 'Nigger Thief'. Am I? I delivered the poor that cried, and there was none to help."

"But, Captain, are not your black people from Missouri?"

"Yes — and I tell you my company were to be sold; we saw them in jeopardy, not charged with crime, to be sent South as cotton hands, or to the cane fields. They called to me and I rescued them. I have never counseled violence, nor would I stir to insurrection which would involve the innocent and helpless. Twelve was the number rescued, and led out from Missouri, a kind and grateful but ignorant company. They were trained for defense and would have been obedient to command.

"Now I am in the role of a strategist, to keep the slaveholders away from Kansas, busy with their home affairs. They are learning that they have enough to do in Missouri without burning out and killing free state men in Kansas. What I have got along would have sold for ten thousand dollars, and that is double the reward I hear offered for my head. The underground railroad is doing a great business, and there is a great demand for means of transportation, but my people brought their own. We don't steal horses. They take those raised by their care, and sell them to get what is 'kept back by fraud'. Now on Monday there will be shown some of our surplus horses for sale."

"What title can you give?" called out one.

"The best — the affidavit that they were taken by black men from land they had cleared and tilled, taken in part payment for labor which is kept back."

A call again, "Was not that stealing?" "Stealing by a thing! What are they but things under the slave code? Every man has a right to a reward for labor, and I have made them men, and they want to trade the fruits of their industry for clothes and food. I don't wish to debate, but deny that 'there can be no good war, and no bad peace'. Old men, if you have got any good blood, you sprang from rebels that met the foes of God and your country as we do in Kansas. I am told spies are in this room, as they were, advocating peace, at Tabor. They are your peacemakers, but only assassins of the Kansas stripe. We are far on our journey, ready to die in an open field, but to go back never, white or black, in charge of a Buchanan marshal into worse than slavery."

J. H. Kagi spoke, but not with the solemnity of Brown, saying, "The half of border warfare had never been told. Kansas was a fine country worth a struggle, and Col. Jim Lane and his crowd were ready to meet in the right time twice their number. Captain Brown would be hunted as a wild beast, and the loss of his property, exposure to hardship, and the death of sons, would have driven any other man to madness. Canada is a good breathing place for men of color, and, from my leader who has struck terror on the border, you will hear again." This, no doubt, had reference to the Virginia constitution, a part of which was written in my house, and to his Virginia raid the next December. Thus we saw Brown in public, skilled in repartee and effective in narration, with a purpose.

In prayer, there was a supplication for enemies, and the poor fighting our battles on the border. On my asking for details in his experiences, he said, "I have an aversion to talking about it; the deeds were so horrible and my brain almost reels over the pictures, but if there is a God — and there is — He will avenge."

The old prophets were often quoted on that Sunday, and great truths worthy of the renowned sages fell from his lips, which I took down at the time, and from memory gave to the press. They are to be found in Brown's life by Redpath.

Captain Brown was an expert in the wool-trade. In my sheep barn and wool loft he lingered, saying that it was by honest sorting that he helped the trade, and by his independence that he became a poor man. "Grease and filth will not make cloth. I can with my eyes closed, tell of the texture of a fleece, and by the touch if strong or weak, if grown on a poor or fat animal; and honest selling on merit was my aim. I made a standard, and shipped to England a fine clip just as the price went down. There is no discounting my Canada and English trade in fleecy locks now, though disaster is predicted. Somebody, like many an inventor, has to fail. It is a question whether a dead man is a failure when living ones climb over him easier to scale the wall. I am under the law of fate which I cannot read. I like a quiet home and children, but there is no rest for me. Springfield, madam," addressing Mrs. G., "is a beautiful city, and Doctor Osgood was a sample minister above his profession, and he would urge me to quiet as you do. Yes — wife, boys and all are full of fear, but they don't know my mission — it is direct from God Almighty, and I am discharging it."

That gave me the first indication of a kind of insanity, and I appealed to him to "take rest or your losses and severe sacrifice of your boys will drive you to madness".

"No — the battle is raging, and I must fight, much as I like a home, and play with children."

J. H. Kagi appeared with a large bundle and sat in my library writing, while a sentinel was near. As the door was ajar, I heard Brown say that "he would not have it — the article must be drafted over". There was a long reading and discussion, thereupon a remark, to me, "I can trust you, and as a friend, if you overheard anything, I pray you regard it a profound secret." A part of the draft of the Virginia constitution I have no doubt was made then, yet was ignorant of his emancipation plot, which cost his life.

The Sunday evening meeting had been noticed in the morning, and it was more solemn than exciting. Captain Brown spoke without any spirit of revenge, and like a statesman.

"Slavery is a crime, and a real lover of his race and country will put a wall of fire around it. Some will dare to die yet, as so many have done on the border. You have a college started, and I hear your prayers, and this spirit will save the country. Slavery cannot endure a college, or a prayer that goes above the roof." Three clergymen spoke kindly, and prayed for the safety of the company and Kansas. A collection was taken, and an offer of food to take on the way. The sentiment was far from a unit. Tabor had deprecated the raid; and, to save burning as a town and fines, that would be a wise course for Grinnell; but, the counsels of age and a dash of strong talk overcame all, leaving the hero and company to shake hands, and a parting "God bless you". It was an educational meeting of a high order, bracing for a feared conflict between the marshal and Brown's company.

Reaching home I found a stage agent or driver, with a message. Here we have the hero outside the church. The marshal, Mr. Workman, of Iowa City, was an ex-senator, postmaster, and a personal friend in securing a right of way for the railroad of which I was a director. He wrote, "You can see that it will give your town a bad name to have a fight there; then all who aid are liable, and there will be an arrest or blood. Get the old Devil away to save trouble, for he will be taken, dead or alive." Of course it was my first duty to tell Brown the situation.

"Yes, I have heard of him ever since I came to the state, and perhaps I better leave the house and take to the barn, but I tell you all such soldiers are cowards, and can be stampeded like cattle. My word is, tell him we are ready to be taken, but will wait one day more for his military squad." Going over to the hotel to send the message by the stage, a plausable democrat gave me some advice, and said he might be enrolled to kill a nigger thief, but didn't want me hurt. At home I found the door ajar to the room that contained the arms. "There be six Richmonds in the field"—no, six on the floor, sleeping on their arms, grasping a weapon on the first sound. Brown was up stairs asleep, well armed, and came down to breakfast in good cheer and talkative.

"We are prepared, and you see we cannot be surprised. Raw recruits shoot too high; the body is a larger mark than the head, and men wounded in the bowels or breast make a greater panic than dead ones. I advise that we take the hind sight of our guns, then reserve fire. Don't think of volunteers among your people — nothing but spies and thickets trouble me. I do wish that we had co-transportation through Illinois, to save time and perils to my company. If I dared I should report to Dr. S. G. Howe of Boston, or friends; there is no trusting the Post Office and I use a cipher."

Here was the hero in the possible meeting of a drilled company — thought to be three to one — and allured by glory in democratic service and thousands of dollars in reward.

Good as his word, Brown waited, and then loaded the women and chattels, with the baggage, into the canvas-covered wagons, led by dashing riders, and a rear guard armed like moving arsenals. The young child (named after him) was in his arms on the front seat, the mother still ill, and he lifted his hat, waving a cheerful adieu, and the company passed out of sight, bound for the Quaker settlement in Cedar County. A lively discussion was kept up in the town, until the return news came that they were to be sent in a car as stock, secretly, from West Liberty to Chicago. The circumstances were these: I had meanwhile gone to Chicago, as a wool-shipper, and from the late John F. Tracy, superintendent, engaged a stock car for the fugitives from West Liberty to Chicago at fifty dollars. The kind of freight was not named, and the democratic manager, while suspicious, was kept in ignorance. When too late the permission was withdrawn, for the outfit had filled the car, and Brown was so fully aware of the value of caution that there was only a secret unloading in Chicago. It was in vain that I offered the freight money, Mr. Tracy saying, "I would not accept it for ten thousand dollars since we might be held for the value of every one of the niggers." Yet, it was true that the real owners of the railway property were not averse to the new species of freighting.

Where was the valiant Marshal Workman? That radical of the time, William Penn Clark, with Dr. Jesse Brown, were also engaged in securing transportation, and tauntingly urged Workman to get out his company, less valiant the more they heard of Brown. The old hero had gauged the slave hunter. Reed's Johnson County History has the following:

> "It immediately became street talk in Iowa City that Brown, with a large party of fugitive slaves, was in the vicinity; and, as a reward of three thousand dollars had been offered by the authorities of Missouri for the arrest of the negroes, the disinterested advocates of the rigid enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law began to discuss the propriety of collecting a mob and marching on Pedee and capturing Brown and his party. Sam Workman, then postmaster at Iowa City, was the captain of the gang organized for this purpose, but Brown having returned a reply breathing quiet defiance to Workman's threat of capturing him, the postmaster, after consulting his friend Captain Kelly, an Irish gentleman of great eminence — that is to say, six feet and seven inches tall — deferred the undertaking."

The account in Sanborn's Life of John Brown I assume to be true. It is only the truth that Grinnell had been a station on the underground railway, but the departures had been in the night and the adventurers not generally known. Certainly the event had found no local publicity, attended with cost if not personal peril. The "broadbrims" were usually conductors of a covered wagon. Now and then a daring, safe driver would have at his side a broad, double-faced bull-dog, a device which kept curious persons from investigating the quality of the freight. At an early day there were quiet camping places for the day, and rest for a resumption on the journey at dark.

The great railroad manager, H. M. Hoxie, now dead, showed his early spirit and aptness when in the family of the founder of Mitchelville, near Des Moines. "Uncle" and Hon. Thos. Mitchell, now under a whitening crown, can invite the statute of limitation as a bar to his youthful law breaking, for he taught what he practiced with the ardor of a new convert and the efficiency of a field marshal. The late and lamented H. M. Hoxie was a *protégé* of his, and the pleasure and excitement of "helping on a darky" was only heightened, even after he became county clerk, by a knowledge that with his native adroitness he had got the pursuers on the wrong track.

This is a sample of the cipher messages of the time, and a judicious device, as both Mr. Mitchell and I raised sheep. We were afraid of the mails and the following letter was delivered by a trusted stage passenger:

> "*Dear Grinnell:* Uncle Tom says if the roads are not too bad you can look for those fleeces of wool by to-morrow. Send them on to test the market and price, and no back charges. Yours, Hub."

They came at night, and were the darkest, saddest specimens of humanity I have ever seen, glad to camp on the floor, while the veteran was a night guard with his dog and a miniature arsenal, ready for use on alarm. Breakfast over, for obvious reasons they chose a refuge in the barn until dark, and while filing out, one observed a colored picture on the wall, representing the Saviour on a cross, and shouted, "Marsa, what they doing with that fellow up thar?" The reply was, "Crucifying the Saviour." "What's dat?" "Taking His life — it is Jesus."

The later career of Brown, with the safe arrival of his spoil from the southern prison house, in Canada, came to be well known. It is described in volumes by Redpath and Webb Sanborn, with the Virginia invasion, capture at Harper's Ferry, and execution at Charlestown, Va., after a show of trial in December, 1859. There is a personal item not to be forgotten. Captain Brown wrote me of his safe arrival among the Quakers and in Chicago, to which I replied with good wishes.

From Springdale, the following letter was written, as appears in Sanborn's life of the hero, headed, "Reception at Grinnell, Iowa, compared with Tabor":

> 1. Whole party and teams kept for two days free of cost.
> 2. Sundry articles of clothing given to the captives.
> 3. Bread, meat, cakes, pies, etc., prepared for our journey.
> 4. Full houses for two nights in succession, at which meetings Brown and Kagi spoke, and were loudly cheered and fully endorsed. Three Congregational clergymen attended the meeting on Sabbath evening (notice of which was given from the pulpit). All of them took part in justifying our course and in urging contributions in our behalf. There was no dissenting speaker at either meeting. Mr. Grinnell spoke at length and has since labored to procure us a free and safe conveyance to Chicago, and effected it. Contributions in cash amounting to $26.50. Last but not least, public thanksgiving to Almighty God offered up by Mr. Grinnell in behalf of the whole company for His great mercy and protecting care, with prayers for a continuance of these blessings, etc.
>
> Our reception among the Quakers here has been most cordial. Yours truly,
>
> JOHN BROWN.

On his capture a hundred letters or more were found in his possession, mine with others, supposed to indicate a political conspiracy, and punishable by fine and imprisonment. Senator J. M. Mason of Virginia, author of the fugitive slave law, at the earliest moment introduced a resolution to investigate with large powers. The Satanic press gloated over the character of the culprits, prejudged, and northern timid partisans were nervous, even malignant in spirit.

Senator James W. Grimes from Iowa, by letter advised me at once that I should get out of the way or have the company of a marshal to Washington. It would not be just to name friends who advised a visit and stay in Canada until the storm was over, or to mention the fears of those who held that the party would suffer by my radicalism, for I was then a state senator. There was no time for delay, and, secretly to my nearest friends, I left for Washington, to answer, passing the United States marshal, with his requisition, as I learned, at Pittsburg. I called on Senator Grimes first, and by his advice reported to Senator Mason.

"Where is the officer?" Said the pompous senator, "I cannot say when you will be wanted. Can you give a bond to appear?"

"No, sir; but I am here ready to answer, and have escaped the company of an officer to meet a scowl."

I wrote a note to my senator, urging that I had staid long enough, after a week, but should not leave secretly, and asked for my rights and an early examination.

The witnesses called, and escapes of the suspected, is a part of the great sensational drama, and I retired only after a long delay and a threat by Senator Grimes to bring my case up before the senate, if not early heard or discharged. Mason, by his clerk, said I was too willing a witness, and could go, but I could have no letters of my own writing, and there were no fees, and pride as to my company would lose my railroad fare.

Recounting all relating to the Brown tragedy, nothing is so strange as the revulsion of public sentiment in the conviction that the hero of the century appeared as the mighty agent in awakening public sentiment to the enormities of that system for which a man "dared to die". Mistakes are easily named after the battle is lost. The place was unfortunate, and there was vain trust in the spirit of the slave, afraid to strike for his liberty. But the valor of the man and cowardice of oppressors made it true that they executed a hero not for a crime but for the exposure of cowardice.

I long since put in the flames letters of commiseration and excerpts from the warnings against my delusion. Now I can name Seward, who placed the martyr's picture beside heroes, to remind of duty and God. Brown's life becomes majestic by the highest standard; more pathetic than romance, stranger than history, than all legendary tales; a compeer of lion hearts who have honored a scaffold. He is immortalized, the soul marching on with the legion of soldiers, inspiring them in the camp, on the march and in assault. "His soul is marching on."

HORACE GREELEY.

Horace Greeley was the unquestioned great journalist of the century. I knew him forty years ago, ever the object of curiosity in public assemblies — the prolific subject of caricature by the novice and the sordid political hireling. In his latter days his form was bent, and, with a wabbling gait, flowing flaxen locks, old white coat, banged hat, neck-tie awry, he was a distant remove from that semblance of a tailor-made man — Carlyle's clothes dummy; but the touch of that soft, delicate hand and the parian-white, comely, massive head, the very impersonation of beauty and power, was never jeered save by shallow sacrilegious scribblers, too obtuse to see set on that brow "the seal of a god".

It is well known that Mr. Greeley avowed in public, in private by letter, and speech, that he had wasted breath and entreaty on thousands to gain free air and independence out of the city, and that I, as before narrated, was the young man who heeded "Go West, young man! Go West!"

From the city of Grinnell, in 1871, he wrote a letter quite too profuse in praise, yet a picture of the seat of Iowa College, an institution of five hundred students, and of the beauty of the place, to which, without reservation, I subscribe. I could make only a feeble return to his compliments by a dinner party in his honor at St. Nicholas Hotel in New York. I indulge here in personal reminiscences which have the merit of freshness rather than of worn stories or doubtful legends.

His fidelity as a historian of the war is proven by an incident. There was a wide and warm discussion as to the positions and behavior of a certain general in battle, and the issue. To gain the truth apart from officer and romancer, he wished to hear the story of a private regular soldier on duty, then miles away from Washington. He asked me to accompany him, he being in disguise, with a pretext to call out the soldier, and guage the witness in the honesty of a simple, social narrative. To military men it was a secret, but all related to his history of the actors, the issue and strategy of war. He gained what he desired, only by a cold, muddy ride of six miles.

Mr. Greeley was too thoughtful for idle questions, yet would occasionally unbend. Once I said to him, "There is a plot to get your white coat as a joke." "I know it," he said, "the sneaks have been on my track for years, but money wouldn't buy it, and I should never hear the last of it if stolen." During his stay in Iowa, while awake, the coat was never out of sight, and at night was by his pillow, though he could not have suspected us as in the conspiracy. He had explained his attachment to old things—hat, shoes, that were suited to him, and like old friends not to be parted with.

The overland stage ride to California evinced his courage, as well as invited hardships, to give the public the best views of the new El Dorado. Blessings did brighten on the frontier as they took their flight, and while stories of the journey became lame in traveling, yet many of them were authentic. "How was it about that perilous ride with the driver?" "That's true—I never could express my fright; and my comrades, passengers, were, in the language of the Irishman, 'past shpaking'."

It was the most courageous adventure of a great editor, mocking the dangers incident to stage robbery, uncomplaining, confronted with hardships, awake while others slept, writing—his knees or a cracker box for a table—while companions cracked jokes, drawing on their bottles for exhilaration. They were doleful in laments for a people doomed to live in such a country, and in doubt of the wisdom of a Ruler who tolerated such wastes, depreciating the might of a World-maker. Mr. Greeley saw in future years the water locked in reservoirs, the lands irrigated, gold mined by new processes, and homes of comfort and content by the mountain.

"Across the Continent." This volume of travels is the luminous track made by the pen of an unarmed crusader. The notes were made not for revision, and to be graced by wit and rhetoric, but thrown off warm for a hungry people, readers of the *New York Tribune*, scientists, political economists and philosophers. It was a new page of facts, an unvarnished tale, then read as romance, now read by later travelers on a Pullman car, as the forecast of a keen observer, the vision of an ardent American. He wrote more truth than all before him saw, and gave the headland pictures for imitators who came after him, not blurred by change or time. John Brown and his battles, the Kansas border war, politicians in conventions, the argument for the Pacific Railway, and the route, Indians, Brigham Young and Mormons, mining in Nevada and California, the people in character and aspiration, the Golden Gate and white-winged commerce—all these were taken in by his penetrating and comprehensive eye.

I give only samples, laconic records of pioneer, border simplicity in 1859:

"May 12th. Chicago. Chocolate and morning newspapers last seen at breakfast.

23d. Leavenworth. Room bells and baths make their final appearance.

24th. Topeka. Beefsteak and wash-bowls (other than tin), last visible. Barber ditto.

26th. Manhattan. Potatoes and eggs last recognized. Chairs ditto.

27th. Junction City. Last visitation of boot-black, with dissolving views of board bedroom. Bedsteads a good-by.

28th. Pipe Creek. Benches at meals disappearing, giving place to bags and boxes—we write on laps by turns, and on express baggage, which supplies us with lodgings at night.

As to the Indians Mr. Greeley in private as well as by pen laughed at the romances of the Indians, holding that they were all children—they made no progress, were feared and hated, wasting in huts, on the limits of human existence. Pontiac and Tecumseh were no doubt noble fellows, but the race has disappeared.

"Well, about the whiskey and water at the station?" "Yes, yes, I remembered it—we drank together—he took the whiskey and I took the water. The scribblers are anxious to get a fresh goose to pluck; that is a part of the trade, and I have compassionated many a poor devil in my leisure as a news-hunter."

His characteristic stories are without number; I give one—that of a hand-car ride.

"I had to reach an Indiana appointment for a lecture, but the locomotive failed us. I told my introductory story with an apology for my delay, which brought out the only laugh heard from that audience. I placed the hand-car boys under good pay, yet, getting weary and myself chilled on the car, proposed to help. I took off my hat, and, with hair streaming, coat-skirts in the wind, I did duty, reminded of the monotony of turning the grindstone when a boy, before breakfast. Soon my hands began to burn, with blisters swelling my fingers — they were painful, and all occasioned by forgetting to let the handle turn freely. The audience was good natured, but I was weary and crippled, and hinted that I might want a small boy to turn the leaves; but, in the humor of narration, pictured myself and the painful outcome. 'Friends,' I said, 'I will now proceed with a single reflection suggested by a lame back, palsied fingers and general debility. As for hand-car rolling, whatever may be said of it as an exercise, I don't conscientiously recommend it for an amusement.' This, I judge, they took for a clever jest by the cheers it brought out, for they were the first and last of the evening."

One day he said, "I know I am no orator, and why do they keep me on the go?" My answer was, "It is your fame as an editor, and a tone with accent far more novel than entertaining. Now there's your lecture on poetry — long, deep, and that high key and round 'powetry' falls into the ludicrous." "If that makes a laugh I'll burn the thing."

Farmers' and State Fair Meetings were his delight, and these are incidents connected with his speech at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1871. Mr. J. S. Clarkson, editor of the *State Register*, late assistant postmaster-general, called upon him in my company for his address in full, or the heads. Mr. Greeley answered, "I like your enterprise, but I don't know a word I am to say — I hope your reporter may learn that I talked about deep plowing — I must have one hour for sleep, and then one for dinner and to get ready." He took a small sheet of paper and cut it into twenty or more slips, marked 1, 2, etc. and with each number a word or a sentence to guide his thoughts; as fast as used it was his habit to lay them down in their order. He spoke from a new wagon, to a great crowd, saying to me, before speaking, "As I am very stupid, if I drop a stich, when I bend my head for a taste of water you hint a word if you think the case requires it."

Near the close, in this office of mentor I said, "trees," and there was a brilliant passage; later, "farmers' education," and he branched out to say, "Lands held by ignorant owners were worth no more by the acre than lands in Sodom." The "city" was mentioned, and response came, "Des Moines has a great future, but you are proud enough now without my flattery." The speech was a great success, and confirms his fame for versatility and the poise of a great educator.

His was a warm heart, decrying capital punishment as a cruel barbarism. Yet he would, without the least compunction, by the merciless strictures of his pen, inflict greater pain than caused by a gibbet. Shams, the idle, dissipated society, felt his keen lance, yet unfortunates, like young Vanderbilt, personally without money or credit, could gain thousands by Mr. Greeley's indorsement, a sample in a long role of dependents living on a good nature which rendered him poor, while he might honestly have been nearly a millionaire. There was, too, a sample of his paradoxical nature, when, doubting orthodox punishment in the hereafter, he would with towering indignation consign villanies and villains to the penal abode of hell in the "old version".

Mr. Greeley was in certain moods a fine talker, with positive convictions as to men. Speaking of early men, and newspaper writers, he said: "On the New Yorker, merged in the Log Cabin of 1840, I did my best and most satisfactory campaign service. I detested mere partisanship, and strove to elevate the masses, and strike at pretenders ready to sell or bow to the South on smooth promises and half pay. You cannot make a good bargain with Tammany cohorts and southern allies. Union meant slavery sacred. I never want to engage in the pack-horse business to take along luggage, better to be dumped in the sea or burned."

On another occasion, there was a gathering of friends on return from a Texas visit. On the next morning we met. Said Mr. Greeley, "Did you look in the eye my best friend who called the guests?" "Yes, a fine, genial man you mentioned often as Chauncey." "Well, keep track of him. He, as the tailors say of the cloak, has the making of a good coat. You will hear from him as rich in wit, a scarce article, and the rising orator of the day. It is safe to say what Chauncey M. Depew ought to be in the nation."

A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE IN 1872.

It has often been said, but not with truth, that he sought the liberal nomination. From his letter to me, a delegate at Cincinnati, I extract:

"Leave my name out of the question as a candidate. We ought to unite on Judge Davis of Illinois — the old friend of Mr. Lincoln. Of Grant say, his nepotism is a scandal — surroundings anything but fragrant. Now is the time to strike for the one-term principle — give full credit, as I do, to our military president, when preferring a civilian for a change. Write full news as to friends — your letter cheers me."

At his office, in company with Ex-Governor Fenton, the following conversation was had: "I read that account of the state political fusion of Des Moines, and the funeral services on the burial of the old democratic party. Mr. Irish (Hon. John P. Irish, now of California) was really eloquent for a Bourbon, but I doubt if the 'remains' will allow the grave to sod over, even with extra attention of a sexton at the genteel burial." This was in anticipation of a revolt, and a clear political forecast of the Bourbons who lay in wait to compass his defeat. It was at his desk in the heat of the convass, when a score of political letters were passed over to me as curiosities, indicating the spirit of the campaign. Mr. Greeley commented:

"The theoretical free trader wants me to modify on the tariff to help our cause — then a distiller thinks a few soft words would take out the sting and hold the democrats. It would be policy for the South to mildly discount the abuse of Jeff Davis. There is no end to the slurs from the North on account of my going on the Davis bond — if I did help get a big elephant off our hands. He had a right to a trial after a long imprisonment, if not to be hung, and was fast sizing up to be a martyr. Any man but an obtuse demagogue would have seen it. These hints and advice I burned unanswered. What do they take me for? The penalty of a nomination is silence, and diluted opinions I shall not put on the market, for I haven't any for the occasion. It is out of the question to rise above the dignity of a jumping-jack." Turning to Governor Fenton, he said: "Can you suggest any creature in my place for vicarious suffering? I am in a straight-jacket, but if it were you, you could have worn it without exposing political foibles, as a pleasant irritation. The machine is under full steam, and there is a money scare which will array the timid and sneaks against us; but I am going among the people for country air and to speak." He did go.

The political addresses by Mr. Greeley, in number, vigor and depth, were an astonishment to the crowds who listened. In Indiana especially, the home of great stumpers and politicians, there was nothing worthy of comparison intellectually to the philosopher candidate. The canvass was then bringing on insomnia and nervous debility, prompting the remark that "if I should be elected president I could never serve". He was conscious that he was making the last draft on a colossal, weary brain. He was adjuring his country to lay party on the altar of fraternity, to insure peace, the end of sectional strife, and national oneness; and truly his words were like the song of the dying swan, singing sweetest in the death-notes. It was too late for arguments. Venality had a price; senility, a refuge; youth, a yearning for a victory shout. The bright stars which shone over the liberal party in August were obscured by the dark, ominous clouds of October; and a caricatured, maligned servant of his party, for thirty years, plainly read defeat at the watching by the bedside of a sick wife and with the added premonition that he was soon to follow her.

THE END.

I never indulged in severe denunciation of General Grant, but expressed my opinion that we had use for a civilian, and that the general's fame would be more assured by one term than by two. Thus it was not defeat as a partisan, but sorrow for Mr. Greeley in his domestic grief, and his defeat, that made me a caller on him before a full return of the presidential canvass. The public had faint hints as to his health, and it was only as a personal favor that I was admitted to the editorial rooms of the *Tribune*, to witness the culmination and close of the sad visits for twenty-five years.

Mr. Whitelaw Reed, managing editor and ever a gentleman, was cordial, and we held conversation unnoticed by Mr. Greeley, who was writing. To engage his attention Mr. Reed said, "Mr. Grinnell of Iowa calls to see you." The pen was dropped, and I entreated him not to rise, being shocked by his limp, bony hand, sunken eye and wan expression. The voice was off key, tremulous and low, and I ventured to express admiration for his speeches in the canvass, and hoped that he would soon find rest. Oh, the despairing look! "No—all is gone! I am worn out watching by my sick wife! It's all lost—nothing left—a rout—friends stranded who have done everything—and nothing left but honor, in the wreck where I go down." He took up his pen tremulously to finish an article he was writing, when soon there was a call and notice that the carriage was waiting; then, with a wild stare, he said, "I will go!" casting with a sigh the last glance upon his desk. I accompanied him down the stairs through the office, where in the countenance of the employees you read sorrowful apprehension; and the remark was confirmed, "This is our last look on Mr. Greeley alive." Unknown to him, by a pretext, he was taken to a private medical retreat which he never left; and thus I saw him write his last editorial lines, and this was a sad farewell.

That his death was by political disappointment is only a cruel suggestion, repelled by every intimate friend of the great journalist. His work was done. Long and severe tension weakens the toughest metals — mental strain and anguish heated a brain in a fiery alembic, "loosing the silver cord." Not by political assassins, but by excessive toil, the brain was softened — clouded, to be emancipated for a higher realm. A great heart, strong and warm in pulsation for sixty-one years, ceased to beat.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mr. J. B. Pond, for many years Mr. Beecher's agent and traveling companion, said that my house in Grinnell, where he staid, was the only house where he became a guest during all his years of journeying while lecturing. This fact, with the civilities and compliments exchanged in correspondence, give occasion for the following biographical incidents. They become a key to open to me a unique chapter in the phases of personal life for more than forty years. They will furnish more than mere incidents to that full biography which yet remains to be written. No statesman, president or general, has been so often mentioned by his countrymen for the last forty years, and with a distinction for which there were obvious reasons. He held the office of an educator, conspicuous to the public gaze, and no subject was omitted cognate to American life. The very hill-tops and mountains of thought were climbed by him, far above the quiet beaten paths of the serene valleys. He was a pioneer in service in every sphere where boldness summoned and a genius like his was attracted. Indifferent to personal reward, he was fearless in the forum of his choice.

Do I hear the cavil on the mention of his fame: "He left no system of theology, though a divine?" Granted. He removed cobwebs and dust from the volumes of the old, stimulating independent thought and warming the cold and repulsive, while leaving truth in a new dress. From nature's armory he drew weapons, useless with the rust of neglect. This was an estimate of my friend on hearing the sad news of his illness:

"If he is dead, he has passed away according to his often-expressed wish, that he 'might not tarry on the shore between the living and the dead'. Here in Grinnell he has often spoken—three times my guest and myself much oftener his during the last forty years. For Mr. Beecher there will be to-day thousands of tributes from all over the civilized world. Those only will give the full measure of a great career that do not magnify the blunders of a bold genius and thinker, the frailties of a humanitarian, yet innocent of the vices with which jealousy, craft, and the uncharitable without investigation, have associated his name. Since the Tilton and Moulton conspiracy ten years ago, he has achieved more than any one of the 'suspicious brothers'; he has held as by hooks of steel the brave, great friends of forty years, and the second largest congregation in the United States, in a missionary location far from the abodes of fashion.

"He will live as one of the boldest, most genial and great-hearted of men. Liberal with a reason, fraternal in practice, fearless in the use of language, with a child's simplicity and a giant's strength. All the flowers that bloom and the trees that wave he could call by name. In his brain were the world's battlefields, and for all the great captains he had a biography. No one but him abashed a foreign rebel mob. His lectures to young men, written at thirty, have never been equaled. Speaker for all classes, and preacher, his printed words would fill one hundred volumes—twice the product of any American clergyman, with only a rare repetition of incident or figure, at once fresh, warm, poetic, emotional and grand, all free from pedantry, simulation and cant. Who held a warmer place in the hearts of the million? Who more endeared, or with a higher claim to the generous judgment of mankind?"

He had a memory for generalization which was a most remarkable accomplishment, yet to quote poetry or philosophy with verbal correctness, or to give exact dates, was quite out of the question; but a story once known the spirit was forever his. I give this incident in proof that he was one of the widest readers of men, with all the aptitudes of a philosophic historian:

Over thirty years ago I was present at his house when a military committee of the soldiers of 1812 called on him to make the annual oration in Broadway Tabernacle. He said: "I am busy. Give me a few days to decide." "Ah, but the meeting is to-night." To which Mr. Beecher replied: "You wish me to speak to thousands of people on three hours' notice. Do you take me for a race horse, to go at the tap of a drum, or a hand organ, to bring forth a tune upon winding? But I see you are in a lurch, tell me all about it?" Amidst the blushes it was made known that General Dix, the orator, was sick, and his military substitute was at sea. "And now," said Mr. Beecher, "you wish to decoy a peacemaker into showing his ignorance, and to applaud a war which honest diplomacy would have avoided; but if you will take the risk, I will come." At which the grateful generals departed.

I then remarked, "Mr. Beecher, I fear you cannot afford the effort; time is short, this is not in your line of thought, and a mighty crowd of the cultured military circles will be present." "Yes, yes, I know, and mother (Mrs. Beecher) frowns at my venture. Let us go to dinner and talk it over, while I draw from your deep wells and see if I come up with empty buckets." The sequel confirmed what the orator said. "The map recalls every battle by land or by sea, the generals and admirals, the actors, their prowess, their failures and their part in our politics since. You corner me on a date, I see, but not on a man."

I was an auditor that night at the Tabernacle, and such mirth and cheers! He spoke of war as a method; the actors; General Cass breaking his sword; the tars on Lake Erie; Jackson behind a cotton bale at New Orleans; and all with compliments that made "the braves" both blush and be astonished at their own valor. The *Morning Press* with columns of reports, said, "It was the most learned, witty and apt oration of the century on warriors at peace."

The dinner of the New England Society of New York has for a half century been held as the grand oratorical feast of the nation. An after dinner speech few orators are equal to, but there the great preacher shone. Wit flowed like water babbling from a mountain spring. It was spontaneity. General Sherman exclaimed, "There is punishment again *after* Beecher." I don't think it was any better to go *before* him. Two of the presidents remarked to me "that out of the hundreds of speakers Beecher alone more than met expectation"—not in the line of General Porter and Depew, the princes of table orators, whose real and convulsive wit is effervescent, but in deep currents, beautiful flights and mirthful incidents, given with a pure Saxon in pleasing cadence that for many years made his absence from the dinner like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. On one great occasion at the conclusion of a fine speech, when complimented, he said, "I had all the advantage of a surprise." On his first visit to New York, he came to make one platform speech, but made many with astonishing climax, and when called upon by a thousand voices to "Go on," "Go on," he paused to say, "You would with your force-pumps make even your Hudson dry at a low stage of boating."

After the great church council, before the conspiracy was unmasked, the largest ever convened on this continent, I said to Mr. Beecher: "Do you know what had more to do than all speeches or witnesses or records with the unanimous vote? It was your Sunday morning sermon, 'Under God'. That ended doubts and ripened friendships in a dark hour."

"I moulded it in an hour after breakfast." Later, being asked why he did not rest, as he was now past seventy, he said: "To keep still would be death. The reviled Jew, with the only real pedigree, has a claim on me. Also Catholics—I am not one, but the thoughts and heroism of their saints make me forget the Inquisition, remembering jealous Christian inquisitors who would gloat over my oozing blood. Let me die early if I make no protest against dogmatic intolerance and fail to ask the breath of God to stir the stagnant pools."

His England speeches for our Union made a fitting topic of thought for the civilized world. He saved our cause with more than the skill of a diplomat, and the courage of a field marshal in a Napoleonic charge. It was a necessary conflict on a foreign shore, and it was easy to call out the great orator in review of that single combat, regarding himself as sent by God in personal service to his country in the war for freedom and unity. The last European trip brought out this dinner talk just before his departure. "Will you take part in the Irish discussion?" "No; I go to see and speak—not as a partisan. Before, during our war, God sent me, and I loved to fight. I want to see and hear Gladstone, the greatest of living men. I am for Ireland." "I know you do not surrender your Americanism." "Don't be alarmed, my dear boy; if I am an ignorant theorist here, it will be a pleasure to say we can teach an old mother tenderly. Our industrial North has the finest villages and the happiest people on earth, in the sound of the hum of Yankee machinery." "That will be like you, in memory of your father who taught the nation on protection," I said. "But you cannot allow any speculation, because I am a financial failure, and I do not forget your introduction while West, that I was going to talk about a subject on which I knew nothing. The financial question is deep and dark, but I am too old to wear a straight-jacket. Free trade is a good way off, but John Bull, to whom we owe so little, will get small comfort from my visit in finance or policy."

Beecher was true to his word and spoke with cool judgment abroad, like a true American, refusing to be caught by the free traders' blandishments or to side with the landlords. At this time he would be called only a *pro tem* democrat. "I am for real progress, and my old friends will find that I have burned no bridges to prevent a return, and I have not a drop of mugwump blood, if that means a sluggish flow."

I do not forget that late in life he was allured from a holy mission, by zealous friends and constant importunity, to speak from a lower plane on fiscal science, in favor of the theories of free trade. Yet it was his sober opinion that he was a child in finance. An army of figures and a thousand conflicting theories were not suited to his mental calibre. A pardonable weakness, for, however tenacious in theory, he was outspoken abroad in declaration that our factories and forges held an intimate relation to our advancing wealth, and to fair wages and comforts for the laborer.

With his warmest friends in our sorrow, I never mentioned his political lapse, and his apology for his presidential choice. To mention the peculiar occasion of his hostility to Mr. Blaine would only be to recall the weaknesses of great men, forgotten in the halo of eminent service which tempers and recasts public opinion. He said at his own table, the last time I ever heard him mention the great name, "You worship brilliancy. I do not denounce but distrusted Blaine as a president, the more so as his magnetism possessed our sober people," mentioning a half dozen prominent in his church.

A deep emotional nature was a rare gift. It was brought out in the grief of others, as the brilliancy of stars when skirted with the dark clouds. I mention without coloring a tribute most honorable to the parties. There was a great national religious council called in the city of Washington in 1853, embracing many of the most eminent laymen and divines of the country. It was my lot to be appointed one of a committee to notify the then president, Franklin Pierce, that it would be agreeable to call upon him in a body at the White House. We were welcomed by the accomplished president, who set an hour for our reception. As I was about closing the door to leave, the president said, "I should be happy to have you wait a moment and speak to Mrs. Pierce." He returned soon to say that Mrs. Pierce said at breakfast this morning she saw Mr. Beecher was in the city and she hoped to see him, and added, "If you will convey to him our compliments and say Mrs. Pierce would be glad to see him personally, I will esteem it a favor." The council called in a body, the president quietly taking Mr. Beecher's hand as the company left, and he was shown to Mrs. Pierce's room. The interview was a most remarkable one, the great preacher subsequently saying privately that he was never so overcome by the outpouring of an apparently broken heart. Their son, the only child in the family, was killed in a railway accident, and the mother had scarcely smiled since the occurrence, and almost refused to be comforted. The counsellor ventured the hope that she would be lifted in her despondency, as she soon after was. The president himself afterward said he had no words to express his gratitude to the council for their call, and the soothing words of Mr. Beecher had a remarkable effect in dispelling the dark cloud which always seemed to hover over them, since by the death of their dear boy they were childless.

Often when listening to his public prayers, I have thought that Mr. Beecher's supplications, so subdued in tone and in simple child-like entreaty, became his most effective appeal. Time did not lessen the impression, nor abate the novelty which forbade criticism of poetic outbursts, comforting and sweet to those in mourning, who, like Mrs. Pierce, found solace in sorrow and a new occasion to hope. I once said to him in the West, "I was glad you made that long prayer." "Long, was it? I am not conscious of it, nor can I recall anything I said, but if taken up in any good sense out of myself, I ought to be glad." He was as tender as if with tears flowing and voice often broken — an advocate before the great throne with such an effect on hearers as I have never seen elsewhere. This colloquy was overheard by two young revilers returning from Plymouth church: "How would you like to have Mr. Beecher pray for you?" "I don't know. I looked about and saw a large number crying, and, but for you, I should have wiped my eyes like other people." The reply was, "That is just the way I felt."

There were staying at the St. Nicholas hotel, New York, two railway magnates from the West, who debated about calling a carriage at so late an hour to hear Mr. Beecher. The remark was made, "If the prayer is not over by the only man I ever heard pray, I do not care." I happened to be at the table on their return, when one of the company said, "I think Beecher knows how to talk with God. I never listened to such pathos. Talk about Shakespeare's sermons in brooks, etc., and the like, I can remember more of that prayer than any play of Shakespeare or sermon since I was a boy. Yes, I will give a thousand dollars a year, with as little religion as I have, to hear him pray in our city, to say nothing about his preaching." All in proof that it was not a vain story that the way to find Beecher's church was to follow the Sunday morning crowd from Fulton Ferry. The prayer welling up in words from the depths of a burdened spirit was only less effective than the Bible reading, in a subdued tone and with a solemnity that became worship, far removed from stage effect. It was fascination in the presence of individuality so alluring. The imitators paid an unconscious tribute to devout genius.

I give this as an instance of his emotional nature: At his last visit to my house in Grinnell, he wandered into my Liberty room, so called from its occupancy by John Brown and the adornment of the walls with historic characters. I found him standing before Brainard's picture, "The Champions of Freedom," as they were in the public mind thirty years ago, including the statesmen Seward, John P. Hale, Chase and Sumner, the editor Horace Greeley, the poet John G. Whittier, and Henry Ward Beecher. "The fallen, my friend," said he, "are immortal. None left but Whittier and myself," tears falling with the remark. "Why am I spared to keep company with the Quaker, whose verse has touched millions of hearts, born of a spirit etherial that cares not to tarry; but I shall go first. To be set in that galaxy is beyond the honor of a crown. These heroes fell short of their ambition, but I who have been wading as through streams of sorrows rising to billows, am left, but I shall go next, and if it please God may it be soon.

May I not linger, with a brain clouded, an imbecile long on the shore." Then burying his face and sobbing almost convulsively, he said: "I never felt so much alone nor so old. Then I was auburn, now gray. Then only imps and the sordid reviled; since I have had the companionship of dragons and the brotherhood of owls." I tried to cheer him as one of the most fortunate of mortals. "Yes," said he, "you are thinking of the council in which you had a hand. What about Chamberlain (J. M.) of your college, whom I must see; also Merrill (J. H.), your Des Moines banker, and Doctor Salter of Burlington, and Doctor Beardsley, who came a thousand miles to help a poor, sympathetic fool out of trouble. They did it, and them I shall remember as my song and salvation, thwarting Satan with the new devotion of friends that hellish devices cannot alienate."

In ending this sad tribute I can only regret that illness kept me from being present where my children were, at the sad obsequies, paying a tribute to one who was enveloped in flowers, the aroma of which was his breath, and amidst the griefs of the people in Plymouth Church, who for near half a century felt for him an almost pardonable idolatry. I write in near view of the "Beecher elm", whose grateful branches salute me almost at the window. It is named for him who deemed it fitting that under our clear western sky man might stand shoeless, like Moses on the holy ground, and with brow uncovered. Did he say that the chief use of the farm was to lie down upon? It may have been of more value to him for contemplation than to its owner in fee. So is the tree to me, which inspired him who never touched nature but to deck it anew. I see him in raptures, reclining on the green sward on the hallowed Sunday of rest. We watched the flitting clouds, and poetic waving of the leaves of the elm his pen has immortalized, standing in a native grace which forbids mutilation. Birds twittered and flitted above him in a new song, and there were kaleidoscope views which barred a mention of the wonders of the starry world as he broke forth: "See, there is the city of God. There is no picture of Jerusalem, there never will be a mirror of infinity, where the bounding heart is still and the brain at rest, that will compare with these glimpses in the heavens with the far beyond." It was more than a revery; the reporter could not reproduce it; memory only jots outlines in the rhapsody of one who will be remembered as so great because he drank at the sweet fountains of

Nature, and turned so many thousands of the thoughtless and erring by the sorceries of his great heart in the promulgation of a gospel on a higher plane of life. He breathed the Christian beatitudes, while holding the white banner of charity to shame intolerance. Every recollection of him unlocks the fresh tears of personal friends and inspires warmer tributes to his genius; great heart and heroic life.

CHAPTER XV.

Some people I have met — John G. Saxe — George H. Corliss — Alpheus Hardy — Arthur Sherburne Hardy — Father Clarkson — W. F. Story — Edgar W. Nye — Joseph Cook — John B. Gough — Robert G. Ingersoll.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

It was at Middlebury College in 1838, at a junior exhibition, that I heard the genial speaker. In 1839 I was at his graduation. The young miss, who was my attendant, with our company in one of the sheep-pen gallery pews, marked our favorites, and the poetical Saxe of a large class was mine.

He was tall, and without apparent effort in the line of oddity and wit, in the colloquy where loud laughs followed the hits. Often we met during thirty years, he a versifying editor of a democratic newspaper and a lecturer. Fame he won as poet, and the chief of our best punsters, the public demanding forty editions of his works. As an editor he was jovial, brilliant in conversation, and making pleasure of his office work.

If it is fame to be quoted, Saxe reached his goal. At my home, he was a refreshing story-teller. In the lecture room, we hung on his lips for the gems sparkling in the verse which his softened brain could not repeat years before his death in the city of Troy. But a friend or a kindness were never forgotten, before his final brain disease. The ripped coat which my wife mended after supper found repeated mention, with an odd adaptation given to a line from Shakespeare, or a stanza from Longfellow.

GEORGE H. CORLISS.

The world knows George H. Corliss, of Providence, Rhode Island, master mechanical genius, who expended fifty thousand dollars in building and setting up the enormous centennial engine, now moving the wheels at Pullman, Illinois. Mr. Corliss' name and portrait are in our college museum, to which he readily gave twelve hundred dollars for the purchase of Professor Ward's entire series of geological casts; this in addition to previous liberal gifts to the college. His name is blended with an honorable career in gifts, labors and achievements. Medals in gold, decorations by crowned heads I did not ask to see, when I called on him, but the ten acres of buildings, the work of a brain that cannot rest but in the construction of models which will push mechanism ahead a century, cheapening power and diffusing benefits over the civilized world. This hint is all I can give, and when I see one man moving sixty tons on an axis by a hand, I am prepared to hear of exploits that will astonish men everywhere. There is no cry of strike about this colossal home of Vulcan—the god of smiths. The men are paid far above the scale of wages in the old world, and, none the less, their employer avows indifference to foreign competition. He is a high class, practical engineer, and the two hours he gave to us, amidst the wonders, we regarded as a compliment to the Iowa he admires but has never seen. His views of men and national affairs are as clear and incisive as a perception of the demands of his great and exacting profession, whereof he is king and servant in all details. He was originally from Greenwich, New York, where, as resident for some time, I learned of his early history. He was a schoolmate of President Arthur, who said to me, "The Presidency is nothing, contrasted with the fame of Corliss." He died in 1888, overworked in a complete reconstruction of his great plant of machinery, on new and improved plans.

ALPHEUS HARDY.

Alpheus Hardy, of Boston, died of blood poisoning. He was leisurely clipping off coupons with sharp shears, which fell from his hand with a painless stab in his thigh, discovered by a pool of blood and a gash, which was closed with the best surgical skill. Such was the slight casualty which ended the life of one of New England's best known and esteemed citizens and business philanthropists. His wealth came by ships, and connection with the C., B. & Q. R'y and western land investments; many of these were in Iowa, whose people and soil won his praise. He was a patron of Iowa College, his distinguished son, A. S. Hardy, residing in Grinnell for years as professor, now in Dartmouth with national fame as an author.

Mr. Hardy was trustee of Dartmouth College and of Andover Theological Seminary, sustaining the liberals in demand for toleration in the church where he has been a light for near one half a century, and a pillar in the "Old South Church" of Boston. I regret that I cannot make public recent social letters received, which become a full justification in declining his election at Des Moines as a member of the Prudential Board of Missions, where he had been the honored chairman for many years. He has left a great vacancy by service and devotion, begetting a spirit of toleration which will long survive his sad demise. The custody of the Sears estate, which brought the largest wealth to the young heir, Mr. Montgomery Sears, of any Boston boy, also brought wide reputation to Mr. Hardy, the administrator; but this is quite overshadowed by the liberality, dignity and wisdom of a Christian patriotic statesman. He was a gentleman, affluent in gifts, a trusted friend, model citizen, and humble servitor of a city and a church, where the name of the veteran Hardy will be the synonym of high character which eulogy can hardly exalt.

PROF. ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

This gentleman is a son of the late Alpheus Hardy, and was for several years a professor in Iowa College. He was a casual writer of poetry and is now the noted author of abstruse mathematical works, also of the novels, "But Yet a Woman," "The Wind of Destiny," and biographer of the famous Christian Japanese, Joseph Neesima, of whom his noble father, Hon. Alpheus Hardy of Boston, was a patron. His life is quiet and unpretending, and he is now a professor in Dartmouth College. His ready mounting of Pegasus is in mind. I secured from Governor Merrill an invitation for him to write a poem for the laying of the corner-stone of the Iowa capitol in 1872. I was to read it—he had not the courage, he said. When it was brought to me at night for suggestions, I said with frankness, "Very good; but you got to high for the occasion, you shoot over your auditors." "I am glad of the failure," he said. "But," said I, "I must not discharge you, I will make a suggestion." I made several, but received no reply, only a moonlight salutation, as he left my door. The next morning he appeared with the manuscript, fresh and adapted to win the praise of lovers of classic lore, as it did when I read it amidst hearty applause. The state magnates were full of admiration for his versatility as a West Point graduate. This was at least a happy augury of a brilliant future.*

ELIHU BURRITT.

Few receive such honor as this noted linguist by a personal mention in the message of Edward Everett, when governor of Massachusetts. It was a learned blacksmith attracting the world by genius; a linguist, a peacemaker, advocating the policy of arbitration. A traveler he was, too, exposing the wrongs of the English factory system. All he touched was with a picturesque pen and cultured imagination, in testimony of the value of the classics to the writer of English.

Novelty as a learned blacksmith was supplemented by the broad, eloquent speaker on many themes. I sat in the enchantment of a mechanic who could read fifty languages.

In person, he was spare, forehead retreating, nose almost deformed in aquiline shape, voice shrill, but the whole bearing that of a simple-hearted teacher, a prophet of good, tolerant of all laborers, without egotistic assertion. You would love the man, as you had been drawn to the editor and statesman. He was a living example to our youth, furnishing testimony in the praise of a life unselfish, and adherence to great principles. He was the champion of penny postage, the dismantling of war guns, rum shops

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*The versatile genius which enables a man to write in two consecutive summers the most widely sold novels of the season and then prepare an exhaustive text-book on "Quarternions", is indeed rare. The ordinary mind sees nothing in common between fiction and the abstruse figures of geometry and naturally asks, How is it possible for the student who enjoys working all night over the dry mysteries of conic sections to wield the light pen of the writer of pleasing romance? Still another strange fact is, that while Professor Hardy stands at the head as an authority on higher mathematics he abhors anything pertaining to arithmetic. Illustrative of this he said to a friend recently: "I never knew anything about figures, and of all books in the world I abhor an arithmetic, so I sent the books back. My old professor at West Point was as deep a mathematician as I ever saw, and yet he would stand at the blackboard day after day and, nervously snapping his fingers in the midst of a 'sum', call out, 'Come, now, eight times seven, how much, how much is it?'" Professor Hardy is the choice of the Alumni to succeed President Bartlett, the present aged head of the college.—*Newspaper.*

outlawed, ignorance banished by universal education. Mr. Burritt was repulsed by a lady and never married, but can claim kinship to a great family of the truly noble, and his intellectual children are thousands.

"FATHER CLARKSON."

The sturdy senior Clarkson was known generally as "Father", but not because he was parent of the two brothers, noted as editors of the *Iowa State Register* — one of them, "Ret" (James S. Clarkson), of late often mentioned as chairman of the republican national committee, and as assistant postmaster-general. I used to meet the father at his post-office town, Eldora, while on my way up to my new farm in Franklin County. The young men in ante-war times were on the "Melrose farm", two of whom are now known as "Richard the Third" and "Ret". I met the father at the Chicago National Convention in 1860 as delegate from Iowa. We had such conservative notions as to cast our first votes for Judge McLean of Ohio, and next for Mr. Lincoln. At that time we were opening farms of which we talked, and were especially anxious for railways to come nearer to us. Small purchases were made in our line. His, perhaps, a saddle for the boys. I remenber mine to have been Yankee sheep shears. Next I found myself speaking in the political canvass when the elder Clarkson was elected state senator from Grundy, his district embracing several counties. In his place at Des Moines he soon became from a stranger a man of mark; eminently practical, and so firm in the way of certain specialties as to be deemed perverse and obstinate; certainly it was a futile attempt to drive him in committee or on the floor of the Senate from any well-considered opinion or policy, and his moulding power in the body is alike conceded with the wisdom of his counsel. I cannot specify all his acts subsequent, for he was never idle where the rude elements of empire were woven and moulding into form.

Soon he gave himself a local habitation and wide name by the farmer's letters to *The Register*. These I read closely and admired, for I was then writing for Mr. Greeley and the *New York Tribune*, and could make apt quotations if not affluent in original ideas. And it was no surprise that these letters expanded with a natural acorn growth into the agricultural department of *The State Regis-*

ter—a luxuriant tree under whose graceful branches the weary sons of toil have shade and repose, and leaning against the stalwart trunk have for these years plucked pleasant and nutritious fruit. I do not indulge either in idle compliment or rhetorical figure, for this is the fact, I am told—I never counted them—that from forty to fifty newspapers are placed on our family tables weekly, and of the number *The Register's* agricultural page of Wednesday's issue is most eagerly sought and first read. Nor am I alone, and if it is the high ambition of the editorial gods to be quoted and copied, and even to be gratuitously reviled, then the elder Clarkson can be proud of a successful career. His articles will be found eminently common sense, and so far saturated with personality as never to suggest plagiarism. The role of a pioneer farmer he had a right to assume, and none ever doubted that he had the courage of his convictions, and was an adept in puncturing bubbles, and took particular delight in kicking shams into obscurity; and even found use for dogs in hastening the retreating steps of foreign tree peddlers and oily-tongued patent right venders.

At the state gatherings he was a central figure, reading his papers with the deliberation of a judge, and enlivening the debates with repartee, and from his storehouse of personal experiences becoming a valued instructor. I remember the applause that followed his sharp paper on "The Coming Steer", a plea "that his living statuary may ornament every farm and add beauty to the landscape on every hill and in every vale of Iowa's wide domain". The "Farm Literature", which was read at the state meeting of stock breeders, at Grinnell, was a generous tribute to the writers, not among the living; and plain truth for the conceited writers of the time, who raise such crops on paper as the ploughman and grazier of early days never anticipated in their wildest dreams. At the quarter centennial celebration at Grinnell, he gave a studied and able speech on the advance of agriculture.

Commend me to the man that dares to be singular! He at least prevents a dead sea calm, and can seldom be charged with stupidity. And this is Mr. Clarkson. In face of the wise prairie farmers he would "spoil" his acres by deep ploughing and lo! corn cribs full and the compact sod of rich grasses. It was a waste of time to plant evergreens in this clime, but the fine grounds at Melrose Farm give, through clumps and lines of vigorous native pines, music to their owner sweeter than the air breathings through the

Æolian harp. The brawny-muscled, broad-brained horses were the Norman bloods, strong and docile for the farm, and they were reared and grazed at "Melrose". It is not to be forgotten that he would not take up the refrain of the theoretical, bookish free traders, and be a leader of the Iowa farmers in rebellion against the American system.

W. F. STORY, EDITOR.

The founder of the *Chicago Times*, who built up what was at once an organ and a power with the masses, was Wilbur F. Story. Nothing more truly illustrates the mutations of the times than his career.

He was a born journalist, with so keen a scent for news, and a talent for gaining notoriety, that great wealth came, and the double coveted honor of one both feared and quoted. In the war, a verging toward treason caused a temporary suppression of his sheet, which gained him notoriety and facility to feed a public morbid appetite for pictures of persons it was safe to scandalize. Essentially bad, a life's ambition was attained — to found a great house and a paper reaching a million of people and worth as many dollars. His financial and social troubles, and the lapse into forgetfulness, which is the doom of sordid expediency, are well known.

Mr. Story began life near my Vermont home, in the shadow of Middlebury college. He was clear in perception, wide-read, and audacious and malignant in attack; but with some redeeming qualiteis which on cultivation would have saved his name from early forgetfulness.

In 1872 we were standing on our platform to elect Horace Greeley president. By Story's secretary I was invited to call. "Sit down," said he, "and let me tell you how many years I have lampooned you and the radicals. My point is gained, and no more will *The Times* say how bad you are. Its columns are open to you." And so I learned a lesson of charity.

EDGAR W. NYE.

"Bill Nye, who was he?" asked a citizen. "You must have met him." My answer was, I have, and was introduced to him on the train as the young man who received the advice to "Go

West". We had a pleasant chat of a few hours, and the next I knew of his writing was a humorous chapter on "Men I have saw". The picture of myself was so ludicrous as to forbid anger or resentment at his sarcasm relative to my efforts for constitutional prohibition, also the impossibility of adjusting my voice to the accoustic demands of Church and salary in New York City; but this personal mention was trivial compared to the mirthful suggestions in regard to others in the same chapter. Bill Nye is a man about fifty, not the spectacled, cadaverous old man his artist represents him to be in wood-cuts. He is genial as a story-teller, hearty in laughter, terse in reply, whose scintillations of wit seem like the sparks from a highly-charged electrical battery. He touches follies and facts with the hand of a master. He asked me if I had ever met Doctor Mary Walker, and, to my surprise, the facts I gave appeared in his article, seasoned with his humor. She wore a gentleman's suit, flourishing a cane, with hair shingled, and was a frequent visitor in the Washington departments, where she was an applicant for an office, contrary to the presumption that she enjoyed a lucrative medical practice. Her role seemed to be rating man for his assumptions, and venting her complaint against her Maker because she was a woman.

JOSEPH COOK.

Joseph Cook appeared in Nye's same article, with an illustration. He was in the attitude of holding an oil-can, apparently lubricating the planets in their revolutions, explanatory of his directing and moulding the theological thought of the age. But I disclaim any responsibility for the picture. Dogmatic as Mr. Cook is, like other great men, he is a great reader and deep thinker. Depreciatory letters having been sent abroad in regard to his waning influence, it will not be egotism for me to mention that I was invited to speak with him at the lecture hour in the great Tremont Temple. While the windows were crowded and aisles thronged, I could but say, repelling his enemies, that I thought the volumes evoked and the audiences gathered had made the indelible mark of a great American thinker. This is not saying that all great reformers and thinkers are lovely, above comparison and without fault, in contending for the faith.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

John B. Gough I cannot omit. I first heard him in the beginning of his career as a temperance orator. It was a magnificent outpouring of genuine eloquence from the heart — from the depths of his wretched experience; and all his native and cultivated stage arts were then unconscious accessories to the impassioned effort. In private, too, he was simple and hearty, with none of the man-of-the-world manner he acquired after he had been feted abroad and at home. Those who heard him only in his later years, when his frequent repetitions on the lecture-platform had given an evidently mechanical character to his finest outbursts and best stories, could form no idea of the overpowering impression made by his earlier addresses.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

In a congressional chapter preceding, it was mentioned that I surprised Eben C. Ingersoll by resigning in his favor, and that he was placed high on the committee on territories, which was much sought after at that period of organization and lucrative appointments. This not only brightened the future of Mr. Ingersoll, but his brother the orator, apprised of his good fortune by the resignation, wrote the already quoted letter, incipient to a long and pleasant acquaintance. He never forgot this little act on behalf of his brother, at whose grave there fell words softening the sharp asperities of critics. I was made welcome to his ranch in the mountains of New Mexico, and could not prevail on him to accept a legal fee in the matter of counsel to me as railway receiver. His failure to accept a personal invitation to speak in Grinnell is explained by his remark that as "the audience room was a church, he might wound the brethren".

It is too late now to assume that the renowned skeptic is a common man, or that the thousands who have essayed answers to his philippics have succeeded fully, when bishops, publicists, and even Gladstone step into the arena of debate. What, then, is the secret of his attraction? He is an agnostic — an abnormal product by the repulsions of systems of theology couched in terms now in disuse. But is he an infidel with the bridges destroyed behind him, when he can say, "In the dark night of death hope sees a star, and listening love may catch the rustle of a wing"? Is it not possible that, on a sober recast of opinion, he might be a pulpit successor of Beecher, to whom he is allied in transcendant gifts?

But what are the hidings of his power? He talks with his fingers, begets mirth with the twinkle of his eye, winning in pantomimic facial expression and forcing conviction with the swaying of arms and gesture on the platform, and all with the mobility of a rotund, rollicking gentleman, schooled in cadence and the devices of speech. His voice is of great compass and thrills with emotion, laden with fresh and startling conception and sublime imagery, bringing into service flowers, the air, earth's wonders, the stars, man and the gods. Judges and jurors are entertained by a wit and a pleader, with the resources of the severest student of books and men. Has his fervid rhetoric in the nomination of Blaine ever been equaled? Did the surviving patriots of our war ever listen to such an address as that before the Grand Army of the Republic at Indianapolis? It hangs in golden letters in my parlor to remind of genius, pathos and matchless oratory.

The "one hundred" tributes to the lamented Beecher are before me in a volume. All the honored professions from many lands bring their myrtle wreaths, yet there is but one full, felicitous delineation, and warmth of eulogy — a smiting of the rock for freshness — a successful draft on genius to illumine the career of his friend. In the sorceries of a casuist, and power in irreverent declamation where he stands without a peer, I hope he may have no rival in the ranks of men now living, and mine is a fervent prayer that he may be no more clouded with doubt, nor be occupied in cavil, but prove that the highest and holiest mission of an orator and the sublimest service of genius is to lead, in a world of darkness and doubt, following in the footsteps of the God-man.

The author, on the delivery of his New Haven, Vermont, oration, mentioned the father of Mr. Ingersoll studying theology there, saying, "The son was one who by the latest advices did not gain and does charge his theology to tradition." Thereon is founded the occasion of the following correspondence:

New York, March 15, 1887.

My dear Mr. Grinnell:

With great pleasure I read your oration, and it took me back amid the dead years. I have heard my father speak of Dr. Hopkins a thousand times. What a dreary life it must have been in Vermont some seventy-five years ago with the snow several feet deep, the mercury down in the bulb, and nothing of a cheerful nature except the theology of Hopkins.

Nothing gives me so much pleasure as to watch the decay of the old, cruel and malignant creeds. What the preachers do *not* say is what pleases me. They are ashamed of the doctrine—ashamed to tell the "tidings of great joy". In other words, they are getting a little sense.

Now, I want you some day when you are at leisure to think this business over, and if you will think, you will see how sad and terrible the religion called evangelical is.

I hope to see you converted—hope to see you a free man with the dust brushed off your knees.

Thanking you for the oration, I remain yours always,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

NORMAL, ILLINOIS, February 4, 1888.

My dear Mr. Ingersoll:

I have just returned from a winter visit to the city of Mexico and California and find your welcome letter. My Vermont oration did not require an acknowledgement if it did mention your reverend father and yourself. Dr. Hopkins, whom you say your "father spoke of a thousand times", was a character in that day, and it is a pleasant reflection that my ancestors enjoyed his friendship, and that he moulded a community of rare qualities, you would say save as to their theology.

I hear a fresh story which reminds that there was good orthodox perception in the father you mention as a student. I judge he did not bite his thumb in the morning to find whether he was "in the me or the not-me world". Like his son he was a revivalist, but of another order. At the conclusion of the sermon a company of young ladies engaged him in personal conversation. The frivolity of one with a *decollete* dress even below the fashion, caused the advice that "if she wished to become a Christian, she had best go home and cover up". I regarded it as more than a legend—a fact which does credit to the family.

It is said that the speculations and doubts of the author of "The Gods" as to the Holy Land and its Christ, expressed in the campany of General Lew Wallace, led to the volume "Ben Hur", insuring to the author competence, and to his readers delight and confirmation of our sacred history. If this be truth, I might quote a maxim, if not in fear that it might be offensive. As it is, a thousand times publicly expressing my admiration for the boldest rhetorical figures, and eloquence in every nerve and intonation, I frankly say that without so noble a purpose, you have, by impetuosity in attack, given an example which has hushed the rattle of the dry bones in the pulpit and sent swift, healthful life-currents down the channels of modern thought. Bad as you are painted, and in error as I think you, there may be time to correct the sheet being kept, and to be balanced on the entry book, "Cr.—A recast of opinions in orthodox orations by Robert G. Ingersoll." Now as to your advice that I should "brush the dust from my knees". It suggests on my part supererogation, which might possibly be in the line of virtues to be modestly cultivated in the porch of the theological temple which you invite me to enter for reflection.

Then you "hope to see me a free man" and "converted", etc. I am insensible to bondage. For many years I have been an unofficial character; any doctrine I have proclaimed has been one unpaid for; perhaps its saving quality was that it was cheap.

To what shall I be converted, being now a Protestant of the liberal school? You are a theological doubter, a charged battery of negatives, silent when I ask for your church, and about the crossing of the "melancholy flood" with a better ferryman than mine, and without a friend in the God-man, who has so long buoyed up so many of the sad with the promise of a royal welcome. If this is a delusion, so let it remain. I confide in the Man of men; the voluntary sacrifice of the Son of the highest. Never shall I escape the bias, nor the guilt of my ancestor on trial and free, who fell.

With my ancestors He was persecuted in France — the Huguenots poor and in exile. To many generations He has been a high model and a solace in death. Now in the strifes for mastery over evil I am as conscious of His presence as I am of my existence. So, while regarding theology as a science, I join you in delight on the abandonment of dogmatism and pharasaic cant, but any system which denies the need of a mediator, and one that came with the zeal of a martyr and the love of a God to fight the great plenipotentiary battle for the race, is opposed to early and most sacred trust, and does not commend itself to my judgment in advanced years. Religion, its own evidence, I find not alone in theologies and books, but in the heroism of the high, and rich experiences of the humble and poor.

And now, my dear Ingersoll, even in humble station and not hovering in doubt, I express the conviction that my unalloyed confiding trust in the great fundamental truths of the Christian religion and Christ as exemplar, brings me in a single hour of reflection greater joy than all the speculations in which you can indulge and the breath which comes in the applause of those waiting on your lips of genius. Hence you will pardon the hope that my joys may be yours, ecstacies possible to one with gifts and opportunities to change the currents of thought of millions; and oh, what service you can render to Him (whether only man, martyr or the missionary of a Creator) and to a world demanding an example which has brought much of blessing and waits to fill this and all worlds with the beatitudes of a living Saviour.

Yours truly,

J. B. GRINNELL.

CHAPTER XVI.

Iowa and Iowans — Col. S. H. M. Byers, our war historian — Charles Aldrich — D. N. Richardson — Hon. Ezekiel Clark — John L. Coffin — Generals James B. Weaver, N. B. Baker, John M. Corse, Samuel R. Curtis, G. M. Dodge, J. M. Crocker and William W. Belknap — Governors Grimes, Kirkwood, Stone, Merrill, Carpenter, Gear, Sherman and Larrabee — Judges Wright, Nourse, Miller, Dillon, Love and McCrary — Hons. Graves, Moninger, Howell and McDill — Henry Clay Dean.

IOWA has no state historian, as yet. It is not because she had no writers of ability. But, she is a proud maker of history, if not prolific in book-makers. No state, in a half century of progress, has made equal national advances. None has a more honored civil and military record, worthy to beckon millions to her prairies. Governor Grimes well named her "the fair and only free child of the Missouri Compromise". Bounded on the east and west by two great rivers — "The Father and Mother of Waters" — she has been called the Mesopotamia of the West. Excluding the northern third of Maine, a wilderness, her area equals that of New England; and her free principles, intelligence and high moral and religious tone, have made her known as the New England, and the Massachusetts more especially, of the states of the great valley.

We have no historian, and can wait his appearing until at least nine tenths of our virgin acres have burnished the plowshare. Let him bide his time until our valleys are musical with the sound of mechanism, and our homes become beautiful in the glow of refined civilization. Let him celebrate the courage of pioneers, who brought to our commonwealth select affinities, free schools and a high social and literary rank. Defer biography and statues of benefactors until the issue of a war against the shameless social enemies, whose cohorts and leaders are in ambush. This delay may not obscure the grandest agricultural achievements, and neither silence nor time will avail to dim the recorded deeds of men, to pass into material for historic pages.

It was an opinion of Webster, and to the credit of New Hampshire, that if the state was poor in soil and cereals, she was rich in the product of men. Where is the limit of praise, then, to a double production of comely herd and cultured owner, on farms hospitable to skill, to domestic bloods and to factory? Figures often bewilder, while comparisons with the well known are a good basis of opinion.

What are some of the facts which are the boast of our rural people? Iowa with its annual average production of two hundred millions of bushels of corn; surpassing any state as the basis of meat — pork and beef — for this and foreign countries — a sum total of two millions of bovines, embracing more beef-animals and butter-creameries than any state — millions of swine in excess of her rivals, reared with profit under natural farming conditions, and shipped to many countries, facilitating exchanges and helping a fine trade balance. Yielding the palm to newer states in wheat growing, Iowa is only second in the product of oats and flax, and is coming to the first rank in amount of native and cultivated grasses for home use and export, broadening the farms and attracting an industrious and moral people to a home on the remaining ten millions of acres, rich in soil and fine in topography, yet untouched by a plow. Nature has given bracing air and ample drainage, to exempt from malaria in a great degree, and give vitality and health to the electric, courageous spirits from many states and lands. Groves of trees which rise to beauty, for protection and fuel, are readily grown in a decade. Coal, discovered in purity and fabulous quantities, has dispelled all doubts as to want of fuel for home, and for steam manufactory and locomotive demands.

In railway mileage Iowa is third in the Union, having eight thousand miles, reaching every one of the ninety-nine counties, with a station but a few miles from every farm. Five trunk lines across the state attract the bulk of the interoceanic trade of the country, added to which is the distribution of fruits and products indigenous to other countries, by a net-work of steel tracks joined to the great arteries, now harmonious and by increasing comity giving promise of celerity, cheapness and safety to the patrons, and reward to capital and enterprise.

NO FAILURES.

I have seen but one failure in a conspicuous Iowa project. It was the damming of the Des Moines river for slack water navigation, and indirectly furnishing hydraulic power. As stated in the sarcasm of the governor's message to a third House, six dams were built and only fifty remained to be constructed. The power is now partially utilized by private capital, while a commercial waterway as a national device is abandoned, after great expenditures of time and money. Even this was more of an engineering, governmental, political scheme than a policy of the people. There were many incidents contributing to failure, but the chief was a rival in the railway system — an all-the-year-round servant in place of boats subject to the vicissitudes of ice and drouth. A basis of value was made on the transportation of grass products to the great river, to be floated to the Gulf for the feeding of hungry nations by the service of ships. Then came the policy of condensing grain values into animals, and the establishing of home industries, promoting easy exchanges and making home commerce more profitable than foreign trade. "Wait for the wagon." No, that was in song, nor can we wait on slack water from Keokuk up for two hundred miles to the Raccoon Forks. This was a resolve never more to be reconsidered, in an age of steel and steam, pushing on the flyer and cannon-ball trains fleet as the wind. It is a cheering fact that, without scandal against officials and the abandonment of the "feeding of the world theory" (a favorite theme of middle men and ship owners), a more promising field for skill and enterprise was opened. Wool growers temporarily went to the rear, but other animal industries came to the foreground of every rural district, where climate and soil and the skill of the owners give assurance of that proud supremacy to which Iowa has attained.

Is the state well worthy of higher honors? Her institutions are her crown jewels, reformatory, educational, humane and charitable. They rose in our Civil War amidst the anathemas of not all loyal tax-payers, hushed now in non-partisan support, and a pride becoming to honored citizens. To name each — from a capitol unrivaled in the West for splendor, with the less pretentious edifices, down to the last — a completed soldier's home in order of beneficence — to name each would include an array of institutions of just state pride in making liberal appropriations.

The product, in all matters material and æsthetic, reflects the brain and hand of the maker. By this aphorism, we place the fairest product earth holds up to its Maker — man, the conservator and builder, on a pedestal, in tribute to personal devotion and leadership in whatever things are in the realm of citizenship "lovely and of good report".

All before 1854 as hearsay I leave, seeking headlands in personality of which I can safely speak. Of the veteran "Father Clarkson", who properly belongs in this chapter, I have already spoken, as well as of senators Wilson and Allison, and others, as the narrative brought them into mention.

THE WAR HISTORIAN.

Col. S. H. M. Byers, with scholastic culture, the genius of a poet and the fervor of a young patriot, found himself enlisting in the Fifth Iowa regiment, and finally captured as a prisoner, being one of sixteen out of sixty spared to tell the story. His volume on the late war bears the marks of an historian, and does honor to our soldiery in depicting the battles in which they were engaged, while giving due credit to the citizens who sustained them. It is illustrated with taste, abundant in details, and evincing versatility and elegance in description. Our public men in the war era are eulogized, and the conspicuous characters in regimental history are noted with accuracy. An elegant book of six hundred pages, printed in Des Moines, commends the author and his product to every loyal citizen, to make no mention of the wider fame acquired by his poem, "Sherman's March to the Sea". Colonel Byers reflected honor on his appointment to a consulship in Switzerland, and his subsequent service as consul-general at Rome. Our college is especially indebted to him for an expensive set of Swiss school apparatus, illustrating science and industries by charts and specimens.

HONORABLE CHARLES ALDRICH.

Honorable Charles Aldrich, of Webster City, is placing our people under increasing and lasting obligation. He had rank in our late army as an officer, high repute as an editor, and became one of our state legislators. By correspondence, foreign travel and extensive acquaintance with authors, he has for years been an enthusiastic collector of autographs, manuscripts and pictures of historical characters, which form a rare cabinet, which he placed at the disposal of the state, without reference to reimbursement. The Iowa state capitol, wanting in costly pictures and marble busts, has thus a unique and attractive collection in the useful tribute of citizen Aldrich to the name and fame of our most noted citizens and the great actors for centuries. Thousands of visitors make mention of this collection, and Governor Larrabee, retiring from the chair of state, suggested money testimonial to the author, which has been appropriated, though in no sense a reward for years of unselfish acquisition of the treasures now made the property and instructive entertainment of the public. Thus has taste, liberality and devotion to the state made a name enshrined in memory while the commonwealth has a beautiful capitol. In the same generous spirit, Mr. Aldrich's charming pen has many times been employed in making known to the people, by contributions to our newspapers, the claims of institutions, men and measures, too little appreciated. He is the eloquent friend of all merit and refining enterprise.

OTHER NOTABLES.

D. N. Richardson, of Davenport, a native of Vermont, cultivating rural tastes as a gentleman cattle farmer, developed genius in amassing a competence while a democratic editor and newspaper publisher in a republican state. Well has he answered the question, "Where is the literature on Iowa soil?" A cultivated taste seen in original felicitous description as a journalist, inspired a world-round trip, with timely accessories of cash, leisure and company. After his return the Chicago press brought out a volume that is innocent of platitudes. It is a new, fresh vein of story-telling, description and adventure. The volume has hung before me pictures drawn by a master, in a story of peoples and lands the million may not visit, but may see through another's eye in a pleasing illusion that they are there.

Hon. Ezekiel Clark, of Iowa City, was an early settler, an able state senator, an esteemed worker in our state politics, and a trusted citizen. He was the first employed to purchase clothing for our soldiery. His enterprise was not limited to his farm, to bank, mill, railway extension or coal mining. Cool in action, sagacious in advice, he can never pass out of memory for a great heart, beating effectively in time of calamity for the unfortunate. To meet the wants of the suffering in the great Grinnell tornado of 1882, he left his home to minister personally to strangers, besides giving the first check for five hundred dollars, mentioned elsewhere, not only to restore the desolation, but to remind how imperative are the obligations which rest on prosperous citizens. Truly the note of liberality was struck high, and vibrating responses brought prompt and large benefactions which have few parallels in the annals of relief afforded to the poor and houseless wasted by storm.

John L. Coffin, of Fort Dodge, with a kindly heart, and noble ambition to step out of rather than into the political procession, has won more than my respect. A railroad commissioner by appointment, he was at a post of observation which he well improved. Officially, he dared make a plea for rest due to railway employees on Sunday. It was a John the Baptist cry in the wilderness, where capital, greed and official stolidity dominated and slept. The echoes of his argument will be loud and potent in seconding the great-hearted William E. Dodge, and those who are friends of laborers, in demanding for them rest on Sunday, and honor to Him who commanded amidst the thunderings of Sinai. Safety for brakemen on cars is also the desire of Mr. Coffin, enforced by appeal to humanity and law. No mere moral knight-errant is he, but a warm-hearted pleader for humane improvements, which will insure immunity from maiming for the men, added to the birthright of rest for toilers. Mr. Coffin is under seventy years, has courage, competence, and a great cause to impel his fame far into the future.

Gen. James B. Weaver's arrival for a speech in our town was somewhat suggestive of circus day. What of Ex-Congressman Weaver? Pictures on the bill-boards, large and artistic, and well tinted, have invited the people to come and hear their servant's execrations of monopolies, and behold a spectacle of rivals laid low, even biting political dust. Up to the Waterloo defeat of 1888, opera houses were too narrow for his admiring crowds, and the curious opposers relished extravagant assertion, illustrated with story and eloquent periods. Never dull in mimicry, vivacious even in wordy platitudes, he had captured a district. General

Weaver was short a few votes, and charged a betrayal in the nomination for governor by republicans. Never daunted, a soldier, temperance advocate, an incessant laborer with an instrument never dulled by use, only by age, it was easy to champion the people vs. banks, and the like. A wit of celebrity, asked if he finished three bottles of port without assistance, replied, "I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira." The general in like manner could answer, "I had, besides favorite allies — my bottles of port — the assistance of a bottle of Madeira — the democrats."

GENERAL BAKER.

Iowa citizens in a further mention will include some of our generals — among them Adjutant-General N. B. Baker. He came to Iowa, after having been elected speaker of the House of Representatives and governor of New Hampshire. Here he was a member of the war legislature, first in loyalty as a Douglas democrat, and, with able executive gifts, was called to the post of organizer of war troops, to earn a warm place as an officer, prompt, generous and sagacious reader of men. His official life was a model of service, untiring up to his sad demise. For him the state mourned — a genius in execution, a leader of patriot hearts in our darkest hours.

Major-General John M. Corse, now postmaster of Boston, is a conspicuous human Iowa product, the son of a reputable book publisher of Burlington. Beginning his military career as major, he rose to the honor of a general's command of a division, only by such aids as gallantry could reinforce in a soldier of resource and the dash of a born leader. To the rear he never went, but was borne from the field with wounds supposed to be mortal. I take pleasure in private chats in his Boston office, where order reigns, showing that progress in methods for the public weal which distinguished this civilian. His war despatches had not a Pope flavor, but exhibited such qualities that, if the war had been prolonged, his dash, which had attracted his superiors, would have made him even a more conspicuous hero among veteran heroes. In Boston he has a welcome in society where the family of Ex-President Pierce, with whom he is in alliance by marriage, were favorites.

Gen. J. M. Tuttle, leaving the boat at Keokuk as a survivor of Fort Donelson, I had the honor of aiding to the cars, everywhere welcomed a hero. To the head of the G. A. R. in Iowa, he rose as a fighting rather than a boisterous patriot.

MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL R. CURTIS.

He furnishes a fitting head-line to emblazon Iowa by her sons in the late civil war. Educated at West Point, serving in Iowa as a civil engineer, and evincing a public spirit to win respect, even admiration, he became twice a representative of one half the state in Congress.

By nature of a heavy mould, conservative by association, it was not easy in the political canvass for him to anticipate the crisis of rebellion, even as late as 1860. The gun at Fort Sumter startled him, and, while holding high rank as a legislator, he resigned for the field, leaving the championship of the Union Pacific Railroad to others, who had less zeal and engineering knowledge. He had served in Mexico, being colonel of an Ohio regiment in 1847. He was chosen colonel of the Second Iowa Infantry, and earliest in the field winning the first star accorded to an Iowa officer, achieving at the battle of Pea Ridge like distinction. This battle was a memorable occasion to test the skill of our officers, and in proof that there was iron in the blood of our soldiers.

At St. Louis he was given command in a day of spies, more to be dreaded than open foes. The frontier was his home, and the department of Kansas gave him at Fort Leavenworth the rest he needed, still hoping for a part in the colossal schemes of internal improvements of the West. Early his career was ended, poor in purse, but rich in honors well won. Time will not dim his memory in my mind who knew him a guest, friend. and a man of eminent public spirit. It is a wide opinion that he died poor, yet the family have, like his state, a goodly heritage in a patriot's career.

MAJOR-GENERAL G. M. DODGE.

There is a peculiarly appreciative and able sketch of this gentleman by Colonel Byers in that standard volume, "Iowa in War Times". It is an artistic outline picture, but not too brilliant for the deeds which emblazon the man. I knew him thirty-five years before he was a general, railway magnate, builder and capitalist. He was a *protégé* of Henry Farnam, the builder of our Rock Island road, he, or his brother, N. P. Dodge, having the honor of setting the red flag as a surveyor on the summit line, a stone's throw from our window where I write. To give the incidents and name the steps upward in his career would be a long, often-told and adventurous story. The boy must have been restless, if "the child is father of the man". He was at the Vermont Military School, the nurse of patriots unlike the Confederate brood of full-grown West Pointers, only nurtured to sting the old mother who had fed and clothed them. The war found plain Mr. Dodge the animating spirit in making a city of Council Bluffs, and the soul of honor joined to wisdom which made him the counsellor of capitalists and the confidant of learned engineers. The organization of the Fourth Infantry which he led as colonel, was not earlier in time than effective in service, choosing a martial band in our little city of Grinnell, which he as commander would have, if maintained from his not then over-pletheric purse. Did he save the battle of Pea Ridge? That is the military verdict. Was he the greatest adept of the time in destroying the railroads of the enemy, and building our own lines and bridges? This is accorded by even jealous West Point rivals. Did the first wound retire him from the field, the second blanch his courage as well as his face, or the third, maiming for life, dampen his ardor? Never. And it was this with a thousand minor achievements which earned the compliments of General Sherman without reserve, and inspired the confidence of Grant, who urged in vain the removal of General Rosecrans and the substitution of Dodge. On Grant's choice General Dodge could have been at the head of the war department, but ill health and business forbade the sacrifice.

In 1864 we find the soldier of Iowa nominated for Congress over a most gifted civilian, and elected amidst a chorus of shouting. He declined a second election, and I think this was his first and last office held in the civil list. Why? I heard him mention the duties of errand boy in Washington with only less disgust than his weariness in listening to political platitudes. He had enough of battles, but could with pleasure gaze on his pictured walls, with such paintings as "Johnnie coming marching home", in a gallery and art collection which his wife freely loaned in aid of charity and for the culture of citizens at his home.

Facile locomotion and development of the country by railways has been an engrossing labor and ruling passion. For years he has been a director of the great Union Pacific Railway system, and one of its ablest counsellors. He is credited with projection and control of great southern and western lines, like that from Denver south, interstate and international in relation. With our greatest capitalists he dines and counsels, and that he pauses to aid our Iowa College by a thousand-dollar gift confirms my regard for him as a friend.

GEN. J. M. CROCKER.

General Crocker, of Des Moines, I knew as having the glamour of a story-teller and the adroitness of a criminal circuit lawyer. He was a West Point graduate, and events indicated that he had found his place in leading and inspiring our soldiers. He was the choice of our great captain for the command which embraced the Crocker brigade. Though reared a democrat, there was no question that he was for the war without an if, or reserve. A lung malady developed after brilliant service, and he returned to Des Moines on a furlough. His nature forbade rest, and a suggestion was made that he could be nominated for governor in the republican convention by acclamation. To all this he was deaf. "I am in for the field at the earliest day, and nothing can tempt me into politics while the war is on."

How deafening the cheers as he quietly entered the convention, pale, and with feeble lung power tested when called on for a speech. It was courageous in tone and adroit as patriotic. "Do I look in the eyes of a fire-in-the-rear democrat? God forbid! they are more dangerous than rebels in front. I am not fighting to save slavery and democracy. One is about dead, and — well you know how our old party can be damned. Fill up the ranks. Belch out the shot and shell, which the masked incarnate devils must have. Read Douglas' immortal farewell, you democrats, and if you must take a glass — I have to indulge a little for throat trouble [great cheers] — drink to the health of Grant, an old democrat, now the patriot's pride, organizing victory." With a twinkle of the eye he said, "I cannot tell a story, but in a poetical line I can give the epitaph of democrats weak in back and black at heart. Down in Keokuk county a widow had no earthly possessions but a pet pig. It died, and the emotional lady had the animal buried, and I, a youngster, gave the epitaph. I can in my manhood give it for every halting sick patriot, and for democracy, if it leaves its colors in 1863. This for the pig:

> "While I lived I lived in clover,
> When I died I died all over."

It is long since we bade farewell to the hero seeking health, as an official in New Mexico, and ending his life in Washington, in 1865.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM W. BELKNAP.

well earned his rank, and by an army address of high tone and eloquence captivated President Grant, who made him Secretary of War. That he was under a temporary cloud by the acts of another, nameless, does not debar my tribute to an officer who served his country with a devotion that reflected the highest honor on his state, which took pride in his service and rising fortunes at the national capitol. In the autumn of 1890 he was called hence.

GOVERNORS.

Iowa has seven living ex-governors, all of whom it has been my privilege to know, and to receive at their hands official compliments. To be blind to their foibles was a study, an occasion for sharp criticisn not having arisen. I can hope that the time for mortuary praise is far in the future. Hon. Ralph P. Lowe, of Keokuk, the deceased chief justice, had a personality to endure every test that could be applied, and the firm, triumphant faith of a patriot and a Christian.

GOV. JAMES W. GRIMES.

Deceased in 1872, he was a half century ago territorial legislator. Then he, governor for two terms, and twice elected United States senator, resigned to escape from duties which it was feared would bring on a disease premonitory of certain death. His mental and social endowments and characteristics I have mentioned in the chapter on reconstruction, and only add that in public service he was conspicuous for tact and power in a minority; for political combinations which made him governor, after the most earnest and eloquent state canvass in our annals; a free school law for this state found in him a friend, while the state and sovereignty which would allow the assassins of liberty to cross our territory to enslave Kansas found in him an enemy. The navy became not a hobby, but engaged his deep interest as a patriot; while during the war era at the head of the senate committee, he became the counsellor and confidant of admirals. He, with personal grief, voted against the majority of his party on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, which act illustrated his forecast and independence as a statesman.

Mr. Grimes sprang early into favor with agriculturists as a writer, and was a large land owner of soil, rich in contrast with that of his native New Hampshire. He first came on the emigration wave to the city of Burlington, where he now lies buried. By sagacious investment he attained large wealth. He left a tract of land to Iowa College, and a library to his city, but his greatest legacies were his life and character, described in Dr. Salter's memoir, and which will enrich Iowa's history when a volume worthy of its men is written.

GOV. SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD,

State and United States senator, and twice governor, was cabinet officer under the lamented Garfield, on whose death he retired to private life in Iowa City, now nearing seventy-six years. Radicals have ever been hospitable to "born democrats", and the "plough handle" candidate was one; and he was fortunate and strong in free soil allegiance as to time, and the strong and vigilant support of Ex-Senator Ezekiel Clark, his relative and business partner, with the will and skill of a political genius. Mr. Kirkwood was never a favorite in the religious circles, though indicting the most religious, orthodox messages, nor with the clans that were tolerant of the saloon in the state or nation. Of a kindly heart, he was not wanting on occasion in combative force. A war governor had opportunities, and Kirkwood well improved them, and later kept in sympathy with the agricultural masses, before whom for years he has been a plain but favorite speaker in championship of economy, higher education and the policy of a tariff. With a temperament seeking ease rather than the theatre of adventure, or the mingling in political strifes, he will be held in esteem for sturdy honesty as an official, and a calm, clear perception of duty, not less than for eminent patriotic service as our state executive in perilous times when home traitors were in ambush, held by unseen links and oaths to the Knights of the Golden Circle, one of the most dangerous organizations of the century.

GOV. WILLIAM M. STONE.

Governor Stone was district judge in the war era, and resigned for the military service as major, until appointed colonel of the Twenty-second Iowa infantry. In charge of a brigade he was wounded in the arm, and when on a furlough was tempted into the political arena, seeking a nomination as the successor of Kirkwood, and having rivals in the astute politician who was secretary of state, and the brilliant Fitz Henry Warren. After a most exciting struggle, in which Warren showed the greatest magnanimity, Colonel Stone was nominated.

The cool home critics of one who left the field of danger for civic honors, came into line under the dashing canvass of one so effective in jeering copperheads and eloquent in appeal to patriots. The loyalty shown by the soldier vote was also in high compliment of a gentleman who as executive never forgot his army comrades, and in private life has merited the favor of pensioners, his later acts supplementing his liberal policy as state executive. More of an orator than a financier, he has, under President Harrison, won an appointment as first assistant officer in the national land department, where great cases will have a fair hearing by an intelligent and upright officer.

GOV. SAMUEL MERRILL.

Governor Merrill was a state representative and a merchant of McGregor, at the breaking out of the Civil War. Business was dropped cheerfully and he bade adieu to home on accepting the colonelcy of the Twenty-first Iowa, a regiment noted for gallantry alike with its commander. He was supposed to be mortally wounded at the battle of Black River Bridge, where he gained the warm praise of General Carr "as the first in battle and the last to leave the field". From the rebel rain of lead and iron shot he never recovered, and passes a well-earned pension, it is said, over to the poor in the city where he prospered and the capitol of a state delighting to do him honor. It is only an incident that I had a few hundred votes in the convention, but felicitate myself not only on making his nomination unanimous, but in loyalty to a business citizen and worthy official.

In a broad view of our wants as a state, he laid the corner-stone of our new state capitol and was liberal in plans to encourage public improvements by the enlistment of capital. State institutions were especially befriended, and his gifts in advancing higher education were many and liberal, culminating in the endowment of a professorship in Iowa College ($20,000), of which institution he was a trustee. His success as a bank president and in railway enterprises were in entire accord with his well known probity and forecast. Ill health in his family led to enforced removal to California, where his wife died. His enlistment in business schemes there, it is hoped, require only a temporary absence from a people only less profuse in honors than hearty in wish for his permanent abode on our soil.

GOV. C. C. CARPENTER.

As register of the state land office after the close of the war, Colonel Carpenter was a resident of Fort Dodge. It is not an assumption that because he had a morbid dislike of the smell of gunpowder, he became a commissary of subsistence. General Logan sought out the wide-awake officer of probity, to render service of more value in an emergency than that of a field marshal.

In 1871 the repute of a wise legislator and faithful staff officer in the field, taken with the vocation of a farmer, not a trivial circumstance in political slate construction, smoothed the road to a nomination to governorship in easy transition, and an election even more facile.

We meet him as an officer and cattle superintendent at our state fairs, where, I have little doubt, the smell of the breath of our fancy bovines is more welcome than the fumes of alcohol and the jostle of political caucuses. One of the most forcible of our public speakers, rendering good service in Congress, he has by his address on "The Skeleton in the Corncrib", stimulated farmers to adopt high feeding to condense values, at the same time encouraging domestic exchanges in the line of our farmers' policy and road to wealth.

GOV. JOHN H. GEAR.

Honored as mayor of the city, a wholesale merchant and state legislator, rising to the speakership, Mr. Gear's election as governor broke the royal military line of governors. Fort Snelling was a military post on the Mississippi, where, as a son of a post chaplain, he was born. He figured as a manufacturer, and served on the ways and means committee in Congress, but he has gone into retirement temporarily, with others, whose offense in supporting the McKinley tariff bill is yet to be held as a high honor.

GOV. BUREN R. SHERMAN.

In *ante bellum* days, he was a county official, but left all to graduate from the army with honorable life scars, earning promotion by the lead yet corroding in his person. He was often in the range of the fire of our foe. "He was shot nearly to pieces," says Byers, "at the battle of Shiloh."

The repute of an able orator placed him at the head of a party, chastened by divisions incident to great majorities. Corporate bodies meant domination to be met, bringing the baptism of fire in another sense, when he found it true that "a man's foes shall be those of his own household".

The public needs of our unfortunate and dependent classes touched to move a sensitive nature. In the line of public service the governor became an open and brave advocate for the prohibition amendment of 1882. His ear was never dull to entreaty, nor his purse closed to charity, and at the end of his term of office he was found poor in all save the priceless tributes to his fidelity, his eloquence as a debater, patriotic pride in his state, and love for our national defenders.

GOV. WILLIAM J. LARRABEE,

A native of Connecticut, of quiet tastes, a sagacious financier and of long legislative experience, might be expected to be conservative. No predecessor was better equipped for a successful administration, and to Governor Larrabee's credit stands a repute for the closest attention of a financier, and an unbending purpose to promote the public weal. The saloons will never forgive his prophecy that they can never again have legal toleration in Iowa. Executive documents and official declarations in favor of upholding our prohibitory enactment, have sent out a swarm of peripatetic revilers, stimulated by the flask and assisted in the pouring out of vials of wrath by even the sordid employer across state lines. Whatever the issue, it will be found that the chair of state was filled with rare personality.

Factions on the transportation question there were. They are not now in array for criticism; the pipe of peace should be smoked. If the flames of strife were fanned by honest or by designing men, the former as lovers of comity were too seldom united, and a successor governor reaps where he had not sown. Dr. Johnson said, "Where you undertake to kill, let it be only your enemies." Scattering fire often sends the most fatal shots. Reproaches for this political result will be hushed, before the untarnished fame of a state with high credit and no debt, and with no scandals, even in a whisper, and with hearty encomiums for the fidelity and courage of the farmer governor.

GEORGE G. WRIGHT, OF DES MOINES.

Nearing seventy years, Judge Wright is yet young in spirit and abounding in railway service and local financiering, while maintaining the more congenial social amenities of a pioneer gleeful story-teller, and emotional table orator. For the period of a generation in the circles of farmers, at the bar, at educational and political gatherings, he has found a welcome. For epigrammatic taste, exuberance of wit, strong Saxon, apt comparison and close logic, while devoid of limpid fluency, he is in just repute. His Bar address just delivered before the jurists in national convention at Saratoga, evinces learning and fine conception as a lawyer and statesman. Few have had like rare opportunities, as a pioneer counsellor, a judge, a chief justice, wearing the unspotted ermine long years until called to be United States senator, to take rank with a deceased brother, statesman and diplomat, Joseph Wright. As senatorial candidate, he had but to intimate, and troops of friends made his cause their care. The acceptance was by some deemed ill-timed in view of his adherence to a pledge to the American policy learned in the school of Clay, but time has justified his educational speeches and persistent voting for a protective tariff.

OTHER LAWYERS.

Judge C. C. Nourse and N. W. Hubbard are gentlemen of fame, not finding congenial duties at the bench but at the bar. In this forum there is found the play of exuberant fancy in wit, which, added to legal learning and oratorical gifts, have brought large fees and honorable successes. Judge Hubbard, before in the employ as solicitor of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Co., gave one of the grandest philippics against the saloon on record; and Judge Nourse, often and by choice an anti-corporation lawyer, has been for a quarter of a century a standard prohibition orator with a national fame. Both gentlemen have written in a graceful, eulogistic style of our state and her people, on many occasions, and were often famous dinner speakers and orators for set occasions. I think the twain owe more to native than to cultivated resources. They are witty and wise, which is better than to be otherwise, for thereby has come employment and competence as solace in life's evening. With Judge Nourse there is an anticipatory gleam before the explosive speech, but none the less spontaneous. Judge Hubbard lightens unexpectedly, without an intimation of the pun or merry puncture which brings the laugh in or out of order.

OUR FEDERAL JUDGES.

Our state is not of an age to boast of many jurists and officials "to the manor born". Justice Samuel R. Miller, born in Kentucky, after thirty years' service, has reached an age to retire with a claim on the nation's exchequer and the people's benediction of "well done". He belongs to Iowa, for here he practiced law, and from the state bar he rose to the bench (though originally by profession a physician), to attain a peership among judges — an eminence traced to a high order of gifts, industry and well-grounded opinions.

On his western circuit I had occasion to study the judge, and observed how impatient he was with showy-talking lawyers, and how great his aversion to shams. The stuffed advocate he first took from his base as a child takes up a doll, and then shook the bran out of him. He placed men on the rack by an inquiry. So fearful was a nervous lawyer about to open a case, that he said there was clear sailing if Miller did not ask him a question. There was a scowl until the point of the case was in bold relief, and verbal repetitions only brought nervous unrest, while many of the brothers in gown slept in unconcern.

In paying my regards as a citizen, I was conducted into a workshop of the judge, where piles of volumes and legal lore in tons avoirdupois engaged at late hours the servant of the nation, in that new era of jurisprudence involved in acts of treason, war and reconstruction. I think a reporter never unlocked him, but to an Iowan he was frank in opinions. I could mention how and where he would have been in a collision with our "Moses", Andrew Johnson. In Grant's sagacity he had confidence. If he holds that the ex-secretary of the treasury and chief justice, Chase, laid the country under deep obligation, there would be small chance of dissent. It was an honor to the state of his adoption to be chosen the orator at our great centennial constitutional convention at Philadelphia. Does it lack in a popular style of address, it is yet profound, a fit study for a people, impatient alike with quotation and declamation. Master of the instrument he so faithfully expounded, it detracts nothing from his fame that he enlarged on Iowa details, while setting the state in a picture that shows him an artist in eulogy. To him a high niche is assured.

Judge John F. Dillon was early an orphan, but grew on our soil in the mould of a true gentleman. With limited literary advantages in youth, he was a student of books while winning the honor of men full of business, and ready to confide and extol a promising legal light. This was the firm of Cook & Sergent. Mr. Dillon was eminently social, but neither friendship nor sympathy warped his judgment in the interpretation of laws while a practitioner or subsequently. He early received local judicial honors, then the seat of a chief justice by a popular vote, later a Federal appointment in a district embracing many states, loyal, semi-loyal and one a traitor to the flag. His office was far from a sinecure, and gave occasion for study in solving new points of law, involving great principles and vast sums. Litigants in their impatience and anger could not move one who found, like the great English jurist, "popularity which follows, rather than that which is run after".

To a relative his decisions seemed in corporate matters too impartial if not cruel, but it was this evidence of the strictest judicial integrity which later brought large gains and honors well known to the legal profession.

Great industry, combined with literary taste, early brought him into notice as a publicist and author — the work on municipal corporations being a standard authority not only in the West, but found on the desks of our ablest jurists everywhere.

In the chapter on railroads I have narrated how Judge Dillon was called from Iowa. Friends at the bar parted with him reluctantly, as did the state with reluctant adieu. His law lectures found in the students of Columbia College eager listeners, appreciating literary finish, and high tone on questions of corporate and national obligations. But he was soon allured from the college to be the chief counsel of the Union Pacific Railway, and later adding the duties of an attorney for the railway magnate of the age — Jay Gould. Mr. Dillon is welcome to the best literary and social circles of the great city. He is well conditioned at sixty, with a competence and that content found in professional eminence.

Judge James M. Love was a resident of Keokuk, the abode of not a few famed citizens. It has furnished in my time a congressman, United States senator, two cabinet ministers, and three judges with national fame, besides eminent army officers. Judge Love was a democrat before the war era, known to me as a partisan state senator, and for the life of a generation a non-partisan jurist. It is the fact that no suitor or counsel could wish a change of venue on the ground of prejudice, and as true that no suitor feared that politics would occasion a bias in a trial. A kind heart execrated the proposed indictment for crime of one who had the stare of a lunatic. Judge Love's consideration for young practitioners won life-long friendships. He was a patient listener on grave criminal trials, and begot the respect even of the guilty receiving a meted sentence.

A southerner might have been extreme as a state-rights theorist. Principle was shown in his regard for the opinions of our state court. Thus there has been observed a pleasant comity and harmony of Federal and state courts so honorable to each. The state retains him at the University Law School as a lecturer. Clear in statement, an oracle, and genial, he charms with his scholarship shown in leading cases not less than in occasional addresses, embellished with a high order of rhetoric. It is high compliment that the regard in which he is held as a citizen is only exceeded by so wide and universal esteem that nothing save party edicts has delayed service as a Federal judge beyond the boundary of state lines.

Hon. George W. McCrary is another jurist, hailing from Keokuk, who claims as a birthright the name of Hawkeye. No Iowa citizen has passed to eminence on more varied rounds of service. A state representative, repeatedly a member of Congress, rising to an authority and authorship on elections. Cabinet minister under President Hayes until a resignation to accept a circuit judgeship in place of Judge Dillon, he vacated the office for the lucrative and responsible duties of counsel of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fè Railways. Of a phlegmatic temperament, and utterly devoid of show in manner, of pretence in his profession, he became a universally trusted friend and a safe counsellor. His career is a living refutation of the opinion that in the wild West pretension is the only road to success. At the bar his subdued voice was suggestive of an apology for an appearance, and counsel were so far won by his urbanity on the bench, that if their case was lost, they had at least made a sympathetic friend. In great contests for a seat in Congress (often provoking, by charges of fraud, the question by Mr. Stevens before a vote, "Which is our scoundrel?") it was a remark, "He is not of my politics, but I shall shut my eyes and follow McCrary, the chairman." Such impressions, begotten by a mild eye, clear and calm statement, gave eminent fitness for a corporation lawyer. Jurors forgot their prejudices to listen, and judges indulged only confidence in counsel who never misled by an authority, or asked a verdict on trivial technical points of law.

HON. J. K. GRAVES.

J. K. Graves, a resident of Dubuque, has just passed the milestone of a half century. A cheery face represents a brilliant wit, great enterprise and laudable ambition. He was not a soldier in the war of the rebellion, but claimed the honor of cashing drafts to the amount of thirty thousand dollars to clothe our volunteers, while our state treasury was empty. The era of peace found him with personal engagements and business associations, but attracting thousands of voters to make him a radical republican senator from a democratic district. His financial career may not be one of unvarying good fortune, but business enterprise in his own city, liberality with a plethoric purse in removing an incubus of debt from churches in his city, making unasked a liberal draft to a worn-down educator, Dr. George F. Magoun, bidding him travel in foreign lands—these are a few of many good deeds that "shine in a naughty world", reflecting the nobility of manhood.

HON. D. M. MONINGER.

Our national herding domain has given to their owners the name of cattle kings. More eminent than the oriental chiefs, or cattle barons by virtue of capital and enterprise in pre-occupancy, yet they are quite eclipsed in fame by that princely and honored breeder and feeder, Hon. D. M. Moninger, of Galvin, Iowa.

It is a day of specialists and noble rivalries when a showy vocation awakens admirers, but the age is often oblivious to the claims of heroes in humble callings. Years and sharp rivalries have not left out from bovine literature the names of Booth and Bates as benefactors, by their skill and devotion to the brute related to the vocation of rural life. To be the painter of an animal has earned a bestowment of medals and won the company of savants and princes. Should not the rearing of fine breeds receive honor? Iowa has a citizen, Moninger, justly the rival and peer of cattle fanciers in the new and old world. This is his distinction—without a great cash outlay, or wealth gained in selling bloods, he becomes an educator of the masses by his prize herd of steers for beef, and points the way where the farmers may follow, not by extolling pedigree, rather by the animals crossed with the eye of an artist, and the skill of a breeder and care of a feeder.

Hon. J. D. Gillet, deceased, of Illinois, the great feeder, was the examplar by his stock in the line where the Iowa pupil surpasses his master. Together they had aimed to establish a beef breed, as I urged years ago, but, failing of the money in that venture, there is left the fame founded on the best beef, heaviest weight for age, and comeliest animals known to eye tests, butcher's block and epicurian tastes. Not that the world-renowned steer bore my name, and that Presidents have dined on the loin, do I rejoice, but for the elevation of agriculture and the wealth brought by patterns of excellence. The modesty and integrity of Mr. Moninger, the still successful breeder for the millions, I cannot fail to notice. In his home, overlooking the Minerva valley of corn and cattle, there is an Iowa gentleman as fortunate in competence and family as an honor to his state and vocation — Moninger of the short-horn crimson herd — a patron and friend of Iowa College, and high on the roll of her rural nobility.

HON. J. B. HOWELL, OF KEOKUK,

A veteran journalist, filled the Grimes senatorial vacancy with honor. Appointed later a judge on the court of claims, he served for years with fidelity while struggling with a disease that, before advanced years, ended the life of a courageous, upright and able citizen and political journalist.

HON. JAMES W. McDILL, OF CRESTON,

held a short senatorial term also, having been for years familiar with political affairs in Washington in clerical service. On returning to Iowa, he became a judge of marked ability. For years he was the legal member of the Iowa state railway commission, and is now an extensive farmer, with a law practice in the locality from which he rose to the stature of an official and citizen of high repute.

THE LATE HENRY CLAY DEAN.

The press of Iowa, especially the *State Register*, has spread a beautiful and broad mantle of charity over the eventful and erratic career of Henry Clay Dean, just closed. It is quite a safe assumption that he, the subject of unstinted praise as an orator and of merciless satire as the "great unwashed", would have prized the elegant, tender tribute of Clarkson *ante mortem*, more than now, if in that sulphurous abode to which he was so often consigned by the free-hand editorials of the last quarter of a century.

Preliminarily, I do not conceal the fact of an intimacy which grew out of compliments by Dean on my espousal of Greeley for president fifteen years ago. Old partisan friends found no words fitting to represent a republican who could win the praise of so "unsavory a rebel". This moved to hearty condolence by letters and personal visits, and though unavailing to blunt the pen of partisan censors it caused me to know and study one of the eccentric great characters of our time.

Dean died last month at Rebel Cove, Missouri, a name of his own choice, hardly a misnomer in the light of personal history. His age was sixty-five years. The public has little knowledge of his life in a Pennsylvania cabin, and of a poor family imbibing a slave-holding spirit from Virginia residents on the border, until the flattery for the inchoate young orator bore him, in 1849, on the emigration tide to the then new state of Ohio. Here for nearly forty years he has been known — preacher, politician, publicist, farmer, lecturer and lawyer. Charity often brought him food, and chance occupation and residence, until called by Senators Dodge and Jones, of Iowa (in reward, so called, for political service), and the warm friendship of Stephen A. Douglas, to be chaplain of the United States Senate. The honored circuit rider did not lose his balance; adjusting those unkempt locks and concealing his corn-cob pipe, shedding his brown shirt and patched suit of jeans for a "splendid fit" by a Hebrew certificate, and appearing in the Senate, he was less a boor on duty than he had been heralded. Moved to compensate by utility what he lacked in ornament in the "grand forum", he corrected and wrote speeches for his especial political friends, giving some verdure to the mental wastes of mediocrities. Crowds gathered around him, wherever chaplain Dean held sway by originality in caricature and manner — a clerical clown burning coarse powder in pyrotechnic displays which became monotonous. But the Sunday attendance was meager, and sparseness of numbers at the morning prayer made the service almost a burlesque. This I remember as his description — "The vice-president dull as the wooden mace he used, calling to order a straggling senator or two, a clerk busy fumbling his journal, page boys beckoned into silence by the door-keeper, cloak men and barbers looking out for customers and quarters. Oh, what a crowd to make a prayer for! A creaking heathen prayer-mill on the cupola would have been as serviceable to most of the senators as the chaplain's prayers." So he stepped down from the marble desk and retired to his Iowa home, to find that he was less than a god among the brethren to whom he had sent his Parthian arrows, and in disfavor with the Bishop whose appointment had been declined.

From this time we date his career of bitterness and misanthropy. Washington society was hollow, Iowa was fanatical, his church cowardly, giving the "fine-haired sprigs of divinity a chance to scatter the good congregations, and no place for a loyal democrat but on Skunk river flats". To be forgotten was dire punishment, hell itself. To escape this and heal the wounds of neglect, and also to repel assaults, he wrote for the press, lectured, and took up cases in court, which might make him the poor man's advocate; by his anathemas he would be the terror of corporations; and, in the defense of the Union, receive the honors of a patriot. The flag no doubt he loved, yet saw only its enemies in free soilers who disputed the policy of Douglas, and the party that called to arms against traitors. Threats of fire-eaters he echoed with an abandon that caused taunts and threats of violence, which culminated early in the war in an arrest and the soldiers' resolve that he should be hung for a reviling assault on Mr. Lincoln and the "Union hirelings". A march in the gleam of bayonets held by the jeered cohorts caused so little alarm for his personal safety that an intercession and rescue by Union friends failed to secure a thankful recognition, rather the cool remark that his blood was worth more shed then by fanatic violence for the world, than in sluggish flow to old age. Disdaining a mask, he would hold mere policy as the last resort of an imbecile; and he was elated by rebel victories, and predicted that the South would never submit. The declaration by the national democracy that "the war was a failure", found no warmer advocate, nor one so bitter in denunciation of the war democrat — a tory away from home. The press at the South printed with compliments his disunion philippics, which ministered to his vanity, while the coldness of his party adherents at the North refused a fair recognition of the claims of the most eloquent advocate of the cause daily becoming more desperate.

The sky to Dean was leaden, starless, and himself fated to obscurity if not derision and contempt. Only the past became eloquent; the present tame, linked to the sway of corporations and tyrants dominating in a drear future. He had such a chronic hatred of corporations that a ride in a luxurious railway coach brought no pleasure. The solace found in a Havana segar was a delusion contrasted with what he gained from the corn-cob pipe around the log cabin hearth. All was degeneracy. Since Clay and Webster, the Senate had been bereft of orators. We have no genius that

Shakespeare will not eclipse in the realm of thought for all time. Incredulous as to modern invention and discovery, he was enthusiastic over the lost arts and charmed with ancient literature and doubtful legends. The world generally was awry; society retrogressive, with exceptional persons reflecting man in the morning of creation for whom he yet avowed nobility.

Thousands will remember him for matchless description of the race fresh from the hands of the Creator. We listened to a genius and preacher who had found a theme worthy of his great powers. You saw all the elements in nature under law upheld for man; the ark floating; the tragedy on Calvary; the stars going out and the sun turned to darkness only when the last born of the benighted had entered on an endless career of fruition. He ejaculated with deep emotion, "Poor man, look up; proud rebel, kneel; scorning infidel, hush, or be damned!" His personal appearance of uncleanliness was a real case of hydrophobia in a figure without the violent spasms. An apology that clothes did not make the man did not meet the demand of society for comeliness. A brain that bulged with combativeness gave little control to a tongue when set on fire, endangering in turn his friends and everyone whom he encountered. Personal following he had little, and could be quoted for brilliancy rather than for safe counsel. Without a great purpose, he was floating without pilot or rudder to an uncertain harbor.

The theme of immortality in a sermon thirty years agone by Dean left impressions yet vivid, and moves to pity that education was denied in discipline to such noble elementary forces. It excites wonder that an Ishmaelite career should develop the rarest fruits of generous culture, an historian of ability, a gifted orator, most pathetic in appeal and sublime in imagery, ranking him the peer of rhetoricians and a master of assemblies. Apart from his accomplishments so well known in Iowa, I do not close without noting those redeeming virtues not to be obscured by political offenses. His verbal promise carried the value of a bond.

Concluding these words on Iowa personages and friends, I have a presentiment; it is that no more of faint praise or warm admiration will fall from my pen. For the fallen by the way I could only offer a laurel sprig prepared by affection, and for the living few actors and thousands more humble, but not less worthy patriots, soldiers with stars and scars, Christians valiant, a sigh.

Xerxes at the head of his army, crossing the Hellespont into Greece, was seen to shed tears in thought that in one hundred years not one of the braves would be alive. Far less is my limit of allotted years, and that of comrades, but my grief will be assuaged in hope that we are all not to be forgotten by the children sporting on the grass, which may be green over the mounds where our ashes repose. If there be no inscription to tell where we fell, there may be a record of deeds to ally us with a heroic age, counsels and blood which will long survive our departure.

CHAPTER XVII.

Indians — The Sacs and Foxes in Iowa — The Friend of the Indians, John L. Davenport — Indians and the Cattle Husbandry — The True Policy of the Nation toward its Wards.

Since my entrance into public life, I have been interested in the peculiar phases of the Indian problem. I find that our American policy has wanted advocates bold to suggest and rigorous to perform. The national cost for protection on the frontier has been so great that it would have been economy for the government to have maintained the various tribes at academic halls and first-class hotels, rather than to incur the expense of wasted annuities and of soldiers in sufficient numbers to protect against the "braves" on the war path. Meantime frontiersmen have maintained that "the only good Indian was a dead one", and Eastern philanthropy has asserted that fraudulent treaties and bad faith were sins "crying to heaven." With an eastern birth and education and a western residence, I cannot coincide with either party, believing that a radical policy of government will remove the scandals of the past, and elevate the living remnants of barbarism in the scale of humanity, to become aids to a higher civilization. It is within the memory of residents of Iowa that all its soil was claimed by some twenty or more ambitious tribes. These are reduced by extinction and emigration to the remnants of one tribe, the Sacs and Foxes.

THE SACS AND FOX INDIANS.

At Grinnell, from the college telescope tower, you can see the smoke from the wigwams of these Indians twenty miles north-east, by the Iowa River. They number about four hundred, and are truly an object lesson near home, cognate to history, which confers slight honor on their neighbors, the pale faces. I do not judge the whites harshly. The Indians have been held the wards of the nation, to whom they entrusted under treaty stipulations their money, which draws five per cent. interest and aggregates from $13,000 to $15,000 annually.

I knew them only by roving hunting bands up to 1856, when I was a senatorial condidate, and it was rumored that he who would shelter black runaway slaves would favor the Indians, petitioning the state to remain here on their old hunting grounds. To this charge I made no answer, and on investigation became their friend. By an interpreter it was learned that after their removal to a reservation west of the Missouri River, a tribal war broke out which threatened the extermination of the weaker party. Their only way of escape was to old haunts on the Iowa River, near which are ancient mounds marking the burial place of ancestors. One of their good friends, during the session of the legislature at Iowa City, brought me a petition from many of their neighbors, my constituents, asking permission for them to remain in the state while peaceful. This was endorsed by Governor Grimes as humane. Then followed the passage of a law which allowed them to remain in Iowa while peaceful, and to become owners in fee of lands which they have since owned, above one thousand acres. From my interest in their welfare, as they passed, painted and forlorn, not in compliment they were called "Grinnell's Indians", and their intrusion by calls for food at my house was varied by a fire set in the street and whoops and war dances for my home entertainment. These professions of regard I improved by calling out "shame", when I met the braves riding ponies and the squaws on foot. Then they were made to know that a condition of my friendship and an effort to secure the payment of annuities in Iowa, was that they would send their children to school; only responded to by scowls and a deep ugh! ugh! I called on them one pleasant afternoon autumn feast-day, and on the mention of school, the bucks hied away one by one in the bushes, leaving my entertainment to the squaws. The children I could no more fondle than their wild game; yet they were in line, objects of maternal solicitude, first by hasty washing, followed by head-clearing devices — a most disgusting episode in a show of celerity in destruction of vermin, most commendable, yet cutting short as fruitless my educational call on the dusky tribe.

They were poor, morose, frequent beggars, and became intoxicated whenever a white whiskey dealer was sordid and base enough to dare sell the fire-water. Their annuities were withheld to compel their return to Nebraska, which I deemed great injustice, and while in Congress made futile attempts for a remedy. Success came at last by a plan which, however devoid of the marks of high statesmanship, was useful in an emergency where precedent becomes tyranny and red tape the sign of a man lapsed into an official machine. There is an Indian appropriation bill before each Congress with the sanction of commissioner and Indian affairs committee, which is considered in committee of the whole. That was my place for hearing by amendment under a five-minute rule, and trial was vain while Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, the leader of the house and chairman of the committee, was in opposition.

To him I made an appeal in behalf of my Indians. "The case," he said, "I know is strong, but we have a unanimous report, and are pledged to the bill." I replied, "Suppose you are not present when my amendment is offered." "That is another view. Duties don't clash, and I wish without dereliction I might serve poor people, or encourage in good faith what has been so often here voted down." "I will take care of that if you will allow me"; which remark met with a friendly response.

The right person I found, to send at a proper time his card to Mr. Stevens, asking for a few minutes, and in his absence, on reading the "Sacs and Fox's appropriation" item, I offered this amendment —

"Provided, that the portion of the tribe now residing in Tama county, Iowa, shall, during their good behavior and residence in Iowa, with the consent of that state, be paid at their present homes annuity *pro rata*."

It was opposed as an innovation, yet the call for Mr. Stevens was futile, and amidst shouts, "It's just! who cares if the Indians get it?" etc., the amendment was adopted without tellers or division. Thus after the lapse of near twenty-five years, I am not aware that this disbursement of money in Iowa, nor the ethics of my device in capturing the head of the committee, have been called in question.

What now of the Indians? They were proprietors of the soil, with money, school-house, teachers and agents furnished, taking liberties denied white men; building grove camp fires, hunting and fishing at all seasons; beyond contact with savage tribes, in the sound of church bells, enjoying the example and comities of an industrious, temperate and religious people. Did they make advances in real civilization? None. One of the braves said, "If whisky was shut out from Heaven, he did not want to go there." Another said, "If you can take me into a country where there is plenty of corn and whisky, I will go right along." If they were seldom drunk, it could be charged to the scarcity of the "fire-water" rather than to virtuous abstinence. To have flaunted human scalps as trophies would only have been a signal for expatriation, or retaliation. With the gusto of whites they puffed their cigar; really, they smoke well, and their fluency with oaths in English is only further evidence as to capacity for learning, had it not been easier to retain the game of the forest in captivity, than our dusky wards in a school-house. Thus they have sunken under the care of legal and white guardianship—a travesty of paternal solicitude.*

Their history in Iowa furnishes little to inspire confidence in present methods toward an elevation in the scale of humanity. Are there new devices? This question may have an answer in a broad national policy, which I hope to outline. Meantime there is credit due to local workers sent by the Government, and to many provisions made by statutes. The peaceful but stern policy of England in dealing with her red man, on this continent, is to the credit of that nation, contrasted with our own, yet not with nobler promptings.

Hon. George L. Davenport, late agent, was a born patroon, who spoke with good judgment, as I recall. I met the faithful old man, hampered by red tape, returning to his home in Davenport for a few days' recreation. When I came to Iowa his name was associated with that beautiful city, Davenport; he was bank president, capitalist and railway director, ranking with millionaires. One reverse had followed another in quick succession—partial deafness, family bereavement, loss of property; and he was ready to accept a small salary as agent for the remnants of tribes who were his playmates in childhood. He was Prince George, the great heir, feted by Black Hawk, and made welcome to their camps and sacred feasts. Thirty thousand souls have become reduced to hundreds, the elder of whom talked of fleet ponies, arrows tipped with poison, war whoop and scalping enemies. Helpless to control but warm in the affections, he was devoted in his mission, but utterly impotent in attracting the children to school, and in arrest of the career of hereditary nomads. To the poor old man they were loyal, cheerfully hieing away to their camps, after daily embracing with tears one with only the threadbare garments of fallen royalty.

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*They make their annual hunting circuits, sleep on the ground, compel the squaws to perform all the labor; their wigwams are in sight from passing railway trains, the school-house, and within the sound of the church bell; an honest agent and devoted teacher have been furnished by the government, yet they have built no houses, have neither increased in numbers, learned to read, nor adopted the customs and habits of their white neighbors. Owners in fee of rich acres, their huts are smoky and rude as those of their progenitors visited by De Soto three hundred years ago, and they are as truly savage as the tribes of King Phillip met by the Pilgrim Fathers. I admit the fact of an exceptional school, church and good Indian, in the romantic dim elsewhere. But if these are the Sacs and Foxes in the "green tree" of Iowa civilization, what of the roving bands in the "dry tree" on the distant frontier, whose eminent virtues are best known in romance and tradition.

It was a touching historic picture of human vicissitude, while the devotion of a Davenport is a tribute to his manly heart. Said he, "They talked of hunts and races fifty years ago, of their braves fallen, and they prayed the Good Spirit that I might never be weary or thirsty, while the Iowa river rolled and they had a hand to steady a rifle to bring down the game. I am renewing my age. The down from the birds they pluck for my pillow, and bring the daintiest food for my table, but they are only grown-up savages, ready to die for me if I would but be indulgent to their modes of life, which I cannot be."

In the sequel it was not as I wished, that their friend might long live to mould and inspire to a new life. He said, "They talk of following me in song and death-march, and say that their last and earliest prayer is to the Great Spirit for me, and that they will carry my game in the good hunting-grounds." The old man did not repel their wish to be his pall-bearers, or slight the medicine man and spiritual incantations. Mr. Davenport fell prematurely and brought wailing on the reservation; and not his dusky playmates only, but his Iowa neighbors also, mingled their tears of regret that a true friend was cut off from a loved and promising agency for the Sacs and Foxes—a tribe once claiming land ownership from the father to the mother of waters.

Tribal frictions, war and disease have reduced their majority of thousands to that of but one in five hundred of our state population; and their present limit of land ownership to three acres each, points to a near day of extinction, if not an absorption. Let them, with other tribes, be governed, as are our children and the unfortunates; and an equal share will give one hundred and sixty acres of land to a family. Their presence will then no longer be an offense to society, or a menace on the borders. This, as a state policy, would be a substitute for the burlesque methods of to-day. From the school-house might come forth a subject for the pen of the romancer. Art might develop a painter, and a sweet voice might attract the lovers of melody; virtue might find its noble exemplars and the novelist many a hero. Then we should hear no more the rude jeers for "poor Lo!" returning from his hunts on the low-necked, reeling pony, and with an acute ear for an alarm locomotive whistle which brought the glee of a coast wrecker, in the promise of fresh beef mangled by the railway trains, eking out a subsistence maintained by the sale of peltry and by begging, until the migration of fowls and the unlocking of the streams offered chances for food.

While officially studying our cattle industries on the border I made an examination of the Indian question and made a report to the government, which I here condense, with some interspersed remarks.

THE INDIAN AND CATTLE HUSBANDRY.

Our dusky wards may be valuable scouts, but have not the qualities of good herdsmen. They are never out of mind on the frontier and will not be overlooked in this discussion. Just returning from the western borders, the writer may be charged by some with imbibing the common frontier sentiment that "the only good Indian is a dead one". To that he demurs, having sat at the hospitable table of the Creek by the Arkansas, employed the Cherokee as a faithful guide, and camped with the Choctaw, finding safe repose in the rustle of his cornfields; and, nearer home, by our Iowa river the Sacs and Foxes offered him, in return for supposed favors, the compliment of rude songs and the war-dance.

The Indian has few friends on the cattle-ranges, is commonly under suspicion as a cattle-thief and is a menace and terror to unprotected families. His red blanket is a convenient device for inciting a stampede of cattle, in which he takes grim delight, and, on a denial of tobacco or whiskey, secretly starts the devastating fires which in dry seasons sweep uncontrolled for hundreds of miles, driving, for his purpose, the buffalo into the gorges to await wanton slaughter, and leaving the ranchmen the alternative of a roving, starving herd, or a drive to grass on an unburned district. Such acts provoke retaliation, and the only valid excuse for even our small army is his presence, and a fear that on the least provocation he may take to the war-path. These are our wards, scattered and uncontrolled, tolerated in indulgences and idleness which are the nurses of imbecility and treachery.

Is not the nation, their self-appointed guardian, most at fault in allowing them the dignity of equals in treaty-making, and then treating them as dependent children to be fed and maintained in idleness under threats, to the disgust alike of every circle around the camp-fires on the plains (the miner who holds a white man as good as an Indian, if as well-behaved,) and every owner of a herd beyond the reach of military protection?

The Indian tribes embrace three hundred thousand souls, not half the average population of a medium state; yet they set up claim to hunting-grounds and reservations equal to the area of five of our large states with twenty times their numbers. They have imperiled the emigrant, turned back surveying parties, massacred the defenseless, and, beyond all the moneys disbursed of trust funds, have, by military defenses and actual losses, cost the government in the last half century hundreds of millions of dollars above the sum expended by any nation in any historical epoch on an equal number of subjects; and all, with rare exceptions, in worse than fruitless efforts for their civilization. What, then, is the correct policy for the nation and right to the pioneer? I answer: Locate them in the Indian Territory. Leave undisturbed the Creek, Choctaw and Cherokee tribes, that, localized, have made substantial progress.

Of the thirty-five million acres let one hundred and sixty acres of well-watered, fertile lands be set apart for each Indian family, which would leave many millions of acres for the children, to be conveyed and held in fee on their reaching manhood. Then dispose of the reservations, great and small, under a graduated system, at their full value to herdsmen and farmers, and place the proceeds to the credit of our wards, to be expended for their benefit on their new homes in education and improvement. You have then made the roving savage richer than the average pale-face—compelled the wards, like their fated guardians, to work or endure hunger. This plan will substitute a cheap local and effective police for an ineffective, costly standing army, solving in ten years one of the great problems of our time in the interest of humanity. Thus we may discharge an imperative obligation by rescuing the Aborigines from decimation, and providing for their elevation to the rank of civilized man.

Is it objected that this destroys his natural rights and places him in slavish subjection? What are his actual rights, and is he placed under more absolute control than the minor? If he has a right to a home, it is accorded to him; if to property, then in that he should have the protection of a powerful nation. If he claims millions of acres, over which to roam as hunting grounds, where did he get his title? If afraid of the tyranny of his guardian government, let him rise to the plane of citizenship and take part in making our laws, there being nothing in race or previous condition to hinder, and assert his independence. Encouraged to abandon the precarious pursuits of hunting and fishing by the incitements to home improvement and the certainty of protection, it is possible his seeming doom may be averted. It is stern history that he has no power to arrest the natural encroachments of civilization, and there is far more of mere sentimentality in the defense of his ownership of our country than of good law — deemed the first product of a great nation. I am with the herdsman who innocently drives across the reservation and consumes the grass where burned for centuries. He has a precedent, and the example of the fathers, who appropriated what the savage would not, causing in their journeying westward "the wilderness and solitary place to be glad for their presence".

I cite a paragraph from an oration by Ex-President John Quincy Adams, eighty years ago, in defense of the fathers, and their sons, who simply assert their equality as herdsmen with the nomadic hunter and the savage, where Nature has spread gifts with a lavish hand that are unused:

> The Indian right of possession itself stands, with regard to the greatest part of the country, upon a questionable foundation. Their cultivated fields, their constructed habitations, a space of ample sufficiency for their subsistence, and whatever they had annexed to themselves by personal labor, was undoubtedly by the laws of nature theirs. But what is the right of a huntsman to the forest of a thousand miles, over which he has accidentally ranged in quest of prey? Shall the

> liberal bounties of Providence to the race of man be monopolized by one of ten thousand for whom they were created? Shall the exuberant bosom of the common mother, amply adequate to the nourishment of millions, be claimed exclusively by a few hundreds of her offspring? Shall the lordly savage not only disdain the virtues and enjoyments of civilization himself, but shall he control the civilization of a world?

This is the philosophy of Grotius, Pufendorf and Vattel; the latter authority, in his "Law of Nations", says:

> A nation may lawfully take possession of a part of a vast country, in which are found none but erratic nations, incapable, by the smallness of their numbers, to people the whole. The earth belongs to the human race in general, and was designed to furnish it with subsistence. If each nation had resolved from the beginning to appropriate to itself a vast country, that the people might live only by hunting, fishing and wild fruits, our globe would not be sufficient to maintain a tenth part of its present inhabitants. People have not, then, deviated from the views of nature in confining the Indians within narrow limits.

I would not be understood as recommending the defrauding even of a savage of that which he properly appropriates, or which promises to be a probable advantage to his posterity. I would change his mode of life, now dangerous to neighbors, and the nurse of immoralities. I would take them as children into the great family, subjected to wholesome law, and localized where their interests can be guarded, education and industry enforced, with a visitation of the punishment of a court rather than the border retaliation.

Had this policy been adopted during the last thirty years, we should have reared worthy specimens of the race—not barbarians with beastly instincts, relying on a gun for food, and a dog for a companion, except when slain in the extremity of hunger or carved for a religious feast. This fostering of imbecility, ignorance, idleness and the grossest animalism, leaves the dusky characters as they were a century ago, for our reproach.

NATIONAL ABSOLUTE CONTROL.

This policy is the dictate of humane statesmanship, calling but for a few chapters of national legislation, relegating the whole question to a mutual council rather than to the caprice and false precedents of doubtful friends. The object of the commission should be, the breaking of the bonds of woman's serfdom; compelling a selection and occupancy of lands by the adult males, with bread and liberty contingent upon work. Education should be absolutely compulsory, as in our state reformatory institutions.

There is nothing in the magnitude of the numbers involved to discourage. After the adults have taken the land in severalty, there will not exceed twenty-five thousand men under compulsory law, and thirty thousand children of a school age will be a high estimate of the number falling under treatment as infants and youth. This scheme is a far remove from maudlin sympathy and a toleration of idleness, when work should be the demand to save from the pangs of hunger; obedience and decency would be the conditions of governmental control and protection. The benign forces of this century wait on the culmination of so beneficent a scheme.

The last sands of the memorable 1890 are falling, and General Booth, of the Salvation Army, proposes to the world a humane scheme for London's unfortunates—"In Darkest England and the Way out." American philanthropy can no longer be indifferent to the miseries of our Indian tribes. Mothers wait for emancipation from serfdom. The haughty, oppressive lords require a governmental exaction of labor as a condition and practice to exempt from hunger. Neglected children and youth call for compulsory education. Who will have part in the coloring of this picture—a symbol of the beneficence of millions of hearts who will it? Where are the leaders who will execute, and the artists who will paint a matchless testimonial to a great thought embodied in sublime reality?—"The American Indian rescued from barbarism, in the family of civilization—a man!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Prohibition Temperance Issue — Skirmish Line Demonstrations — The Political Status — Prohibition Party — An Address — The Iowa Churches — George C. Haddock — Laws of Heredity — Revenue from Whiskey.

A long public contest is not necessarily monotonous. Great issues are replete with varied and lasting interest. From the middle of the century to 1882, and since, there was heard in Iowa the clangor of arms on a great moral battle-field. The lines were daily becoming more distinct between the combatants. It was the lovers of order, economy, patriotism and virtue, against the most dangerous foe of the race, drunken with victories and stimulated by sordid strife for gain. Its cohorts, unchecked, will make an easy prey of the millions debased by appetite and blunted in their moral sense. Drinking usages cost more than bread. Drunkenness is the prolific mother of criminals; and it has a death-roll of victims greater than that charged to the other two great grim angels of destruction — disease and war. Can there be an excuse, then, for indifference or for silence?

Of the writer said one: "Let him speak, who defied the saloon in his own city by a prohibition proviso; who staked political success on a temperance plank, and inspired, so says popular opinion, a state to march by the light of the torch of progress, which was held up in Grinnell with ever increasing courage and with brighter radiation for nearly forty years. Far was he from a professional reformer; and, though in continued demand as a speaker and writer on decisive occasions, yet he was never the recipient of a dime in the discharge of a duty linked with the pleasure found in pushing on a noble cause."

The law of heredity predestined me for a radical actor on many lines. My venerated father left for the children the evidence of his spirit in a journey on foot of one hundred miles, in attendance at the first national abstinence meeting at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Then it is the record of that day, that in the shadow of a distillery and a mammoth cider-press, himself the owner of the latter, Mayor Grinnell, at his own home, gave the first address in the town against the gigantic curse. At the head of the list of signers to the local temperance pledge is his name, with a John Hancock chirography. Then, what I saw of the baleful effects of the cider-drinking habits in brutal fighting at public gatherings, and the debauched condition of crowds returning from barn-raising and shooting-matches, near my old home, left their vivid impression. The years of my residence in cities presented a picture of degradation and woe which forbade indifference when on the great theatre of public life I became an actor.

To found a temperance town in the West was a cherished aspiration on leaving New York in 1854. None were wanted as neighbors who would tolerate a saloon. In fact they were repelled with decision, if not rudeness, while there was a warm welcome to a large class who came here to escape temptation in a struggle for reformation.

SKIRMISH LINE DEMONSTRATIONS.

The first time I crossed our wide prairie between the groves in a distance of twenty miles, where there was but one house, my party, on stopping the carriage, saw me destroy a whiskey sign, with a finger pointing, which said, "Whiskey for Sail." I knocked off the rude finger board, and took it into the hack, my company protesting that we should get into trouble. My apology in reply was, that the word "for sail" had some nautical meaning, out of place on a prairie. I threw the sign into a little creek, to float down the great river to the Gulf, lest it should entice travelers to drunkenness.

Contracts were to be made for breaking prairie by the native ox drivers, most of whom carried a supply of whiskey, costing twenty cents a gallon, and mingled their drinks with most offensive profanity. It came to be a story of the time and had a salutary influence, that I actually made large contracts with the prairie-breakers with the proviso that I should do personally "all the swearing done on the job, and drink all the whiskey required." Big contract!

On the laying out of the City of Grinnell, the proviso against saloons was a grave affair. It was on the consideration of one dollar that I gave the net proceeds of sales and city lots in trust to the cause of education, with the usual warranty title, and "provided that ardent spirits were not sold thereon as a beverage, unless by my consent or that of my legal representatives". The guys, the buffetings and derision, with the predictions of a "one horse town", taken with the scare of conservative friends, and the opinion of lawyers, esteemed very wise, that the proviso would not stand in the courts of law, was a test of my firm belief in the policy of inhibition. Time proved it, every way, a salutary step, bringing together a people in accord and regard for education and temperance. No one jeopardized his realty by public sale of liquors, and the Supreme Court of the United States, in a case brought from Greeley, Colorado, sustained the principle and legality of such a proviso by a unanimous opinion. The growth of Grinnell under the assumed cloud of title, was great and phenomenal. It became apparent that the high repute for good order, without a saloon, moved other towns to imitate, followed by the activities of county officials. Then came a state policy, after the building of railroads and the influx of population, stimulating an advance to a constitutional temperance amendment.

No saloon was one of the three planks in my platform, on which I stood when elected state senator in 1856. It was my policy that the whole state should enjoy what our town had found beneficial. Under the state law of 1855, lager beer and native wine were prohibited. These beverages I voted to exempt in 1858. Of the beer in its use I knew nothing, and the growth of the grape I would encourage; besides, a large and intelligent class of Germans were republicans, who promised, on this exemption, their support of the general law, threatened by repeal. It was a case of "a part of a loaf or no bread", and, to keep the party intact on the great slavery issue, was in mind. This honest expedient, with all the light then attainable, did not prove a wise policy. Beer and wine soon became a cloak for the sale of all intoxicants, and built up in most of the towns defiant saloons.

The constitutional prohibition amendment of 1882 was a sweeping protest against the whole nest of vipers. It only failed by a clerical omission, and for it statutory prohibition was substituted with public approval, bringing an unquestioned boon to the state. Iowa, judged by statistics in regard to illiteracy, is more than the Massachusetts of the West, besides boasting of a small percentage of criminals, and of an average of fifty county jails vacant within her borders for some years past. There is not an employer of men who has not been benefited, nor a city which is not rendered more attractive and richer for the destruction of the liquor traffic, not to mention the tens of millions of dollars added annually to our wealth, and the repute of her citizens, ministering to state pride and attractive to the best people of the Republic seeking homes.

THE POLITICAL STATUS.

A practically united republican sentiment saved the state from the delusion of high license. That party, in order to self-preservation, was compelled to oppose a "third-party" candidate, a measure supported by well-meaning citizens, but especially pleasing to saloonists, who regarded it as a scheme to divide the dominant party, yet impotent in assaults upon their ranks. It was upon this ground that Iowa temperance people were impatient with the devices and advice of those outside the state, ignorant of our real status, and of the true metal of the temperance legions.

Persistency in demanding a national adoption of our principles was suspicious. Democracy, in the platforms, and in the spirit and practice of its adherents, was opposition to "all sumptuary" action. Certain republican states had espoused prohibition, and the national party in convention had entered a resolve in favor of temperance and the home. It is well known that only educating influences, and the burdens and crimes brought by the saloon fully exposed, will cause a prohibition plank to be else than political suicide. The republican party is not so demented as to take counsel with foes. This maxim I regard as practical good ethics, "There is personal responsibility for the existence around us of an evil which we might have prevented." The statesman reformer says, "Save your city or your state, if without power to control the nation." Thus I defend the republican party of my state, and am in accord with its action.

When honored with an invitation to become a prohibition party candidate for governor, I replied in a letter, of which the following are extracts:

GRINNELL, IOWA, Aug. 30, 1884.

My dear Sir:

I accept the implied compliment in the term "Independent Prohibitionist", but must distrust your judgment if you advise an electoral ticket in Iowa, with myself either at the head or tail. Independent notions, and the support of the lamented Greeley, brought, I know, the designation of an "assistant Democrat"; but this year I beg to be excused. Real Democracy deserves a better fate than being caught in an expediency trap, and it should now be occupied with a more elevating occupation than that of the fox in the fable losing his tail, and going about to counsel all other foxes that it was fashionable to go without that appendage. There are no absolute rules of military warfare in capturing a fortress, more than in moral conquests, but there is one that commends itself to even the novice in combat, viz: Never heed the counsel of your enemies. The party that places free whiskey in its platform just as dishonestly tells us vote for St. John, and though you shoot in the air you shall be as gods among mortals. No, sir! . . . . This year under both Blaine and Butler it is the protection of labor and American industries *vs.* a British policy and lower wages, with Cleveland as a leader. There is a plain issue. . . . . The St. John vote will cut a small figure in Iowa. I aspire neither to leadership nor to be counted with the "scattering", to shorten the pilgrimage of a party, cold and hungry for twenty-four years, which has, if there is any analogy in historic judgments, sixteen years of the forty yet to journey before reaching the promised land, for a greater crime than the worship of a golden calf.

Yours,

J. B. GRINNELL.

AN ADDRESS.

As a part of history, I may here insert an address, written by me for the temperance leaders of the state in 1886. It was an appeal which voiced the situation then, and has an historic relation to the political victory of that year:

"Preliminary discussion educated the masses up to a high plane of thought and statesmanship, and led to a courageous act born of deep conviction. Party lines were broken. Capital saw its opportunity; railway managers saw a device for the safety of property and persons; fabricators and farmers spoke for the imperiled laborers; doting fathers, for sons on the road to shame; victims of the cup, for a removal of dazzling allurements; educators held our state banner for literacy more firmly, fearing no rival. The five years of discussion and restriction furnishes a proud epoch. In the period of national depression every great material interest in Iowa has gained a new impulse. Domestic animals have increased in value and number without a precedent. The supremacy of corn as king has been vindicated as in no other state, without alcoholic inspiration; state credit has appreciated; population has increased in five years by 600,000; many thousands allured here by the legal inhibition of the saloon. We are the envy and admiration of our near sisters, alike fortunate in native resources and settlement, yet never to be our successful rivals, so long as they are contending with wastes and burdensome taxes incident to the saloon system.

Eighty counties in the state, out of the total ninety-nine, no more gild a sign of welcome to revel and debauch, but drive the illicit traffic into the filthy recesses of darkness, fixing the brand of infamy on abettors of law-breakers, and giving no escape for the guilty from fine or imprisonment save by perjury, or in the device of a change of court for delay. The number of grog shops has decreased by 500, and the number of arrests by thousands. A decrease in the consumption of whiskey and beer has been so marked that makers and vendors declare their business on the verge of ruin; a confession which is an unwitting tribute to the efficacy of a law enacted for a noble purpose, only requiring the support of courage and honest officials for its vindication as beneficent to a people happy in exemption from taxes and vices cognate, which are the direct result of a free traffic or one honored and sanctioned by official license.

What is involved in the democratic demand for repeal?

A status of respectability for the liquor traffic, not enjoyed in Iowa for the last quarter of a century. Indifference to the warnings of the medical profession, which are prompted by a survey of humanity degraded by inebriation. A welcome and popular toleration of the public sale of beverages, now deprecated by the statesman of all lands as the most potent agency in enslaving the weak and blunting moral sensibility for the commission of every offense in the calendar of crimes. It is the blunder of the time, early heaping shame upon the actors; a proposal which rises to the rank of a science in debasing servility to the saloon.

Let me be specific to be plain. Repeal makes no exception of community, county, city or town. The privilege is not asked as a favor, but as a birthright. The traditional yet satirical testimonials of good moral character must be waived. Hearing a petition would be a farce, like bonds for good behavior. The old demand for protection to society against despoilers is drowned in the cry and uproar for personal liberty. You reverse the shield which guarded the weak to emblazon state sovereignty and protection for an avocation outlawed. Henceforth drunkard-making shall be as legitimate an avocation and enjoy equal honor with mechanical trades and mercantile ventures. Is there any just plea for this new departure to enthrone and make universal that so long outlawed?

Where will the party look for company in its abasement? Is it to the states like Missouri or Georgia valiant in democracy? No, nor to New York or New England. Gallant Iowa must furnish the soldiers for retreat before the fumes of whiskey and frothy beer, and call for a dismount from political steeds, and a backward movement, lines broken and the picture of a crab engraven on our coat of arms. Such is the abandon of law-breakers and the mercenary; a reproach to civilization in a blunder neither early forgiven or to be forgotten by posterity.

Is there no exception to this toleration and protection? Yes, it is found in two hundred and fifty dollars, or in one thousand dollars as the extreme cost of indulgence. This is no option, rather a command to every community — conquer your prejudices, repress conviction, waive local protection for your sons, down with majorities; relegate local government to political jugglery; you may vacate your home, rebel against the slaughter-house on the corner, but the strolling vendor of drinks is guarded in his sovereign right to despoil. The flaming swords at the gate of Eden gleamed with the purpose of a God; in a model state they are sheathed by a party edict for the protection of vice on the payment of money! I join in a wide opinion that this license fund is blood-money, taken from the poor wives and children of saloon victims who have brought gain to the vendor, and has no proper place in the city's bank, more than the silver pieces held by Judas, had in the Lord's treasury. So, too, the large sum cannot be weighed by a virtuous state in a balance against a wrong. It does not mitigate an offense, but gives a moral prop to the actor's respectability, to more effectually delude and debauch. Shall we be forced to drink this cup of degradation, and the clanking of our chains be the mockery of that social and political independence for city and town, now our joy and pride? I remember a parallel blunder by the same party, and from that grand historic issue let us gather strength and inspiration in this crisis. It was thirty years after the Missouri Compromise that the minions of slavery sought to break the compact and carry their crimes into Kansas. It is thirty years since the dominant party in Iowa denied a saloon protection by common law, and now asks for it sovereign toleration and protection. Senator Douglas appeared with squatter sovereignty as a panacea, being the local option device of this political crisis, but it was as offensive to the slave power as option now is to vendors and political aspirants, demanding their feigned natural rights without question. It is history that theft of ballot boxes, fire and slaughter, could not stay the march of heroes for liberty, who were led in spirit by John Brown, and made Kansas forever free. The arrogant demand ruptured the party, brought derision to conservative leaders, and left it in a disgraced minority, only after a quarter of a century to regain power by accident.

That earlier meditated crime was against the colored race, to nationalize slavery; this democratic device in Iowa imperils all races by license and by a confession that a small minority may dictate a policy; it declares that state sovereignty shall never be enforced for the suppression of wrong, and its only service is in ensuring toleration. The moral status of slavery in the nation is no better than that of the saloon in Iowa. Our fathers erected the national barriers, and they who removed the landmarks lost their cause. We of a state, by argument, and standing on the shoulders of the pioneer fathers, made the saloon an outlaw like the burglar and polygamist, and this is the question — will we, proud of our schools and progress, firm in our convictions, turn back the hands on the dial plate of time, a sign to all the world of party servility and moral retrogression?

Fellow citizens of Iowa, let me enforce the appeal which my voice forbids me to speak, based on the convictions and observations of thirty-one years' residence in the state; a student of its progress and cognizant of what sobriety brings of thrift, safety and honor, to the farm, corporate affairs and the town. I entered public life twenty-nine years ago, the friend of democratic legislation now sought to be repealed with all supplementary enactments. Under the national war cloud, against my better judgment, I voted in the senate for the beer and wine clause exemption. It did not propitiate, rather was the occasion of the arrogant demands, never gaining audience until now, and to be spurned by a people who prize their honor above the gains of greed and political success. The fear of the incendiary torch and assassin's blow prevents now the local enforcement of salutary law, and nothing can be gained by submission to a debasing demand that political effrontery proposes in no other state. You cannot quiet this horse-leech cry, give, give, no more than you can quiet the enraged wild beast, athirst for a victim, by a friendly caress.

Be not deluded, you who care for the altars of home and state honor, by the rebellion device in the "rural districts" against the platform. It will be impotent now in effecting reform, for it is too late to cast the purifying salt of opinion into the great convention fountain. Shackled by party you have no option in the current, more than the loose planks to stay the rush of waters, and your place will be that of driftwood in the eddies below. The democratic revolt against party made honored heroes in early days; it embalmed their memories and left a rich heritage to their children. Such is the opportunity of patriots now; it is the last recourse for the young voters imbibing the spirit of a higher civilization, who would care for the honor of their state and march in the bold vanguard rather than with expediency protestants in the rear. The plot cannot be concealed nor the issue be evaded. The supremacy of law means order and virtue for Iowa; repeal, the domination of all the elements of evil and the cohorts of crime.

THE IOWA CHURCHES.

These, in a warfare against the saloon, have a most honorable record. On the adoption of the amendment of 1882 there were in the state two hundred and twenty Congregational clergymen, and of this number only one (and he afloat) was known in opposition to the constitutional inhibition. Later there has been great unanimity in support of the party true to its pledges, which, joined to educational forces, will ensure a higher plane of action, rather than a surrender to the license system. "Moral support or legal sanction of the evil is wrong," is the watchword. The ladies' organization was both zealous and efficient, as, later, by non-partisan action it has been an auxiliary, and is full of promise for the future.

The Methodist Church, equipped for pioneer advances, has rendered service worthy of praise and close imitation. She is richer, and the cause much stronger, for the life and fate of her martyred son in 1886, at Sioux City. That city, breathing the spirit of him who was assassinated, drove out the saloon, thus adding to the repute of her citizens, who have witnessed marked progress, material and social. A memorial service was held on the death of Rev. George C. Haddock, in most of our towns. At the meeting in Grinnell, which was large and sympathetic, this report was made of one of the speeches:

Hon. J. B. Grinnell addressed the congregation briefly as follows:

Fellow Citizens:

Since the founding of our city we have not been called to such a service as this. By an heroic act in Christian devotion Rev. George C. Haddock wears the crown of martyrdom. He was field marshal leading the army of law and order in Sioux City, and on the 3d of August was shot down at the behest of cowards and criminal saloonists. Through the cycles of the ages he will stand unchallenged on the roll of the army of martyrs. He fell not in any brawl; not provoking by a defiant word nor brandishing deadly weapons; but seeking to uphold the sovereignty of the law in the interest of honor, peace and virtue. And night was the fit time for the assassin's deed, when the very clouds for shame obscured the light of the stars. In the calamities of the world there is often neither balm nor compensation; not so in this tragedy. It is for us a bloody hiatus when the gallant soldier falls, and we of the rear rank are summoned to rise o'er the sainted form the easier to climb the battlements of the enemy and hasten for the cause a victorious shout.

I have returned from spending days in Chicago at the trial of the murderous anarchists, to learn, as in Iowa, the saloon is anarchy and death. Let us press this new count in the indictment of the saloon — assassination! Let us hold up the priceless value of a courageous man! Though he die, the red rain from his brave heart invigorates the prohibition tree, that can never die in our soil, but will be stronger in branch and richer in foliage for the blood which has flowed. High as Heaven is the prohibition martyr above our charities. He has gone with St. Stephen "whom they stoned", Christians expiring in flames; the slain in the valleys of Piedmont; Lovejoy by the banks of the Mississippi; and Lincoln at the national capital, all enrolled with the immortal. It is ours to take up and finish the work he began with new inspiration, whether the saloon calls few or many to seal their devotion with their lives. That God, who gave a convoy to his Elijah in a chariot of fire will care well for the fame and the souls of the martyrs, and it will be ours to care for the orphans and widow with a generosity reflecting gratitude and devotion, if we are akin to Pilgrims, Puritans, Covenanters and Huguenots, that have enriched so many fields with their blood. I know that we are coveting the mantle of the fallen. Let us by gifts and acts make him we have met to honor more eloquent in a bloody tragedy than possible in a long and courageous life.

THE LAWS OF HEREDITY.

A study of interest is the entail of vicious appetite. On a recent visit to my native town in Vermont, an investigation startled me with facts to confirm the newer theories. I looked over the accounts of Deacon Solomon Brown — the merchant and Revolutionary soldier — which were kept between the years 1798 and 1802. They comprise dealings with sixty patrons, charging flour, salt, tobacco, codfish, rum, etc., with near ten thousand items, and near three thousand for rum, by the gallon, pint or drink, and when quaffed with the luxury of sugar, an additional charge of two pence.

Who were they? Names to be remembered if not spoken. The records of that day point to the enslaved victims of appetite, poisoned in blood, enfeebled in purpose, by the cruel sorceries of rum. Their children no fathers loved more, but visited on them the Nemesis under the law of heredity impossible to flee from; aye, the edict of a God visiting the habits of the fathers upon the children, "unto the third and fourth generation". You have seen the boy, the real son of his father, whose thirst for drink was no surprise, never divested of that fiery blood, which only a long abstinence could cool. It leaped in the veins, mounted the cheek of the companions of my youth, and under strong temptation in convivial circles, our born noblemen became limp, irresolute, and bent the bow of life with timid, uncertain aim. The law of descent is inseparable from success in rearing the brutes, as is the ideal of a God in perfecting a race in His image. What, then, of equal concern to those habits, the basis of hope for your children, or to mar with morbid appetites, crying, give! give! to slake a raging thirst; potent alike to lift from a gulf of despair or nerve for unnatural criminal deeds. In nature we may give strength and character to the blood, as sun and air give fragrance and color to the rose. Thus I find the habits of the fathers often poisonous to the blood in my Iowa home, the witness of desperate struggles in reformation; agonies to regain manhood lost on the swift currents sweeping on with hereditary taints.

A REVENUE FROM WHISKEY.

On this question of taxation, I think there is a popular misapprehension. Increase in the cost of intoxicating drinks decreases consumption, especially with the middle classes of society. Hence a high revenue tax is in the interest of temperance, leaving out of discussion what fashionable usages and a vicious thirst will command. The tax becomes a restraint, yet not tainted with greed, nor does the law, as in liquor-licenses, involve the citizen as an accomplice or an abettor of crime. As an individual I am not conscious of the least complicity with the whiskey dealer, because I vote for a law to make his occupation most costly, nor can the nation be called to an account that, by a wise apportionment of taxes, replenishes its treasury, while impotent to reform the vicious. Our state republican platform of 1888, I regarded as a blunder at least. It was on the theory that cheap intoxicants do not promote intemperance, and gave to our enemies a weapon for a deceptive use, rather than a legitimate argument used for the repression of evil by civilized nations.

The following are excerpts from my speech in Congress in 1864:

> I move to amend the amendment of the gentleman from Illinois, by increasing the tax to one dollar and twenty cents per gallon.
>
> The proposition which I now submit increases the tax twenty cents a gallon beyond the rate proposed by the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Lovejoy.] Now, sir, I am sincere in this amendment. I think it ought to prevail, and I will not say that I think it ought to prevail upon the ground alone that we are to require a heavy tax for the purpose of carrying on this war; not at all. I have nothing to say to propitiate the whiskey interest of this country, or the drinking interest of this country. I believe we owe it to ourselves to increase largely the tax upon this article which is vicious in its tendencies, and which is unnecessary. If, as sug-

gested by the chairman of the committee of ways and means, men will have it, let them pay for it.

I am willing that my party, if I have a party which is in the habit of drinking whiskey, shall pay a tax of three or five dollars a gallon for it, if they will drink it as a beverage.

I can conceive very readily how natural it is for the gentleman over the way [Mr. Fernando Wood] to oppose this high tax upon whiskey. It may be true, as was asserted by an eminent subterranean democrat of the city of New York, whose name I cannot recall, it was so many years ago, that these corner groceries are the indispensable nurseries of democracy. [Laughter.] I do not stand here to dispute that assertion. I believe that the corner groceries of our cities are nurseries of democracy; they are, at any rate, nurseries of a certain kind of democracy, and I would like to see them swept from the face of the earth.

Then, sir, will the raising of this tax reduce the consumption of whiskey in the country? I believe it will reduce that consumption; I believe, if you will levy a high tax upon whiskey, there will be a less consumption upon the part of the thousands and millions of the people of the country than is customary now. This belief will govern my vote upon this article, in respect to the taxes we are to levy upon it, and apply to other articles which cannot be classed among those of absolute necessity. The consumption will be less in proportion as the tax is greater, because men cannot spare the money to purchase if the cost is high. The laboring people, who the gentleman from New York says drink whiskey, do it because they cannot procure the money to purchase brandy. They have not the money to buy brandy, and therefore they consume poisonous whiskey. And thus, if the cost of whiskey is increased the consumption will be less.

The gentleman says that with a tax of two dollars and a half per gallon in Great Britain the consumption has increased. I do not think the tables so speak. I think those best qualified to speak in Great Britain are of the opinion that if the tax upon alcoholic liquors was made less the consumption would be greater than it is at the present time.

There is another reason why I wish to have a high tax upon whiskey. In the midst of an precedentedly severe winter we find ourselves needing all the grain that can be furnished for the purpose of feeding our stock and supplying the army. If we stimulate the production of whiskey we shall not have corn enough left for feeding the stock in the western states. I would rather that the corn and rye should be used for stock than for the production of whiskey, and the people, I am sure, would rather gain than suffer thereby. We are informed now that there is a deficiency in the supply of the one article of corn of more than one hundred million bushels. What should we do as wise men, then, but reduce as far as possible the production of whiskey? If I had the power I would issue an order to prevent altogether distilation for drinking purposes. I would vote with any man that during this war not one bushel of corn or rye should be used for the manufacture of whiskey. There should be no more of that common, miserable stuff which has a name in my country that I will not repeat; there should be no more of that dreadful poison which is damaging so many of our soldiers and officers.

* * * * * *

I wish to do injustice to no one. I did not mention any name. If it be not true as I have stated, it still does not militate against the position which I assume, that whiskey has been of great injury to the service. It has been stated that high officers of the military department have been incapacitated from duty because of drunkenness. I can call not only the name of one, but of many who have informed me that such is the fact. This evil, then, is one which affects both officers and soldiers; and I would raise the tax upon whiskey, and of course the price, so high that it could not be brought within the reach of the soldiers. The government should supply their real wants.

Yes, Mr. Chairman, I would not care if the constituents of the gentleman from New York [Mr. Fernando Wood] never obtained another drink of whiskey. [Laughter.] If that were to be the case, I think that we should soon have a political reformation in this district. [Laughter.] I would have his constituents, when they stretch their necks for a drink to-night, stretch them long, knowing that it would be their last villainous drink. It is true that a gentleman must make an argument for his own constituents, and that the gentleman from New York takes care of his. But I have no such friends to propitiate. I know that it was said liquor was poured out by the barrel against me in my district during the last election. Thank God, I have no desire to belong to a party that cannot come into power except upon a whiskey barrel. [Laughter.] I believe that when whiskey is abolished morals will flourish. We can do without it. All that we want is God and the flag and our glorious soldiers. We carried the election in Iowa, where the gentleman from New York [Mr. Wood] did not choose to fill his appointments, against the hero of Fort Donelson by thirty-two thousand majority; he, unfortunately, having gone into the wrong pew. [Laughter.]

The quiet of a retired life invites a recast of opinions. Time has only intensified my conviction as to the duty of the state toward the tempted, and the victims of appetite. I have stood on the platform with the eloquent Marshall, and with Governor and Senator Yates, at the national meeting at Washington, entranced by their eloquence, and later have mourned their fall. More than thirty of the most promising and noble-born of the citizens of our state, I have seen borne out with the fate of drunkards, to the bitter grief of their family and friends. The tornado strikes with most resistless force the tallest and broadest trees of the forest, with not greater fatality than, under a license system, the drinking usages have swept down the generous and high-born of our friends in a struggle with convivial habits and debased appetite.

Prohibition in Iowa, with its unmeasured good, can never be treated as a failure. It reduced crime in the state in five years by one hundred per cent. It reduced the cost of criminal prosecutions for the same period seventy-five per cent. It reduced the state prison convicts by thirty per cent. The savings banks, in evidence of thrift, more than doubled their deposits in five years. School-houses and churches in the line of culture and moral progress, increased fifteen per cent. It is thus a living question of to-day, shall blind conservatism and a debauched party bring confusion and defeat? The early defenders of slavery, that twin of the saloon, are passing into the shadows of forgetfulness. In contrast, the early and valiant champions of freedom have attained the high niches of just fame, and require no monument to perpetuate their memories; and so it has been and will be with the apostles of temperance.

For the wise treatment of our great vice there must be rudimental education, patient waiting and a cheerful toleration of opinions, while never offering a truce to the conservatism of compromise or of silence, which is more dangerous than the blind fury or the blandishments of an open enemy. It will be no pastime to deal with a curse that brings sixty thousand men to their graves, annually, and marshals an army of drunkards outnumbering any army that ever a Grant or a Napoleon commanded. Was it the fancy of Dean Swift that "the royal arms of Lilliput were an angel lifting a lame beggar from the earth?" Early may it be the fact that the American coat of arms represents the good Samaritan, linked in purpose with the majesty of the law-giver, rescuing the tempted from the despoiler.

CHAPTER XIX.

Railroads — Personal Work — Central Railroad of Iowa — Receivership and Superintendence — Malicious Litigation — Vindication.

A LABOR strike, obstructing travel and trade for a week, first directed my attention to the value of railroads. Celerity, safety in travel, and power to move the world's produce cheaply, is the province of our railways.

Memory carries me back to the day when there was but one New England railway — that employed in freighting granite from quarry to dock, at Quincy, Mass.; and my first ride on a railroad was given me by a showman in a ball-room on a miniature locomotive.

A Vermonter laughed at the predictions that eventually we should ride on an iron rail at the rate of ten miles an hour. That prophet saw with a dim eye in the misty valley, not on the mount of far vision. He was in advance, however, of the Massachusetts committee of the state legislature, that reported in favor of a railroad survey from Boston west to Newton, that town being as far west as the road would probably ever go. Rocky hills, mountains, deep valleys and streams, were the barriers of nature, and tavern keepers, raisers of horses and grain had no welcome at an early day for steam "to make their occupations and farms worthless". Now, one hundred and eighty thousand miles of railroad is not only the greatest material fact of the century, but one of the solutions of our mysterious progress, to which the capital and genius of countries boasting of the oldest civilization are awakening.

The iron rail has achieved far more for the new West than for the older states. It has invited refined society where before pastoral life was only congenial to a people with nomadic habits. It has rendered that expanse which before had only the value of a clear sky, the home of contented and prospered millions. It has determined the value of farms by proximity to a depot, and promoted the social unity of the people, who have found easy and swift ways of travel. In the facilitation of exchanges of products and speed of locomotion, human life at every locality distant from seaboard, or crowded city, has been lengthened one half. The accomplishments at fifty years by the fathers are easier attained by their children at forty years.

Land grants to aid in the construction of railroads through new states and territories, have furnished a prolific theme for shallow demagoguery. No party alone can have the blame or credit of a policy of which Stephen A. Douglas, a democratic idol, was the early champion. It was statesmanship to give treeless prairies value, and place a double price on alternate sections held for sale by the government. Roads by tens of thousands of miles were secured early by aid of the land where this policy secured their construction. The alleged great gains of the companies with a land donation are, as a rule, mythical. They anticipated business and waited years for population and profits. Local trade, and not long hauls through sparse settlements, furnished the secret of good dividends. Thus the lands became a necessity to secure an investment, and there came a consideration and an approval of a device in high statesmanship rather than reprobation by pessimists. Government doubled the price, and one half was of value, where before all was worthless as a home.

PERSONAL RELATIONS,

I went to the New West in anticipation of railroads, to enjoy their benefits, but was caught in the fervor of a pioneer, and later in the currents of enterprise in construction. Between my home and Davenport, one hundred and twenty miles, and Iowa City, sixty-five miles, the nearest terminus, I wasted years and vitality by nearly a hundred stage and hack trips to bring the Rock Island west. I made great efforts, and by Henry Farnam, the builder, was made a director, involving responsibility and trips to New York without pay. On going to Washington I resigned my place, but was never a party to passing our stock over to the Chicago Trunk Line at sixteen cents on the dollar; and I kept the certificates, which I would not place in the pool, costing me par, but now only valuable for a picture of the Mississippi river bridge and the autographs of two great men — A. C. Flogg, treasurer, and Gen.

John A. Dix, president, whose successors are also able railway managers. The policy of a thousand miles in extensions on the frontier invites discussion by the owners and managers, but is foreign to my personal narrative. Our county gave aid in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars voted, and the stock could have once been sold for a good sum; and but for a knowing attorney, now deceased, our debt could have been compromised so as to save over sixty thousand dollars. The voting aid was not then bad policy, but a wise act to secure the road, greatly enhancing the value of farms and building up towns.

In 1870 I ventured what money I had, and used my credit to its limit, in building a road from Albia to Knoxville, near to the great coal fields of Marion county. Later, by a breach of faith as to a tax at Albia, I changed my plan from Oskaloosa west in connection with the Chicago, Clinton, Iowa City and South-western—a rational, grand pioneer scheme which was set back by the financial reverses of those who had invested their money previous to the Chicago fire of 1871. For five years I was the owner of miles of grading, piling and bridging, until I made a sale to Ex-Governor Merrill, who, after the road was built, conveyed all to the C. B. & Q. Railway Co. Even after the sale, my loss was many thousand dollars under a contract with a Chicago capitalist. My judgment in court against him on account and for franchise was $47,000, which I never sought to enforce by execution, his losses by the great fire were so great; and I took off a burden which made it possible for him to rise. He did rise, but never to lessen my loss by the Chicago fire at near $50,000.

By solicitation, I was engaged in securing a road from Clinton, down the Mississippi river to Muscatine, for the West. After spending money and time, want of local aid led to its abandonment, to be resumed later by a strong company.

I hold the first share of stock issued to me as president of the Iowa City and English Valley Railroad. It was a scheme to reach the What Cheer coal mines, and, aided by Hon. Ezekiel Clarke, was full of promise, but it was clouded by a stringent money market, and I gave way, in want of courageous friends, to the B. C. R. & N. Railway, since completed to Montezuma.

The Grinnell and Montezuma Railroad, of which I was president, was built under my contract. It kept the county-seat where the people were mainly liberal, and, despite the bad faith of a few, did not bring the predicted losses. The sale was to the Iowa Central, which finds it a good feeder and not a local foe to its business.

The Grinnell and State Center Railroad I secured by franchise, pecuniary aid and right of way, then passing all over to Ex-Governor Merrill and his brother, Mr. J. H. Merrill of Des Moines. It was a good local enterprise, of value to the people and a natural feeder to the Central, to which it was sold by the Merrill brothers, and brought gain rather than loss to all the parties.

These five enterprises were of less concern, great as were their drafts on my credit and years of time, than

THE CENTRAL IOWA RAILROAD.

Few, if any, railroads in the country have had so checkered a history on the stock board, in the frictions which befell its management, and in the sharp personalities of which it was the prolific occasion. It is my purpose to give its origin, mention its utility and management, omitting a vindication of my official service. That may be done by another, if at all, after a submission of facts is given. The inception of the road came by a demand for good coal found in southern Iowa, and for lumber cheap at the great market of Minneapolis. Central Iowa had little timber and as little coal, which now costs two dollars and a half a ton; then costing from five to six dollars. Lumber rates were high, there being no competition, and building material was a necessity.

As early as 1858 I was elected president of the chartered company, to construct a line from Albia on the south to Mitchell near the Minnesota line, two hundred miles, in promise of connections with a line to St. Louis and to St. Paul. Oskaloosa, Grinnell and Toledo were among the points. This line was direct, natural and without deflection in its line; on its merits it was a scheme that would have been not only a credit, but a source of profit to the builders. But the poor money of that time, low prices of farm products followed by the war, left the dirt grading to be overgrown by weeds. Under a new combination by Charles C. Gilman of Eldora, Iowa, the building of a road to reach the coal banks at Steamboat Rock from Ackley, there came to be a road via Marshalltown and Eldora, taking up the old project to reach the Oskaloosa coal banks. It was here that I could only count up the money used in surveys and time given for the old line, and I was left to accept the place of a director, and to be one of a construction company for the new project, under a bold leader and with capitalists as allies. The towns were liberal and enterprising, and, without depreciating any points, Grinnell gave all that was asked, some $80,000, for which stock was to be issued.

My subscription was work in grading two miles of road, or cash $5,000. Then I paid in cash $7,500 for construction stock that would have brought a good premium while work was going on. Iron was $70 a ton, against $30 now. Labor was high, and this, after the Chicago fire and the depression of 1873 and '74, was my personal financial relation in 1875:

Cash paid out, $12,500; interest, $6,000. Market value of stock $1,500; leaving my loss at $17,000.

The road had defaulted in its interest, and there were sharp recriminations and frictions, with legal devices for the control of the property, and the road, under a foreign superintendent, had lost in business and was reputed unsafe for transit, if the accidents and public rumor were any indication. Rival roads and coal companies and localities were fertile in expedients and loud in complaint before the United States Court, held by Judges John F. Dillon and J. M. Love.

With neither of the judges had I ever held conversation as to the road, nor had we ever had any business relations to induce the selection of myself as receiver — leading, I regret to say, to an experience of the bitter and disgraceful attacks on the part of certain owners and employers, foiled in their schemes for personal aggrandizement, and resulting in the obstruction of a great trust, representing in stock and bonds from ten to twelve millions of dollars.

It was at this stage that I received this telegram from Edward R. Mason, clerk of the United States Court: "Judge Dillon wishes to see you officially at Des Moines, if you will come up to-day." I did not dream of his desire until in his presence, never having a thought but of my losses, and not of the management of the railroad property. What follows would be without interest only as a key to my action, and related to the most bitter assaults and basest methods in regard to the court, trustee of bondholders, and myself as receiver.

The following is the order and basis for large discretion exercised:

ORDER OF HON. JOHN F. DILLON, JUDGE OF U. S. COURT.

Hon. J. B. Grinnell:

For some time a suit has been pending in this court to foreclose mortgages against the Central Railroad Company of Iowa, amounting to six or seven million dollars. Owing to conflict of opinion among the different classes of bondholders of the same class, a final determination of the case was delayed until October last, when a decree of foreclosure was rendered, which it was supposed would be satisfactory to all parties.

Bondholders to the amount of $200,000 are dissatisfied with the decree, and a few days since the court allowed these parties to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States on giving security in the sum of $1,000,000. This appeal will tie up the property for some time, and it is important to the public and to the parties in interest that it should, meanwhile, be administered with impartiality toward all, with economy and good judgment. No permanent receiver has ever been appointed. To prevent complications by reason of an apprehend appointment of a receiver by other jurisdictions after the suit was in this court, we of our own motion named Mr. Pickering, the superintendent of the company, as provisional receiver, and he has since acted in both capacities.

If no apppeal had been taken no change would have been made in the receiver, as by the sale which was ordered, the property would have soon passed into the hands of the purchasers or the new company organized by the trustees. As it is, the court feels that the responsibility for the proper administration of the property, pending the appeal, rests upon it, and we both think, in view of the peculiar circumstances of the case, that it is better for all interests that the receiver and superintendent should be different persons, and this conclusion does not rest upon any doubt we have as to the capacity of Mr. Pickering, or as a result of any investigation of the complaints made against his administration. The court has appointed you, of its own motion, in order to give assurance that the railroad will be judiciously and economically operated, and the rights of all the parties preserved. The court desires the receiver to understand that he is the officer of the court, and expects him to administer the trust committed to him in the fullest confidence that we will sustain him in whatever he does that is right, whomsoever it may please or offend.

The railroads in the hands of the court—and in the circuit there are eight or ten—have all been run with less expense and have made more money, than when they were operated by the companies; and we hope and believe under your supervision, that this road will prove no exception, and that the property will be worth more at the end of the litigation, two or three years hence, than it is now. Your attention is called to the report of the Hon. Hiram Price, special commissioner, on file, and you will proceed to carry out his recommendations as far as practicable, and you will make monthly detailed reports of all receipts and expenditures.

This was on the 14th of January, 1876. Business was light, and over fifty thousand dollars due the employees, with a large demand for money to be expended on the road and to improve the rolling stock. The superintendent I retained until he sought to thwart my enterprise in sending ice, plenty in Iowa, to St. Louis where there was none. His criticisms I closed by a dismissal from service, and the ice trade resulted in a profit of $50,000· which money was used to quiet laborers who were becoming reckless. Full control I assumed with an address to the employees, reducing the number not employed on the track to thirty-seven persons.

For Sunday work in the last month two hundred on the pay roll had received extra compensation. That I stopped by an order, and limiting Sunday service to an absolute necessity. The following was none too radical an order for the emergency: "Any person in the train service carrying intoxicating drinks stealthily for others, or any employee using the same, will be dismissed for this offense; also for the use of profane or ungentlemanly language to the patrons of the railroad." These were reductions and radical methods from necessity, and to enforce a policy which brought by public admission great good. An order giving, by a new time table, to conductors the privilege of being with their families on Sunday, and prompt payment, secured the loyalty of my most trusted men.

At this stage I made a plan for extensions to increase business, and Mr. Russell Sage, of New York, and his associates proposed to furnish the money and take the receiver's certificates. The scheme was for a few miles on the north to secure connection with a St. Paul line, and south-east to the "What Cheer" coal mines, a branch being graded to Grundy Center. Owners, Attorney Judge Grant and the court approved, but waiting for a court order there appeared a scurrilous attack on the parties, the court especially. Thereupon Judge Dillon declined to make any order or sanction, outside the narrow range of my service. This, by the opinion of owners and sagacious Iowa men, depreciated the property millions of dollars and invited what occurred—an occupancy of the territory by rival companies. The Central was doomed then to be only a local road without power of self-assertion.

To Mr. A. Russell I committed details in operation of trains and the purchase of materials for restoring the road to a physical condition of safety. An outlay advised by Mr. Sage, equal to two hundred thousand dollars, was made. Spies and perjurers were numerous, with a purpose to blacken the administration, to restore those dismissed from service, and advance schemes of jobbery by combinations which later were developed with well-known adverse results.

I forbear to give names of the Bohemian-writer inspirers in Iowa and circulators of ten thousand sheets, for they have either died, become demented, or been punished for unprofessional acts.

The assaults upon the court were the basest, and the record of perversions appeared in a large pamphlet and a defense most honorable by the bar of Iowa. In private a non-resident party made no concealment of the oath he had taken to drive the judge from the bench in disgrace, little anticipating that he would show to the jurists of the country how spotless was the ermine of the assailed. An eminent judge in New York, Mr. Blatchford (since of the United States Supreme Court), reading the assaults, and in virtuous reprobation, came to inquire if that was not the judge to lecture as professor in the Columbia Law School of New York. There came a relief from the duties of a laborious circuit to a gentleman of scholarly tastes, securing fees as counsellor to able litigants and corporations.

To Judge John F. Dillon that reviler brought the greatest benefits indirectly. Would the chief counsellor for the great railway magnate and the great corporations have made such advancement but for the notoriety brought by foiled cunning, by defamers and marplots? Judge Love was loyal to his colleague and to duty as always, though not of the popular, dominant political faith of Iowans, and has shone in his profession with the increasing luster of a gentleman and a jurist. Every year he has added to a long and brilliant career, now popular as a law professor in the State University, and as presiding district judge.

I resigned as receiver after nearly three years of service. The debts were paid off, and two hundred thousand dollars extra above ordinary outlay were expended on the track, besides the advancing of eighty-seven thousand dollars in operating expenses. For this there was commendation from the bench, and I turned over to my successor fifty-three thousand dollars. First mortgage bonds which were, at my appointment, on the market at thirty-two cents on the dollar had risen to seventy cents, and, on an upward rise of value, reached above par.

The fatal stab at the property has been mentioned as incited by a quarrel for which I was not responsible, nor was I for a series of reverses in depreciation of securities, on which there was a good basis for their issue. The confidence in their appreciation under late combinations certainly related to faith in the property, and to confidence in the resources of our country and trust in the "good time coming".

In personal vindication I will not repeat the praises of railway patrons and commissioners, but only the official request of Judge James Grant, attorney for the trustees, asking for the discharge of my bondsmen:

U. S. CIRCUIT COURT, DISTRICT OF IOWA.
FARMERS' LOAN & TRUST CO.
vs.
CENTRAL R. R. OF IOWA.

In asking for the confirmation of the report of the master and consenting for the plaintiff to the discharge of the bond of Mr. Grinnell as receiver, I think it my duty to him, and to the court, to say that I believe that in the administration of his trust he has been strictly honest and upright, and actuated solely by a desire to promote the welfare of the owners of the property. I believe that he has given to his duties in addition to his integrity, his utmost care. His ability has been devoted to the duties which he assumed when imposed upon him without his application.

Upon his surrender of the property, I concur entirely in the opinion of the State Commissioners that he has very much improved the condition of the same, and he left in far superior condition to that in which he received it.

JAS. GRANT, Solicitor for Plaintiff.

A FINALITY.

The attempt at blackmailing to which I was exposed by a greed for fees, and the motive of those foiled, and fallen in a pit dug for another, I need not detail. Yet, on a deliberate attack made on my accounts and loose threats to sue my bondsmen on my default, I met all with a demand for a trial on the merits. More for my vindication, I asked an increased compensation for double service as superintendent with that of receiver. Days were taken before the master in chancery. It was proven that more than one million, seven hundred thousand dollars had passed through my hands; that the per cent. in operating expenses had been lessened; the morals of the employees — numbering six hundred — had been improved; that since the repairs of the track and for a period of two years not a wheel had been off the rail on the main line; and my compensation was increased above the sum fixed by Judge Dillon.

This is found in the United States reports by Judges McCrary of Iowa and Greer of St. Paul. Here the case ended, but for an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, costing the plaintiffs thousands of dollars, and serviceable only to the attorney and a gratification of the malice of a party not content with wrecking the property, yet persistent in burdening the court with a sham appeal. It was by the court's own motion that I served the corporation, and had been sustained in every branch of my administration. A good fortune I attribute to good maxims. The wheels must be kept moving; time was not to be made up on freight trains; drinking intoxicants was not compatible with safety to property or persons.

The finality was on my motion before the Supreme Court of the United States to dismiss the appeal at plaintiff's cost. The motion was granted by Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite.

This opinion of a leading journalist was widely copied by the press:

> THE VINDICATION MADE COMPLETE. The action taken by the United States Circuit Court at Des Moines, on Friday last, in relation to the issue concerning the Central Railroad of Iowa, and particularly as to the connection of Judge Dillon therewith, must be everywhere accepted as completing the triumphant vindication of that honored judicial officer from all the charges made against him by the Cate faction and their editorial abettors. From the bench, under all the liabilities and sanctions of his position as Judge of the United States District Court, sitting with Judge Dillon in the Circuit Court, Judge Love avowed his full co-ordinate responsibility for every decison rendered by Judge Dillon in relation to the Iowa Central and the litigation of its bond holders. Not content with thus avowing to all concerned, that if there had been any mal-administration of justice by the court, in any particular, in connection with the Central Railroad of Iowa, himself had been with Judge Dillon equally culpable, Judge Love cited attention to the records of the court, there and then open to the inspection of all, as directly contradicting all the charges and as thoroughly rebuking all the aspersions made concerning the acts of Judge Dillon in the premises. Nor was this all. The members of the Bar recognized the fact that they, too, had a duty to perform. They not only adopted a series of resolutions expressive of their sense of the outrage to the judiciary perpetrated in the libels uttered against Judge Dillon, but they took steps to at once arraign the authors of those libels before the tribunals of their country, for just condemnation and punishment. This action, if pressed forward to a legitimate conclusion, will, we may certainly hope, secure just the results now alone needed. Judge Dillon is fully exculpated from even the shadow of suspicion in any particular. In his behalf not another word need be said. But the interests of justice and due regard for the honor of the judiciary, demand that the originators of the slanders against Judge Dillon and the United States Court be ferreted out and punished as they deserve.
>
> It is also worth while to observe, and with due particularity, the thoroughness of the vindication secured to Hon. J. B. Grinnell, the much maligned receiver of the Central Railroad of Iowa. The report made to the court on Friday, by the master appointed to make a thorough examination into the management of that road shows that Mr. Grinnell has not only honestly, but wisely and well, administered the entire charge committed to his hands. As an honored citizen of Iowa for a quarter of a century, Mr. Grinnell has won a reputation for sterling integrity which is now only made the more conspicuous by reason of the assaults upon his character, now shown to have been entirely groundless and unjustifiable.

CHAPTER XX.

Agricultural Affairs — Wool-Growers' Association — National Dairymen's Fair — District Fair of 1859 — *Fine Stock Breeders' Society — Commissioner on Pleuro-pneumonia among Cattle — State Horticultural Society — American Agricultural Association — State Fair of* 1890 — *Arboriculture — Fences — Protective Tariff.*

THE IOWA WOOL-GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE formation of this society was stimulated by addresses and facts related to sheep husbandry. This was the argument — wool is high; millions of acres covered with nutritious grasses are annually burned over; the freighting of grain as a gross product, worth a cent a pound, is costly, while wool, worth fifty cents a pound, incurred but a small per cent. of its value in finding a market, besides stimulating the establishment of local woolen factories. I led in this enterprise, profitable in war days.

The sheep shearing festival at Grinnell, in 1865, was a notable event. There were competitors for premiums in shearing, and I was bantered to enter the list with shears, which I did. It was a dignified employment, not disturbed by the political correspondent, who reported that the honorable member of Congress was dipping sheep in tobacco juice. It was rather a compliment gained without cost, and the competitive sheep-shearer was the president of the State Wool Growers' Association. He was able to show wonderful blood in his flocks, and the largest and most valuable fleeces grown. The awards made are not material; the winners are dead, and most of the flocks have moved on westward, where there is a dawn of an interest which I had done all I could to promote by precept and by example, as the owner of as high as six thousand sheep, and the importer from other states of many times that number.

Here may be introduced some compliments to the sheep, occasioned by my national prize essay. Dr. J. M. Shaffer, long the efficient secretary of the Iowa State Board of Agriculture, in his address on the subject, said, "The Hon. J. B. Grinnell, of Poweshiek County, Iowa, has written an excellent treatise on 'Sheep on the Prairies', which may be consulted with profit by every man that owns a sheep in the north-west. Being a practical woolgrower, his instructions are of incalculable benefit. He does not indulge in fanciful speculations, but details experiences, summons figures, and makes deductions which a wayfaring man need not misunderstand."

In recognition of service and study connected with this industry, I was appointed special commissioner to classify wools, in the New York Custom House. It may be added here that, after the fall in the price of wools, I released all my renters from their contracts, which, if enforced, wonld have realized large sums.

At the sheep-shearing festival above mentioned, a poem was given by Prof. H. W. Parker, of the college — an apt effusion of a genius, applauded by the crowd. It was as follows:

POEM ON THE SHEEP.

My merciless friend, our worthy M. C.,
Has assigned a few rhymes on sheep to me,
Which, for obvious reasons — name and pluck —
Had better been laid on our neighbor B—k.
Of him, without doubt, my friend was shy
From fear of some ifs and butts in reply —
So called for my Pegasus, formerly gay,
Now quite too steady to ever say neigh.

Thou muse — who erst on Arcadian hills
Breathed through the pastoral pipe in trills
That drew the flock, or in later time
Inspired sweet Maro's bucolic rhyme
(I mean rhythm) — with thine my spirit steep,
Who fain would sing of the innocent sheep.

All ages past have sounded their praise;
What more can we do than to echo the lays?
What note of discordance was ever heard —
What but a single unfortunate word —
The epithet "sheepish" — and that is a slur
That rightly belongs to the villainous cur —
The shepherd's pest, the world's disgrace,
The dog, with conscious shame in his face,

Slinking away from his bloody feast.
Away with the treacherous cowardly beast!
Hound, spaniel, terrier, mastiff and all.
I would that our nation's powder and ball,
Not needed to free us from something worse,
Might be spent to remove our canine curse,
Except, of course, the shepherd's help
Which is never a sly and scoundrel whelp.

There was another opprobrious phrase—
"Woolly-head"—uttered in by-gone days
When men were counted no better than sheep;
We will not revive it, but let it sleep.
Yet, one little truth the people should heed—
That black was no doubt the original breed;
And the dusky lamb but reverts to the type
Whence came our fine flocks of every stripe;
And even the Merino's wool is known
To change to hair in a foreign zone.

Ah! gentle muse! this doggerel strain
Wakes not the soft melody of old again.
Can'st not discourse of the Golden Fleece
Which led afar a brave youth of Greece,
The world-famed Jason? No song of the flock
But must have that for its capital stock.
Say, who was Jason? What was the prize
That shone at last to his wishful eyes?
And where did he roam in his valiant quest?
Where wandered save here in the glorious West?

For here is the Eden of pasture ground,
The broadest and richest that man has found;
And here the grass shall turn to gold,
And be in full fleece together rolled;
Here in the land of the setting sun,
Each fleecy cloud, when the day is done,
Is a glowing sign of our wealth's increase,
And marks the home of the Golden Fleece.

Then down with the lordship of cotton and oil,
And down with shoddy and ill-gotten spoil!
And long live the true nobility of wool,
Its escutcheon adorned with the shearing tool;
And long live the sheep with his precious fleece,
The emblem of innocence, wealth and peace—
The symbol, still more, of a higher life,
In a world where crime is unknown, and strife;
There in green fields the Good Shepherd leads
The Flock that on heavenly pasture feeds.

THE NATIONAL DAIRYMEN'S FAIR.

This was held at the American Institute, New York, in 1879. It developed into a proud day for Iowa in taking prizes for creamery butter. The following are outlines from the *New York Tribune*, of my impromptu speech, which was commended by the agricultural press. It was intended as at once a blow at the bogus article, oleomargarine, and in praise of Iowa products and men:

> I regret that on so short a notice you have called me to stand in the place of Mr. Evarts, the distinguished secretary of state. But I am not vain enough to attempt to fill his place. It would have detracted nothing from the fame of the learned cabinet officer had he advised you of his ability to maintain his Vermont farm by the aid of his salary. Many diplomats and *quasi* farmers have even failed to prove Ben. Franklin's maxim: "He that by the plow would thrive, must either hold or drive." Theorists, however, have made able contributions to rural literature, and have in life's evening gladly hied away to the farm to find pleasures denied a public servant, thus following the example of the historic sage and ploughman.
>
> The first impression here no orator can describe in speech. It is dark night without, and you could only learn it by consulting your watch, for these electric lights as a modern wonder outshine the sun at mid-day, showing plainly the apex of the cheese obelisk, though forty feet high, and the longest "Dairy-maid's needle" ever pointed heavenward. The texture of the butter is seen without a microscope, to give conjecture how exquisite must be its taste, and the girls in attention to their little industries connected with the rural arts, have not spilled the milk which the old spelling book pictured, on the ground, blasting the hopes of the dairymaid; they are happy. Necromancer, as farmer, with churn and curd, plies his trade with more than the skill of an amateur. All the kine are glossy in this magic gleam, and the water jetting and music can only briefly cease their flow for the prose of speech.
>
> The learner here passes from theory to accomplishment, seeing the best of one of our great industries from many states — a farmer's college with short sessions and enthusiastic professors taking you to the original sources; the very cows of most approved grades, and genteel manners, are proof that kindness conquers all.
>
> It is common in this too suspecting world to ascribe sordid or bad motives to good acts, and lest I forget it let me now say, they who furnish rational entertainment are public benefactors. So I would have remembered the inaugurators of this Fair, and their generous premiums, and entertainments, bringing our rural people near the commercial heart of the nation.
>
> You ask little of us in the far West, but Col. R. M. Littler, of my state, needs no introduction as a gentleman of genius and enterprise, acting as an officer and orator, as a pastime. He is worth an army of philosophic dreamers, whom Emerson describes, "Biting their thumbs in the morning to find whether they were in the me or the not-me world"; and our other representatives from Iowa are the exhibitors who have taken the premiums. I have wired the press of my state that they are of the first, and a round dozen in number and in value, far more than of any other state, "Excelsior" New York not excepted. It is my fortune to control that sweepstakes butter package made by John Stewart, of Anamosa, Iowa, whom you have just cheered, and here it will be eaten with an epicurean smack, saying, "I know what is what, I know on which side my bread is buttered". It will be

found genuine, a rich conscription from our soil, where the "paths drop fatness", growing nutritious grasses, and the corn which imparts flavor and richness to the fluid by the kine, which tidy hands and practiced labor and skill bring to your senses as the coveted golden creamery product — the gild of our commonest food, bread the staff of life. Competitors, courageous and honorable, though defeated, know these excellencies are not of chance; pains and gains are usually brothers. The West may have learned neatness through Eastern lineage, also to labor for an end. Then a proper temperature is a necessity, and salt the purest, but, whether in limestone or sandstone district, ample corn food will impart a rich color, flavor and substance, which is wanting where this cereal is unused as food.

So say the experts, and there is a promise that our Iowa, raising one-seventh of all the corn in the nation, will not be left out. She has a welcome for dairymen, now on lean soils, and with leaner kine, to settle on her ample area in the dairyman's paradise — the Mississippi valley, where are cheap lands, ample grasses and grains, a healthful home for the valued animal races, and the coveted conditions for even better qualities and larger quantities.

Oleomargarine, the bogus article, claims a word. I hear, as now shown and tasted, that it will glut the butter market. No doubt it is an ingenious counterfeit, and that by admixtures and chemical science it may challenge detection, for it is a divine prediction that the time will come when the false will possibly "deceive the very elect". Good citizens are engaged in the fabrication. Yes, Brutus is "an honorable man", but the impression depends on the accent. Good food-maker, he may be of a class; not so of his imitators, and the dealers; they will be tempted above what they are able to bear; and only a law against the bogus, or the aid of experts, will be able to separate the precious from the vile. Then there will be less used of the genuine. An immemorial confidence in that which was called butter will give way to distrust, and a gentleman must use well his olfactories and palate, or call in an expert, before he seats his table guests, in fear of imposition, or that his steward is in corrupt league with the grocer.

I am asked, "Why decry without knowledge?" Who wants a substitute for the traditional articles distilled by natural processes, like the pure water by the clouds — heaven's distilleries. The name means nothing. May you never learn to pronounce it. It is not found in dictionaries, and the first of linguistic scholars can only affirm Ole is for oil, margarine may be suet, lard, or a conglomoration from every kingdom in nature — a counterfeit tolerated never by refined sensibilities, where the unadulterated creamery in the realm of table food has no rival luxury. Our delicious, flavored coffee is no more sipped as the "nectar of the Gods", when ground with peas, and tinctured with chicory. No longer is he deemed a well-dressed gentleman in shoddy, which is but worn picked rags, the counterfeit of strong wool. True, sordid contractors framed excuses in giving good enough for the price in time of war, but the apothecary adulterating drugs, and the butter-maker counterfeiting, to cheapen, by Ole and margarine mixtures are the enemies of honest makers and legitimate trade, and with all their professions of honor they invite the execrations heaped on the shallow hypocrite of the early time, shouting, "Tom, have you watered the rum?" "Yes sir." "Sanded the sugar?" "Yes sir." "Then turn the key and come to prayers." I forbear. These skillful attempts in counterfeiting only prove the value of the genuine.

The farmer feeds all, and competitive fairs like this stimulate the production of those articles which bring national wealth and the balance of trade. We are illustrating what can be done by industry and skill, on a scale which will be a further astonishment to the older nations. No people in this century have added so much *per capita* to their wealth as ours in this eventful '79, and contributing most to it has been the economy and industry of the farmers.

DISTRICT FAIR.

The great district fair at Cedar Falls, in 1859, brought out the following address, the first I ventured upon, of that class printed and circulated by order of the state in a volume:

"The first three men of the world were — a gardener, a ploughman and a grazier; and these vocations were not of choice, but were themselves the symbols of honor, and suggestive of man's necessities. The ploughman became a murderer, and the man was marked with the brand of enduring infamy; but his vocation has become more honorable, from the day Ceres instructed Triptolemus, and gave him her chariot that he might travel over the world and give instructions in agriculture to a rude people, who, until then, had lived upon acorns and the roots of the earth. The old Roman Cincinnatus, who laid by the sceptre of power for the plow, though finding but few imitators, is associated with the brave Putnam, who left his plow in the furrow at the call of his country, and that model farmer, 'the father of his country', refusing a crown that he might enjoy the quiet of home and that profession which his example almost canonizes.

"Rude agricultural life had its attractions and privileges, but for us there are substantial benefits, advantages and acquirements, in the legacies of experience and the contributions of science, which the enthusiasts of earlier days did not, in their wildest reveries, dream of as the heritage of later generations.

"Utility should not yield to ornament; of this there does not seem to be immediate danger. Passing most of our farms, you would judge there was only a rage for wide fields, and large wheat and corn crops. The farm, the house and surroundings, seem to furnish evidence of a lack of those efforts which would cause the home to be parted with in regret. Noble trees are felled when they should have stood as ornaments; the prairie is as naked as in nature; root crops, because they can be eaten, usurp the place of fragrant flowers in yard and garden. The house is as innocent of paint as mother Eve was of *rouge* or silks. Random shooting and juvenile sportsmen drive away every bird that comes to build its nest in proximity to the home, promising morning music gratis. Plant trees, cultivate flowers, and make the birds 'so brimfull of gladness and love', at home! The trees will soon shelter yourself and dwelling, and in evening murmur forth the music of friends;

and when the pioneer and roaming spirit burns in the bones, the graceful trees, clustering vines reared by your own hand, caroling birds at the window, and the music of 'sweet home' within, will exorcise the spirits which picture a paradise in some distant Nebraska or Utah, and banish those enemies and demons of unrest which demonstrate so often in our state, that 'three moves are as bad as a fire'. Home attractions will secure permanency of abode; and the children will sigh for no other home, finding contentment where a church, school and elevating associations are found.

"The simple roller and the drill can nowhere be used with such satisfactory results, as on the loose soil of the prairies. We owe a debt of gratitude to the inventors of numerous reapers and mowers, which later generations will more fitly express than we who are yet gazing with delight upon their almost magical achievements. The harvest song is yet unwritten which is fit to be re-echoed to the music of a reaper, which makes a mock of acres, causing the farmer's long days of drudgery, in gathering grain, to be changed into a brief pastime.

"Those wind-mills which harness the air, dispensing with an engine, while they send to the surface the flowing, perpetual springs, and furnish motive power to flour our wheat, are quite sure to become favorites on our prairies, where Æolus of the winds may continue his reign, never out of season, more prized for utility than the bland air of the morning for pleasure.

"The lords of creation are not alone in the appropriation of inventions. Sweeter than parlor music to mothers and daughters, on whom the monotony and toil of pioneer life falls heaviest, is the merry click of the sewing machines. Such blessings they dispense, giving to the fair of our households time for relaxation and mental culture. Let the machine, beside the piano, indicate woman's emancipation.

It becomes a duty to seek a broad and liberal culture and create a sentiment which will dignify labor. Our schools must be cherished, and that great principle that property should educate our youth. The power of a people lies in its mind; their forces will be proportioned to proper cultivation. No brave of the Indian race has been an inventor. The barbarian or semi-civilized have not added to our stock of ideas during this century. I deem it a more practical work to adorn and build school-houses, than to sing peans to our union. A people with generous culture will be forewarned of danger to their institutions, and strike at the evils which threaten, rather than be thrown into a frenzy by passionate and mercenary appeals. It is not enough to be the equal of those whom we have left of the brotherhood in the older states. We are moulding institutions, rather than founding where there are none; and there should be such that 'heaven will look down to see'.

"All about us are the emigrant races, expecting to do more for their country and themselves, in a brief lifetime, than is achieved in the staid communities where men die full of years, unsubjected to our excitements and trials. A change of the tree from a sterile soil to ours rich and deep, implies improvement; and ought not intelligence to be advanced, insuring power in every right direction, standing on these summits of opportunity in this 'promised land'? I know that school-houses have not as a rule been superior to barns for the brute, in architectural taste and comfort, and that labor is called menial service. But productive labor is esteemed honorable where a community is aroused to the worth of practical education for man with his varied wants; and proper, attractive school-houses and institutions of learning, are soon to supplant those which are a burlesque on our vaunted progress. And still it is for the people to *demand.*

"The governments of the old world are more liberal patrons of agriculture than ours; yet $1,000,000 is not a large appropriation for a city custom house, and tens of millions annually hardly suffice for the army and navy—those 'horse-leeches' of the treasury. It becomes a duty to create a public sentiment which will not allow the agricultural and mechanical interests of our people to be overlooked at Washington. Diffuse intelligence in regard to our Farmer's College, that it may be tested and become, what it may become, a boon to us and our children."

IOWA FINE STOCK BREEDER'S ASSOCIATION.

With this I was associated, as donor, speaker and president. The state prints officially its proceedings; cities are clamorous to entertain by banquet and honors the first gentlemen of the state, who have brought renown and assistance to the vocation of our farmers.

Of one of the meetings of the association, my reminiscences are assisted by the following extract from the report published:

Mr. Grinnell, inclined as he is to always look on the sunny side of this world's life, had prepared a paper on, "The Bright Side", and attention was given it at this time. It was too long for use in full in these columns, but the "cold facts", on which the eloquent enthusiasm of the paper was founded are herewith appended:

"I have no purpose to explain the cause of the present stagnation and bad market, nor to mention the omens of a brighter day for our animal industry, but I shall by the mention of certain facts seek to prove that we have greater occasion for good cheer than for despondency. First I notice the favoring conditions: The debtor class is found in the enterprising West, and money was obtained by the borrower on the surety of farm and stock at a very much higher rate fifteen and twenty years ago than now. Necessary haying, harvesting and cultivating machinery was bought years ago at fifty per cent. higher rates than now. Staple fencing, which is barbed wire, cost more at the factory by one hundred and fifty per cent. twelve and fifteen years ago than now. Necessary clothing cost more by fifty per cent. fifteen and twenty years ago. Heavy wagons now at sixty dollars, horse shoes at sixty cents for a span of horses, and steel nails at three cents per pound by the keg, cost fifty to seventy-five per cent. more fifteen years ago than now. Articles common to the farmer's table — salt, sugar, tea and coffee — cost more by from thirty to fifty per cent., the average quotations, for the last fifteen years, than now. Transportation rates on railways are reduced on the average allowed granger tariff in 1870 and 1871 from two cents and a fraction to one and a fraction per ton per mile in 1884, showing that the maximum rate was ninety-four per cent. higher than the present. This mention does not imply that stock rates to Chicago are not now burdensomely high. On interstate freight originating in Iowa, live stock and the like, finding a market at the seaboard, the charges fourteen years ago were greater by ninety-five per cent. than those of 1885. Second, the discoveries of the last fifteen and twenty years have materially reduced the cost of raising animals. Our grass crop is heavier by the mixture of many varieties on the same soil — instead of one, six — thus adapting our pastures to extreme seasons and to the epicurean tastes of the animals. Another is the greater profits found in the early maturity of bovines and swine for the shambles. Third, the possibility of protection by timber belts and artificial groves is a discovery which tempers the cold for safer and more profitable animal development. Arboriculture at Mason City brings equal comfort with natural woody shelter at Ottumwa, thus extending the area of animal husbandry by millions of acres and adding to their value millions of dollars. Fourth, the late practical inhibition of the saloon in our rural districts has secured better and more faithful service with less risk to the flock. To the keepers of herd and the stud, inebriation meant imminent danger and often gross neglect with great losses. I forbear a further mention of substantial facts and pleasing discoveries. . . . The animal industry is not alone depressed, and what vocation gives fairer promise? The conditions of the equine industry are fair, and returns for improved stock remunerative. Are there ills in our industry? 'Rather bear the ills we have than fly to those we know not of'. Has the wheat-grower of tho North or by the Pacific found a bonanza or independence at fifty cents a bushel? But the ranges! There is the bovine paradise, and the refuge for the poor and desponding herdsman! Alas! that overcrowding has killed the native grasses; that strife for occupation of springs and sheltered valleys has bred hatred and violence. Brave early pioneers have realized fortunes in nomadic life on a rising cattle market, but in this day of depression, the want of care, close feeding of grass, drifting before storms, and the cost of 'round-ups', not only have cut off the profits of earlier days, but brought humanity to face suffering and losses which appall. . . . Fellow-farmers, look up! The clouds are breaking. The care of a granger, the courage of a patriot, and the pluck of a man will early win success for our animal industry."

Discussion was general on this paper, the optimistic views expressed by Mr. Grinnell not meeting with a great deal of favor at the hands of those who spoke. Indeed, while the facts as stated were admitted to be substantially correct, there was such a recital of grievances suffered by the farming community that one might almost imagine it to be an echo of the mutterings of discontent at the existing state of affairs heard at meetings of a certain class confined chiefly to large cities. The attempt was made to figure out what became of the difference between the selling price of the raw material as produced by the farmer, and the cost price of the finished product as laid before him for purchase. In the case of wheat and flour, one or two expert mathematicians figured out clearly that the miller was the man who was absorbing these large margins, which brought two millers to their feet, and, amid considerable amusement, with hands on their pocket-books, they solemnly declared that the large profits spoken of were not there, and with complete unanimity shifted the charge from their shoulders to the middleman, who sells the flour. Here it was finally left, probably because none of those much-abused middlemen were present to defend themselves.

As president of the Fine Stock Breeder's Association of Iowa, I had reasonable pride in the fact that a needful gift, and the cheer of speech, lifted the society from a rut up to the front rank. It enlists the best writers, talkers and active stock raisers. The state publishes its annual proceedings, even the banquet speeches, and the reports are in great demand. This is gratifying to me as the one who brought the first Devon to this state, and introduced the Normans and Clydes, the highest prized of stock in the state.

AN UNSOUGHT NATIONAL COMPLIMENT.

It was by the representatives of twenty states, meeting in 1884, and presided over by United States Senator Williams of Kentucky. There was feverish anxiety in regard to the pleuro-pneumonia among cattle, threatening a thousand millions of property, and making a demand for national legislation.

Who should conduct the committee and secure the passage of a bill in the crisis? I was not in the convention to decline the first of all compliments by my countrymen. It involved a bill, which provided a commission and an appropriation of a hundred thousand dollars. To it I gave months of time in Washington, and many expenses from my own purse. Oh, what delays and vexations! But I was permitted to serve our great industry still further by a complimentary appointment from the commissioner of agriculture, to the first position of honor and responsibility and of Western observation, held with pleasure up to the time of Cleveland, when I resigned. The action taken and the reports made, from time to time, in fulfillment of this important trust, are on record and need not be repeated here.

THE STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

To the proceedings of this society I refer for contributions on topics related to its aims, especially certain essays on tree-culture and fence-economy, which were widely copied, East and West, as taking advanced positions on these subjects. Not professing to be an expert in fruit-culture, I can claim to have been the first to supply my vicinity with abundance of apple-seeds and laboriously grafted stock, as already mentioned. The first whose name appears on the role of the Iowa society's life-members, as president I was fortunate in securing for Iowa the gold medal for the best apples exhibited by the national society at its Richmond meeting. Mark Miller, as secretary of our association, was fitted out to make the collection from our fruit-growers, and it cost me less than two hundred dollars, while the result was worth many thousands of dollars in advertising our state.

In this connection, I cannot omit a deserved tribute to our devoted and eminent horticulturist, the late Suel Foster, of Muscatine, as published by me at the time of his death:

> Truly one of our historic personages has fallen, worn with dutiful toil and crowned with honor. Before the advent of railways, heat, nor cold, nor storms, deterred him from long journeys where the trees, flowers, farm, education, morality and religion were to be discussed, and plans laid for the advancement of the state and the weal of our race. He labored with enthusiasm for the Agricultural College as an officer; made fruit-growing and tree-planting an honored vocation by his writings, example, and his broad views as president of the State Horticultural Society; a lecturer without pay; a critic of shams in fearless exposure; in feeling, a radical democrat save in politics. He won the favor of true gentlemen in the ranks of advanced science and progressive thought.
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> As an early writer, I associate him with the lamented Governor Grimes, Mark Miller and others, and even their superior in originality and practical results at his beautiful home; with national association as the champion of the Wealthy apple and the vigorous, beautiful Catalpa; commemorated by ten thousand fields which may sing his praises by the soft breezes in the branches of the arboreal blessings he above all others has brought to our state.
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> I cannot say he made no mistakes; that can without praise be said of those who attempt little, but his forecast as a citizen, patriotic ardor and generous emotion, flowing from his pen, and gems of wit and thought in conventions, would,

gathered in a volume, be historic. He was an enthusiastic scientist; one bold to lead where others were asked to follow.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

At the New Orleans meeting in 1885, I received an unexpected election to the presidency at this association. It was promotion from vice-president and director. The following resolves were passed, which great losses on the ranges have proven timely, if unheeded by the government. In introducing these resolutions, I said:

We are owners of not less than 500,000,000 acres of pastoral, non-agricultural lands, being in Colorado and Nevada and the Territories of Montana, Idaho, Utah, New Mexico, Wyoming and Arizona. Want of water invites reservoirs, irrigation and windmills, to aid in the support of 5,000,000 of people instead of 1,000,000, and 20,000,000 of cattle instead of 5,000,000. The friction of the small herdsmen and large owners under a grasping spirit, occasions bad blood, violence, loss to both parties, and a border warfare to be more dreaded in the crowding, which involves loss to both parties.

This domain invites skill and capital in the application of water. Thirst promotes fever, followed by death. The want of irrigation, and of prepared food, like the Alfalfa, for days of storms, bring great losses, while the dry storm cures the grasses for rich food, to be of more value than the *pampas* grasses rising in the moisture of South America or the verdure on the steppes of Russia, longer covered by winter snows.

The pioneer, with few cattle, by the end of winter is eaten out, or his herd swept with the thousands before the storms. Large corporations, without title or lease, fail to make homes, shelters, or to economize, or raise the water for herds. They could afford to pay a lease of a few cents an acre. Good society and social order are involved in an apportionment of these lands by natural divisions and value as to water, shelter and grasses. The rights of pioneers and pre-emptors may be of value under a lease of lands not worth government price.

A revenue of millions may be raised, giving the herdsmen a better profit by assured possession. Humanity that regards the brute invites care and new methods. An area larger than the old thirteen states invites statesmanship and a liberal system of leasing, in which every beef-eater and good citizen has an interest.

I move the following resolution, [which was adopted after considerable discussion]:

Whereas, the national cattle ranges of the country not adapted to agriculture, occupied by pioneers, pre-emptors and cattle companies, are held under conflicting interests, which are a bar to permanent improvements and the proper division of the water and soil, involving loss to both parties; therefore

Resolved, That these lands should be held as a national trust under law and order, and that, with a just supervision by a board of commissioners elected by state or territory, a leasing system may be established of tracts in natural divisions for limited periods to favor development and prevent the friction of interests and monopoly.

STATE FAIR, 1890.

From thirty thousand to thirty-five thousand persons, one day, were in attendance. It may be my last speech on such an occasion, and I may therefore be permitted to quote from the *State Register's* report:

Mr. Grinnell's remarks were the bit of sentiment that added beauty to the exercises. He said it was the thirteenth annual fair he had attended in Iowa. He had hardly expected to attend this one, but he thanked providence for the privilege. He made some touching remarks in regard to the connection of Father Clarkson with the agricultural society, saying:

"After nearly five months of sickness, I can, with sensations of sadness, cast a laurel sprig on the yet unsodded grave of the lamented Father Clarkson, whom a year ago we greeted with applause. Fittingly have President Hayes and Judge Wright paid a tribute to our exemplary farmer, our ablest writer, fearless critic and educator by the press for a fourth of a century. Time will only add luster to his character, so conspicuous in devotion to his state and the weal of his race, by an illustrious example of manhood and religious trust. Without partiality and with just pride, even with gratitude, I can speak of our state society, the people's college, in its progress, for this (too often a speaker) is my thirtieth visit on the grounds. What changes! In early days few exhibitors and small premiums were paid often; now, ten thousand entries and thirty-five thousand dollars to be paid in premiums.

"Last year there were murmurers over small prices incident to over-production. They are no more. Under favoring skies Iowa will have more dollars for a smaller crop than last year for a large one. She will surpass any state in the number of bushels of corn, and can show in value of the pig—the 'gintleman that pays the rint', a larger value than any other state. So of the equine, not only by the race of Axtell, and owner Williams, but the broad, heavy-breasted steeds. Nor does the state forget our Moninger of short-horn fame, and the leaders sending our state far in the front rank in animal industry of all our states. An enemy of our statutory prohibition gloated over Iowa's loss of population, when our real gain after peopling the Dakotas, Kansas and Nebraska has been three hundred thousand in the last decade, more than twenty per cent. The education of our agricultural classes has been even greater under most favored moral and intellectual instruction. No civilized state has so small a per cent. of her people in jails, poor houses and prisons. Even greater than in advancing the animal races has been the progress in the education of their owners. Temperance has played its part. Free schools, and our state fair, the people's college, with which there has been no scandal, in charge of a line of gentleman from President Hayes and Secretary Shaffer backward, worthy to be in the line of princes. Here is the result—scene of recreation, sport and instruction, in honor of man's first and noblest vocation under fortunate skies, where restrained by laws wise and lenient to the good and severe to the evil-doer.

"Happy for Iowa and the city of Des Moines, in joint contribution they have ornamented these romantic and embowered acres where so recently the Indian whooped. The people will be here to witness magic gains in all engaging the human brain and heart. Gratitude should move to extend the hand to the less fortunate on our northern and western borders by loss of crops. The year 1890 adds a bright page to our history, with the melodies of the harvest song. We are proud of a commonwealth, endowed by nature, and of gentlemen conspicuous for skill with the animal races, as the officers of a noble fair in entertaining the hundreds of thousands with the best attractions of a gala day.

"'I saw no intoxicated man on these grounds,' said a visitor last year. May there be none this, and owners of bloods will have new courage for generous rivalry. The young man will learn of honor and independence in the vocation of statesmen in life's evening, and a product of rural life here will be man, the consummate flower that looks upward to his Maker."

ARBORICULTURE.

One of my early ventures, after coming to prairie-land, was sending word to my friend of the Bacon family, New Haven, Conn., for elm-seeds. Now the trees abound in the streets of this college town, reminding of the classic shades of the city whence came these children of strength and grace. At first, indeed, for rapid growth and for use as timber, nurseries and waysides were planted with the locust, but the great army of locust beetles, pretty in black and yellow livery, moving westward at, I believe, about thirty miles a year, struck us about 1866, ruining the trees by their grub-boring. The beautiful silver maples are favorites for speedy growth and cleanliness, but are fragile in prairie storms. For rich verdure we admire and transplant or sow our native box-elder. The evergreens here and there do well, but for the most part have a hard and short life, exposed to drying winds. Long be the life of our "Beecher Maple", planted by the hand of the orator himself, and our "Lincoln" and "Garfield" elms, planted on the respective days of the death of each.

On a late visit to my son-in-law, Prof. R. D. Jones, at Normal, Ill., I was freshly reminded of a tree-culturist whose name should not be forgotten. In the literary city of Bloomington, of which Normal is a suburb, there lived the late Jesse W. Fell, an arboriculturist and savant of eminence thirty years agone. Millions of birds skip on the fruit and ornamental boughs which adorn this country, and for him I seem to hear the plaintive refrain to his memory on the opening of the buds, to lend variety to luxuriant evergreen sentinels waving in grace on the prairie expanse.

I know of nothing to so effectually drive away discontent and the demon of unrest, as the tree-embowered rural home. Let, then, Nebraska and Iowa plant and cherish trees in generous rivalry. Gentle rains shall fall in reward from heaven before as brass. The brute shall articulate gratitude to his master for shelter and shade; and our children, for the trees we left in arbor, orchard and field, will find incentives to cherish the paternal legacy, speaking as by the Æolian harp long after they who planted sleep in sepulture.

FENCES.

Fences may be regarded from both an esthetical and a financial standpoint. Next to the soil in cost is its enclosure. In a Virginia worm fence there was no beauty, only the toleration of a necessity. The very thought of great trees to be felled and split for rails, brings perspiration, and the memory of their laying up and replacing renews the back-ache. Now, stately oaks would not be accepted as a gift for fencing, when wire can be had, strong, barbed to intimidate, and less costly than wood, protecting, not wasting the soil, and set with legal exactions that avoid law-suits, without appeal to the Arkansas standard—"mule-high, bull-strong and hog-tight"—conditions repellant and impossible on the prairies where the barbing of wire has added tens of millions to the value of our acres.

Town fencing was another question, and on the fenceless policy I doted—while in Washington asking for the removal of the high barricade of iron around the capitol and public grounds. I heard of the trees, defenseless, planted by the hand of Washington, turf spoiled, and flowers plucked; but the fences are now gone! Confidence in visitors has not been betrayed by vandalism. Public spirit and taste have established the green-sward in its beauty and secured protection. Fashion will not again mar with urban or rural barriers, a mockery of the trusting hospitality of neighbors.

In our own beautiful city, once a bare prairie, now a grove, the bristling war-like pikes of fences are fast giving way, as elsewhere, to open lawns, defended by their unarmed beauty. Time was when even affluent owners insisted on their cows and horses having nightly freedom of the streets, after being driven in at evening from the prairie—defiling the walks, and endangering border plants accessible to the long necks of horses. There has been many a hard and long contest in western towns against this nuisance, and in places it is still being waged. But civilization will yet be civilized, everywhere.

A PROTECTIVE TARIFF POLICY.

As things are, farmers must have fences, and they and others must have a tariff fence also. It was before college days that I found myself an American Protectionist. I could quote the common-sense words of General Jackson, who showed that the farmer wanted a near market, to be attained by the multiplication of factories where were cheap raw material, food for the operative, and motive power in coal mines, and water power ready to turn the wheels. Our government should defend enterprise, he believed, against the cheap labor of the old world, deluding us with the philosophy of raising the raw products while the cities, carriers and foreigners used the profits of fabrication.

Henry Clay, the most popular American statesman, not only echoed Jackson that "it was time to be a little more American", but was the eloquent defender of a tariff system which no president arraigned, down to Cleveland. In Vermont we were wool growers, and certainly partial to the rate of duty which brought gain to the flock master, the building of factories and the lessening of the price of goods, besides securing our independence of other nations.

Under even a high war tariff, no nation has so easily removed a colossal war debt and in a given period so enhanced its wealth as ours, winning the admiration of the statesmen of the world, the exceptional opinion of a Gladstone standing for a country too limited in area to furnish soil for the raw products, and food for the laborers.

A sharp, clear issue is near; duties levied for revenue only, or to give such protection that capital will unlock our native resources, enhancing the value of lands and securing better reward for labor. Our natural rivals would keep us in vassalage to the forge and the loom abroad, while burdening the producer with heavy freight charges, while the fabricator reaps large net profits. Mere book and college theories will not long mystify the masses, while in the study of personal interest and the road to the highest social independence and national wealth.

It is the world's common law that the land owner may protect his fields against the trespasser, and it is not less plain that a government may establish conditions on which rival nations may enter our markets. Extreme exactions will invite reform, but not the waiving of a policy. Advantages must be equalized, and the avoidance of all which savors of favoritism. To invite capital there must be stable legislation. I am asked, "Did you see the catalogue of the millionaires, by Mr. T. G. Shearman?" I did, and the names allied to manufacturing as the source of wealth could not be found, to brand manufacturers as the great robbers. Invention, oil lands, coal and railway combination, gave an answer to the question, "How came these colossal fortunes?" It is not denied that high prices in war times added to the fortunes of millions, but the benefited class embraces farmers, bankers, railway builders and groups of citizens moving on with enterprise and hope. Monopoly is a canting terror used without reason.

Grave matters of public concern demand a fixed conclusion, not only by the reasoner, but a formulation to guide to a safe and practical legislative policy. It is a discredit, perhaps, to human nature that we fail to rise above the caprice of the hour, and a low grade of selfishness, to the broad plane of generous comity and enlightened statesmanship. Outside of political bias, personal interest, or pride of opinion, I have reached this conclusion, that a national policy should be as devoid of party strifes, as is the question of birthplace in the determination of true patriotism.

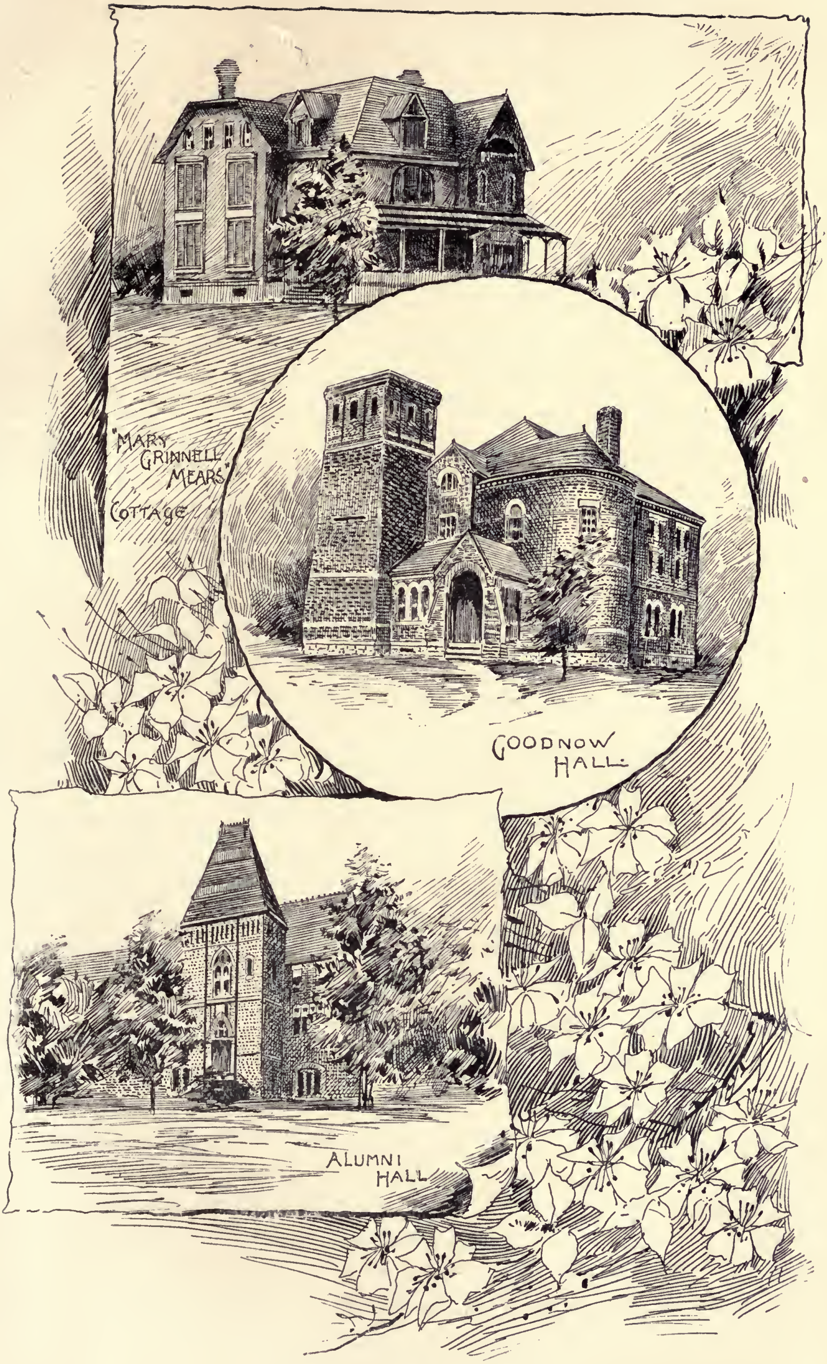
Reading, reflection and business experience, have all conspired to exalt the Hamiltons, the Jacksons, the Clays, the Greeleys, Henry Careys and Blaines, as financial leaders, if not demi-gods, to be studied and followed with the pride and ardor which pertains to American loyalty. What! do you give no credit for honesty and fidelity to conviction to those who advocate free trade? I assume that the New York press for the most part writes and prints for pay, and in the interest of a commercial city, which seeks to be the thoroughfare and port of commerce for a hundred millions of people. And I have no agreement, if conceding honesty, with the paid teachers of political science, who argue directly against the interests of wage-workers, and the farming classes. My contempt is beyond expression for the pretenders, with their money gains in bank or bonds, that declaim against American protection as a denial to buy where they can purchase the cheapest and sell their gold at the dearest rates. What are they but creatures who have turned their backs to the masses, for personal inordinate gain? The poor may have an excuse for a blind experiment, and a depression of prices to sate his hunger or clothe his body, but this does not apply to those inheriting money or living upon fixed salaries. In a call for a verdict by the people on this question, the privileged can have no place in the jury-box and their specious pleas will be met with a becoming derision, as the mockery of patriotism.

Ah! but what will you do with the great preachers of universal brotherhood, who are for free trade as the normal condition and for the best welfare of nations? They are but theorists. It was my fortune and duty to tell the lamented Beecher, a great heart has muddled the financial brain that has a clear perception of parental duty, toward a child or family, involving more in providing for his own than for another household and nation. Fellow-countrymen, banded for protection and fortified against assault, have the first claim, else patriotism is a delusion, and natural affection a myth.

We might well listen to the opinion of a Bismark, who sees in our protective policy the solution of the problems with which the wastes of war and debt confronted us, and the way by which we attained, in credit, wealth and power, the first place among nations. It is left for the politician to study the question of cheap foreign goods, linked with idleness at home, contrasted with an era of activity, expansion and independence, such as no other nation has achieved. The practical question will appear, to a rural people, shall the ore in the mountains, and coal, and all the powers and incidents to invention, be developed at home, under economic laws, or shall we be a dependent nation, dealing at arms-length with powerful rivals?

I must stand by my speech in Congress, without variableness or shadow of turning. I showed that, against all the rules of domestic and political economy, the raw material, like the hide of a beef, which left the prairies, passing through from six to ten handlings and commissions, would be proof of vassalage. The alternative was the fabricator, with his family, to move under fairer skies and where there was cheaper fuel and food, obtainable without the intervention of middleman.

The glove factory at Grinnell, the shoe-shops springing up in the West, the various factories, are the arguments for that policy which brings wealth to the nation, and must become the standing argument for the thoughtful farmer, who takes pride in the state of his adoption, and desires that standard of wealth and refinement which it has never been the fortune of a simple agricultural community or nation to attain.


"MARY GRINNELL MEARS" COTTAGE
GOODNOW HALL
ALUMNI HALL

IOWA COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

CHAPTER XXI.

Grinnell University and Iowa College — Their building — Progress — Fire — Tornado Benefactors — Tribute to their Memory — Other Benefactors — Use of Trust Funds.

FROM a mass of material is gleaned what is most worthy of presentation, related to Grinnell University and Iowa College. The facts may be of service to the future historian of the college. A part is from the pen of President Carter, of Williams College, Dr. Magoun, and others, tributes to the early friends of education. After the losses by fire and the tornado, a visit to personal and business friends distant secured large sums from those outside the church, toward the erection of buildings; and for their liberality there is, if late, a becoming tribute.

There will be found neither a defense of my acts as trustee for thirty odd years nor a criticism of administration — rather a welding of the links in a providential chain, in keeping with an optimistic spirit that studied and looked for a rainbow, rather than the lightning's flash. If the task is a delicate one, the reader will ask no apology from the only living person who participated in all the events. I saw the string of oxen turning over the virgin sod, for a cornfield; later the imbedding of granite cornerstones for the first prairie edifice, the burning of which was the promise of one more comely; then, in the path of destruction by the tornado of 1882, there has risen from ashes the noble edifices, due to the generosity of friends and to the tasteful ministries of art.

The pictures opposite represent only the buildings which immediately rose after the tornado, and are the delight of our citizens and visiting friends; their erection and use, with a mention of the benefactors by whose liberality they were reared, will be more than a study of local import and interest.

Our artists have not well represented the beautiful, natural campus, nor have they more than hinted the landscape features, generously planned by Donald G. Mitchell, and supplemented by the grading and planning due to the elegant taste of Professor H. W. Parker. It is evident that so comely a group of edifices are the products of artists of the highest repute, with a view to utility as chapel, class-rooms, laboratories, library halls, and museum-galleries. More than $100,000 are placed in these walls, voiceless as to the benefactors whose names will here find a grateful mention, in the hope that students in temporary sojourn not less than graduates will appreciate those rare facilities in acquiring an education which were denied their fathers. There should be a mention of the devotion to sound learning of those who planned Iowa's first college on the banks of the Mississippi. The forecast and wisdom in its removal, with a hospitable generous welcome, to the prairies, will appear more than a mere incident, since all are interwoven with the most impressive evidences of Divine care in a history of seeming reverses, now read as blessings in the open book of God's providences.

I cheerfully comply with the request to write out some facts pertinent to the founding of Grinnell University and Iowa College. It is a delicate service, for I shall not attempt concealment of an early ambition to be allied with a good academy or university at my western home, when not anticipating so long and honorable an association with persons who were and are truly the devoted pioneers of the age.

IOWA COLLEGE.

In March, 1844, while Iowa was yet a territory, our college was planned at Denmark by the well-known Iowa Band, by the promptings of Rev. Asa Turner, Rev. Julius A. Reed and Seth Richards, Esq., since the generous founder of a professorship in Iowa College, and James Houghton, Esq. A committee was appointed on the location of the college, and in 1846 Davenport was selected as the site. Rev. Asa Turner was appointed in 1844 to go East as an agent to secure funds, and returned with little money but with a profusion of vague promises. A home subscription was started with a liberal response, and Rev. J. J. Hill, of the Iowa Band, put the first dollar in the treasury before the birth of his sons, three of whom have graduated at Iowa College. Of these sons, Dr. Gershom Hill, now a trustee, and Rev. J. L. Hill, pastor at Medford, Mass., joined in giving rhetorical prizes; and the other, George H. Hill, I found emulating his father by making the first donation to the new college at Pomona, Cal. The portrait of Rev. J. J. Hill, whose father was an educator and member of Congress from Maine, greets you in welcome as you enter the college library in Goodnow Hall. It has an inspiration in a seeming smile of satisfaction on the growth of the institution, which found in him an early friend, and gains in rich and later benefactions by his children.

The particular gifts and early devotion of the Iowa Band with other friends, I need not detail, but as a trustee of the college for thirty years, I am a witness of their gifts to its treasury and their abounding service. Nor are the reasons for a removal from Davenport to Grinnell pertinent to my narration. I cannot forbear to make mention of professors Erastus Ripley, Daniel Lane and H. L. Bullen, with others, gone to their reward, who labored hard and lived on meagre salaries, laying a foundation for a happy blending of interests in a more central location and in the midst of congenial society. The gift of town property to education at Grinnell attracted a class of settlers of intelligence, having families in waiting for the formation of college classes, and able to furnish student homes in want of dormitories and commons.

The property held by the Literary Fund for Grinnell University was no chance-incident affair. It came by profits on land sold outside the town, and from donated lots rising in value, backed by the gift of a campus of twenty acres, and local subscription of about $5,000, gathered in the gloomiest period of our financial history. A comely brick building, spacious for that day, was not completed before the later union for want of time; not because of lack of courage, or money. It represented sacrifice in drawing the granite for the foundations from a distance, and night service by humble citizens, and ardent women holding candles for light in lathing the college. Their names may be forgotten, but their zeal was like a contagion; and the labor and gifts were the promise of a college, whether united with Iowa College or alone in sacrifice.

That cordial service rendered by Rev. S. L. Herrick and Rev. Julius A. Reed, and others, should have recognition, if without college record. Then, Prof. L. F. Parker and wife were laborious, cheerful and efficient in laying foundations, and on these they are still building with large material gifts and welcome professional services. . Well named the man of all work and professor, he gave the Latin address on behalf of the faculty as Carter Professor of Languages, commencing—"*Plena momenti est vita*", at the inauguration of the first president, Dr. George F. Magoun.

THE GRINNELL UNIVERSITY.

This is mentioned as the "so called" in later days. Was it not a reality? It had enlisted professors of rank, had a larger number of students than Iowa College, more property, and made an unreserved surrender of its charter, good will and building property, estimated on a low cash basis at $25,000. This was a larger sum in reality, not prospectively, than that of the college fund in Davenport, rising by actual sales and value of lands to $75,000. This gift must ever be in association not with one, but with a people joined in purpose while pioneers, many of them gone to their reward, yet who have left children with a friendship and unfaltering trust in the college which reflects the virtues of their fathers.

The union of Grinnell University and Iowa College was more than a sentiment. One of the parties, not a mythical character, the university president, gave the following address at the inauguration and nuptial ceremonies:

Mr. President:

It is a pleasant duty with which I am charged on this occasion, in formally recognizing a union now effected, which virtually secures the coalescence of Grinnell University in Iowa College.

Coming to you in our youth, wearing the simple blushes of a maiden on the occasion of marriage proposals, we make no apologies for the natural and coy advances of a yearning heart, nor for the seeming indulgence of leap-year privileges; for, so blissful is the union, that had you known more of us we know that earlier you would have taken us "for better or worse".

Permit us, then (with a parenthesis, that we may be reassured of the consideration due to so unassuming a bride), to remind you that our contribution to this union was an untarnished reputation, two professors, a half hundred of students, the good-will of a community, and a considerable dowry of the value in college building, land and cash, of twenty-five thousand dollars.

Let these currents of influence—widening and deepening as they flow, with the products of common toil consecrated to sound learning—be one. The streamlet that was by the "Father of Waters", and shares the loves of the Alumni, welcomes, we know, this prairie rill that mingles with the glee of our youth to-day its murmurs in salutation to you, our pilot and president, in this conflux. Hundreds of churches, the guardians of our common schools and sagacious statesmen, indulge the hope that by this fountain of learning, the first made free to the poor and maimed of our gallant soldiery, there may grow the trees of knowledge whose gilded leaves, graceful boughs and golden fruit shall be at once an attraction and a blessing to many generations dwelling on these "unshorn gardens". All is auspicious.

Let me, then, most heartily, in behalf of the founders of Grinnell University, her trustees, the beauty and virtue of her daughters, and the well-proven chivalry of her sons, surrender to your keeping her all.

The youth of our commonwealth we know are your pride. You have the ripe culture and the educational experience of one who may make his motto, *Aut viam inveniam aut faciam*, and God being your counsellor, we are confident of wide and glorious results.

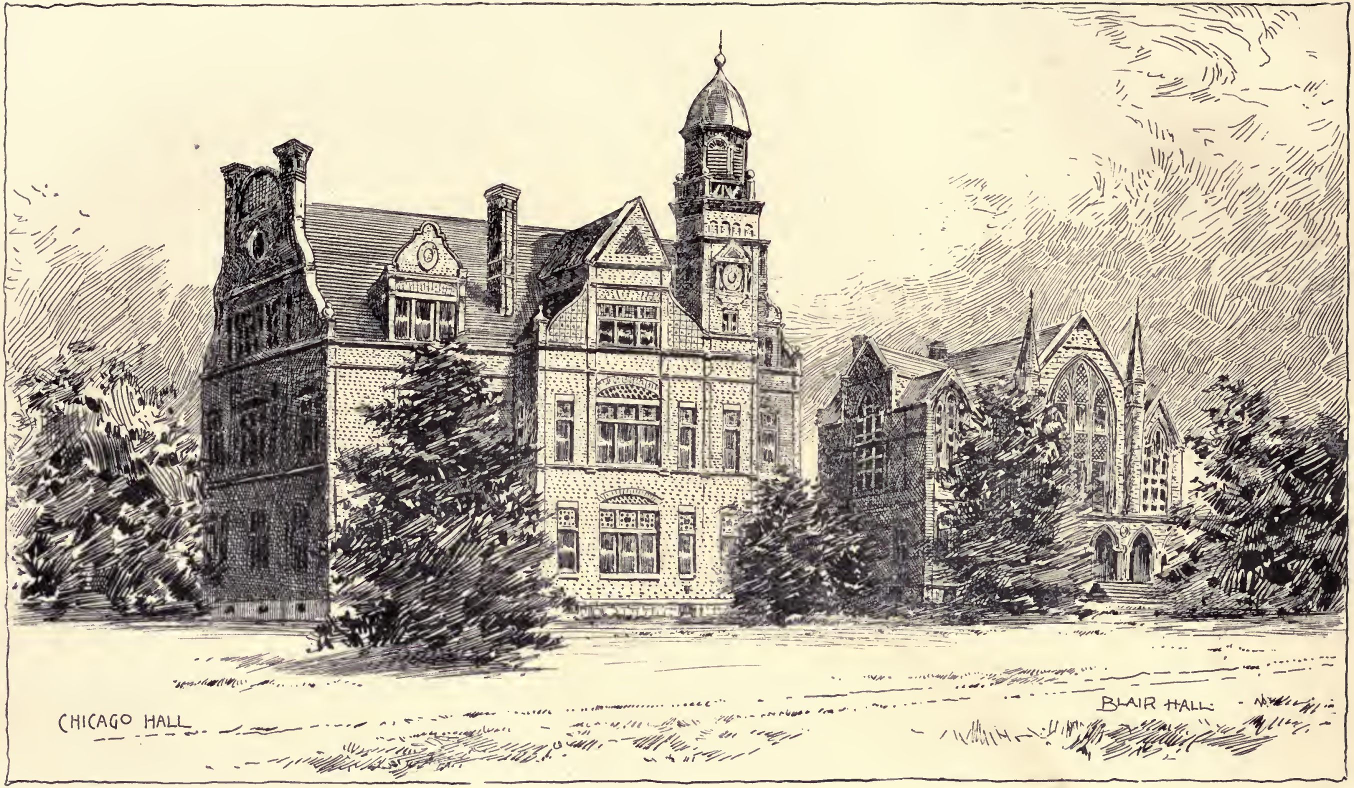
The college has continued to flourish notwithstanding the decimation of numbers by the civil war, and the loss of its buildings, first by fire, again by tornado, and on both occasions, the destruction of library, apparatus and fine museums. I gave an address in June, 1882, amidst the crumbling walls of the first college, and in sight of the yet smoking ruins of the second and third. It was at the laying of the corner-stone of Alumni Hall, and I said our fallen trees would let in the light, the trimming of the clumps was thorough, if not artistic, and the wastes of the storm would awaken practical sympathy, causing statelier buildings to rise; the college would be better known, and stronger and larger in every desired proportion on account of seeming calamity. Prof. H. W. Parker recited a beautiful poem, and the words of our president were faith and supreme trust in Him who had sent but a temporary, blighting hope, for the clouds of adversity were now rising.

Our first president resigned, after having served above twenty years with ability and fidelity. So far as I am aware his opinions as to the accepting of faculty resignations and the filling of vacancies in the board of instruction were recognized and adopted. And I am reminded here that, when I first visited the West, the now venerable ex-president of Iowa College, Geo. F. Magoun, D.D., with the flush of youth and enthusiasm, was an academy principal at Plattville, and later was in Beloit at the founding of the college, to which institution my own first educational gift was made. Beloit College was then but a dream. At the corner-stone laying of its first building, I first became acquainted with Dr. Magoun; and it is an oft-repeated remark that this was the beginning of forty-six years of varied public and eventful service, more or less in co-operation. He has long been honored, not only as our presiding officer, but also as an Andover lecturer; a writer of masterly ability in reviews and other journals; the model biographer of our model pioneer and trustee, Father Turner; and as conspicuous in ecclesiastical, missionary, reform, and even political conventions, not omitting his representation of this country in foreign church assemblies, and conferences on international law.

There seemed, indeed, to be a fatality, when we found able instructors, in their being attracted elsewhere, examples of which we have in Prof. John Avery, the distinguished philologist, now deceased; Prof. Henry Carmichael, chemist, afterward of Bowdoin College; and Prof. Arthur S. Hardy, called to Dartmouth, and rising to eminence not alone in his profession, but as an author of celebrity. Prof. L. F. Parker left temporarily for the State University, after twenty years of service, and returns as professor of history. Prof. H. W. Parker, now of New York, returned after nine years in the Massachusetts Agricultural College. He has left the evidences of his genius and energy in our model cabinet as a naturalist, besides adding, in supplement to his volume of poetry, a prose work attracting the warmest praise of scholars, entitled, "The Spirit of Beauty". Thus has the college suffered by withdrawal of able instructors, and more recently has had occasion to accept the resignation of Prof. Fisk P. Brewer and J. M. Crow, of more than local repute as linguists, who amidst universal commendation and sorrow have closed their earthly career.

The Catalogue of 1890–91, after two years of full service by the new president, Geo. A. Gates, shows a full corps of instructors in longer and briefer periods of able service, in harmonious and enthusiastic co-operation. The total attendance of students is nearly six hundred, being much above that of the three years previous. The modern idea of self-government is adopted with pleasing results. The games and sports on the campus give promise of health and muscular development, as yet in no way detracting from studious habits, and from the deportment becoming gentlemen. The buildings are mainly warmed by steam from a single plant, in avoidance of dust and exposure to fire, and with a lessening of expense. Electric lights gleam on the campus, and symbolize the progress that gives the college a more flattering prospect of a thousand students, at an early date, than it had for hundreds, twenty years ago.

Our sad tornado history is interwoven with the names of many generous friends in the restoration that reared five stone and brick edifices, where by the recent calamity there were only the ruins of a night.


CHICAGO HALL
BLAIR HALL

IOWA COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

BLAIR HALL AND GOODNOW HALL.

The Hon. John I. Blair, for whom Blair Hall was named, gave over $16,000 toward its erection. He was mentioned in befitting compliments by Governor Merrill on its dedication, and a life-size oil painting of himself seems to smile in satisfaction from our library walls. It was here, too, that he offered counsel in a speech to the students, of even greater value, if heeded, than his liberal money benefactions.

Blair Hall is the central and largest of the college structures, built of stone, gothic in architecture. Its two wings are occupied by the chemical, physical and biological departments, the first-mentioned occupying the three stories of one wing. The central part contains the museum hall, thirty by sixty feet, and fifty-two feet high, with two encircling galleries — undoubtedly the finest and completest museum in design and contents to be found west of New York or Michigan. It includes the $1200 set of Ward's casts given by George H. Corliss, a $7,000 collection of mounted mammals and birds formerly exhibited in Central Park, New York, and a $500 series of invertebrates presented by Morris K. Jesup, the New York banker, besides countless other specimens illustrating all the kingdoms and classes in nature.

GOODNOW LIBRARY HALL.

This edifice is a most artistic and beautiful stone structure. It was named in honor of Hon. E. A. Goodnow, of Worcester, Mass., who gave $10,500 toward its erection. Its library alcoves are ample. Its reading-room and offices are spacious, while, with an enlarged plan, there is added a telescope tower, both for use and architectural harmony. The dedication oration was by the friend of the donor, Rev. D. O. Mears, D. D., whose subject was, "The Republic of Books". An historical address was delivered on the occasion, June 23, 1885, by the writer, as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Goodnow Hall we formally dedicate to-day. Its corner stone was laid in the last autumn with commemorative service of song, oration and prayer, in the presence of a large and happy gathering of citizens, students, faculty, trustees and friends of Iowa College.

To-day, awakening our admiration, and ready for the dome, is an edifice elegant in design — the work of genius, and a modern classic in art, a product of the handiwork of skilled artisans who have moulded with chisel, perfected and shaped with hammer, steam appliance and heat, the best of Iowa and Missouri sand and limestone; the rare, red-tinted quartzite of the Dakotas; slate from the quarries of New Jersey; copper from the mines of Lake Superior; chaste and enduring pine of the South, deftly framed with iron girders, a combination in material for strength, beauty and utility.

It is the gem on our ample oval campus, crowned with Alumni, Chicago and Blair Halls, at once the joyous delight and mystery to the sad throngs of visitors who witnessed the terrible tornado desolation of three years agone. Not unto us shall be the praise, for it was not by us they arose. Many thousands came by the Chicago & Rock Island Railway, and not less than fifty thousand dollars beyond the circle of our Congregational order, with a spontaneity that discredits the theories of total race depravity, and with rare munificence that shall evermore express a regard by the people for collegiate education and for Iowa College, eldest and honored of our state institutions.

In the inception there was only a library hall. The plan adopted presents an edifice majestic in proportions, combining utility, symmetry and strength. A lower hall is a reading-room with an annex for an art collection. The second story, in gallery and alcoves, has a capacity for fifty thousand volumes, connected with an office, or more quiet retreat for thought and consultation, and with easy access to the telescopic tower, which is so solid in structure as never to be moved by storm or tempest; fully equal to the latest demands of science, it will lend new interest to the students of the world's starry wonders. The architect is Mr. Stephen C. Earl, of Worcester, Mass., whose fame is as wide as the renown of the guild.

Our honored patron was to have been a guest of the college to-day, but he is not here to share in these festivities, and I can only voice your hearty welcome; that of grateful children of the new West to an elderly, modest Christian gentleman; that he may yet come to grace a banquet in Iowa in honor of a name endeared in the heart of the Old Commonwealth and linked with graceful, munificent charities around the globe.

Should the delicate sensibility of the orator of this occasion, Dr. Mears, omit his prime agency in turning the heart of our patron philanthropist here, I should be derelict in duty and in historic fidelity, not to make this mention. He gave cheer amidst our desolations by storm; was a helpful friend in restoration and the Seer with a more delicate touch than that which early smote the rock to open the fountain; he touched the heart that gives an earnest and hopeful augury of a perennial flow that shall enrich our treasury, for the growth and efficiency of departments in learning, to flourish as trees of the garden by the fountains of waters.

It is more than witicism — a modern opinion — that in certain Boston circles it is neither respectable nor safe to die without leaving a legacy for Harvard College. We supplicate that spirit in hope that westward, like the Star of Empire, it may "take its way", shedding radiant and benign gifts from full coffers and affluent hearts on this college, a child of devotion, a growth by sacrifice, and enjoying an almost miraculous resurrection. Hail! and forever welcome our thousand benefactors and your children to the halls you reared, and to hearts buoyant in hope to-day, in the dedication of our latest material treasure.

Students and college patrons will visit and revisit, in ever-increasing numbers, our campus, to receive the inspiration of a classic retreat, lingering in the sun of the morning as it sheds its prismatic gleam on the volumes which reflect the wisdom and thought of the ages; ascending the tower, a telescope which invests with new interest a study of the starry world, will awaken gratitude, while to be read in a rich golden sunset, chiseled in marble and in bold relief on the tower, is the name to abide the wastes of time, and for us and our children the synonym of Christian generosity — that of Hon. Edward A. Goodnow.

THE MARY GRINNELL MEARS COTTAGE.

There had long been earnest discussion in regard to rooms for ladies, where supervision and the best accommodations could be had. Only a few thousand dollars for this object were in the treasury, when, by a glad and second surprise, the donor of Goodnow Library Hall made a gift of $5,000 to a building to be known as the Mary Grinnell Mears Cottage. On acceptance of the conditions, Rev. J. M. Chamberlain and wife gave a block of land joining the campus, a most valuable and opportune place for the cottage; the corner-stone being laid with appropriate ceremonies and addresses by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, Mrs. Crow, the lady principal, and Mrs. Mary G. Mears. The building is tasteful in all its appointments, and fully occupied.

EDWARD A. GOODNOW

is a venerable citizen of Worcester, Mass., a late but most serviceable friend by gifts which have secured the building of Library Hall and the Mary Grinnell Mears Cottage. Our tornado calamity first engaged his sympathy, and later an "alumna" of the college won his attention to our wants, which led to the securing of the "Ladies' Cottage".

The following was the tribute given by the lady for whom the cottage was named, at the laying of the corner-stone of the cottage, June, 1888:

"The genesis of this Ladies' Cottage was in the warm pulsations of the 'Heart of the Old Bay State Commonwealth', in the person of the eminent financier and philanthropist — Hon. E. A. Goodnow, of Worcester, Mass. I bring to you to-day, a message of interest and affection from him — from one who has never trod the soil of our Iowa — 'Beautiful Land', but who has given more than fifteen thousand dollars to enrich our college.

"Could you go with me to the private office of this banker, you would find a notable art gallery. The pictures were not wrought by the skillful hand of a Van Dyck or a Titian; they were not produced by brush and canvas at an expense of thousands of dollars, but are simple photographs, representing in stone and brick the results of a continual flow of blessings falling from his hand upon the daughters of benighted Africa, the red men of the forest, 'our brother in black', the classic haunts of Holyoke and Wellesley, and upon the schools of the Evangelist

Moody. But these pictures cannot represent a tithe of the Christian benevolence which has flowed from this quiet office. A tribute to the martyr John Brown blessed Washburn College, in Kansas; the library hall in Princeton proclaims with silent eloquence his loyalty to his early home; nor in this presence can we forget yonder Goodnow Library Hall, whose jasper walls are as fair and firm as ever pleased the eye of artisan, architect or artist.

"Besides all these, Mr. Goodnow speaks to the world through scores of trained minds in our own and other colleges, who but for his kindly aid might have been denied the possibility of the highest development. Thus while keeping his own heart warm, he is in the line of the highest philosophy, transmuting the perishable treasures of earth into eternal gold, beyond the reach of Time's effacing fingers.

"'As for his bounty there was no winter in't.'"

JACOB HAISH,

of De Kalb, Ill., placed a sum of money in my hands to be used at personal discretion, to which, after years of accumulation, was added smaller sums by Col. S. F. Cooper, J. H. Merrill and others, resulting in the securing of an Alvan Clark telescope, already mentioned. At the dedication, this most thoughtful benefactor was extolled in verse by Prof. H. W. Parker, also in an eloquent panegyric and dedicatory oration by Rev. Wm. R. Scarritt, with commendation by the Professor of Astronomy, S. J. Buck.

It is not in idle boast, but with grateful emotion in regard to our benefactor, that I mention this telescope as the first in size and modern appointments in Iowa. It makes the sublime study of astronomy, with all cognate topics, practical for the college student and specialist, making the college equal to the best, in this respect.

In the gifts of Mr. Goodnow, Mr. Haish and similar benefactors will be found no application of the reproach by Dean Swift that "reputations for benevolence could be gained by the laying out of five pounds a year". Our friends were mainly silent givers, nor could they be classed with ambitious townsmen, or sectarians, giving as a money investment or ministering to state pride.

AARON BENEDICT AND CHARLES BENEDICT.

These were among our earliest and noblest benefactors. The following facts are furnished by Ex-President G. F. Magoun, D. D.:

"The Benedict Professorship of Latin in Iowa College was founded and endowed by Deacon Aaron Benedict, of the First Congregational Church, Waterbury, Conn., and Deacon Charles Benedict, his son, of the Second Church. Nearly twenty-five years ago Rev. Theron Baldwin, D. D., of the old 'Western College Society', opened the way for my visiting them under the sanction of that society. On Monday morning, after preaching in both churches upon the Sabbath, I found them at the counting-room of the Benedict & Burnham Clock Factory, the father having resigned the oversight of the great industries he had built up to the son, but still retaining an active interest in them. After describing the condition, needs and opportunities of the college, Deacon Aaron said with a smile, 'I guess you had better give him, Charles, one thousand dollars for his preaching yesterday.' My proposition to them was to complete the endowment of the chair of ancient languages, these including Greek and Latin, the endowment of which by Deacon P. W. Carter, of the same town, had been arrested by his death. On subsequent visits to Waterbury, other gifts were added on other Monday mornings by these gentlemen, the father assuring me once that I should always earn at least one thousand dollars for the college by preaching in the two churches of Waterbury. Ere long I ventured to propose the division of the language chair, as originally contemplated by Deacon Carter, who wished his money in that case to go to the Greek endowment, and the creation of a Benedict endowment of Latin. The elder Benedict always deferred to the judgment of his admirable son, and, this plan being accepted, I received at one time as much as four thousand dollars in one sum to complete ten thousand dollars for the new chair. The evening before my marriage to the lady principal of the Waterbury Seminary for young ladies — since 'St. Margaret's' — Hon. Charles Benedict gave me for his father and himself, ten thousand dollars to complete the endowment of twenty thousand dollars.

"These were men of mark, capable of planning and doing large things. Hon. Charles Benedict, a man of noble presence and spirit, became in his last years president of the Western College Society. Other colleges besides ours shared in his hearty and practical beneficence. A man of very few words, but of great administrative ability, and steady energy, he gave as careful scrutiny to matters of benevolence and Christian usefulness as to those of business, and his discernment and sagacity were counted by all who knew him of very superior value. It was the mechanical skill and inventiveness of his father which created so much of the manufacturing enterprises of the beautiful city which owes so much to them."

SAMUEL WILLISTON.

This gentleman, a resident of Easthampton, Mass., was the largest giver to our college in one sum, $30,000. He was held in honor as founder of Williston Seminary, a liberal patron of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, Amherst College and other institutions of learning. Service as a legislator, and in the governor's council, was only incident to his career as one of the intelligent manufacturers of New England. He was the pioneer button-maker, and led in the fabrication of rubber goods, while persistent in efforts to establish for Americans an ideal spool thread. The story of his contest with a foreign article is one of heroism and sacrifice, only relinquished when five hundred thousand dollars had been expended to meet the demands of Americans. His better pay for labor and high-interest account did not furnish the full occasion of the failure. It was rather a colossal foreign combination which led to his defeat. Still, he enjoyed the well-sounded fame of a manufacturer, whose wealth was bestowed in the spirit of a broad philanthropy. Childless, his great heart adopted the homeless, who have gone forth in numbers to reflect the highest social virtues.

His interest in Iowa College was first awakened by Dr. J. C. Holbrook, octogenarian, now of California, who early told the story of our college, seeking an endowment of fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Williston had knowledge of one of its founders, and had cultivated the zeal of an apostle of Christian education; and from his broad brain and warm heart there was a constant flow in benefactions. The first pledge was a conditional one of twenty thousand dollars, but knowing how sound were our president's views on the tariff system, and the high temperance standard of the town, in the centre of the state, he cheerfully made his gift absolute. Later, on visiting Grinnell, mingling with our students and people, he said no gift of his life had afforded him more pleasure, adding, "If my business will allow I shall increase the endowment to thirty thousand dollars." This was at a critical epoch in our history, when he attested his devotion to the college, notwithstanding his great losses. Since I had nothing to do incipiently in enlisting our great benefactor, I will add, though it may seem egotistical, that I sent my speech in Congress to him in favor of our tariff, containing an answer to the rebel threat that New England was to be "left out in the cold". In acknowledgment he said, "I have decided, so well pleased am I with your views, to add ten thousand dollars to my original investment, which has given me unalloyed pleasure." Thus another benefactor needs no monument, for he lives in the hearts of those whom he would elevate, and by the memories of a noble citizen, a patriotic American, and an exemplary Christian.

J. P. WILLISTON,

of Northampton, was his brother, an example in humble giving which inspired others; and he became an eminent example by his gifts to our college and to others. He was a man of eminent self-sacrifice, living plainly that he might gladden the hearts of the poor and encourage young Christian institutions on the frontier.

WILLIAM E. DODGE.

This name recalls the lamented philanthropist, who was a Christian laborer and munificent giver; I have on another occasion held him to be the model Christian statesman.

I pause before his elegant full likeness in bronze, on Broadway, New York, erected by the Chamber of Commerce, over which he so long presided. I visit the spacious Home for Inebriates, which he endowed, and read the instructive biographic volume by his son, Dr. D. Stuart Dodge, which should be in every library, refreshing to young and old in review of the life of a princely merchant, patriotic congressman, and the dispenser of millions of dollars for the education and elevation of our people.

It was about twelve thousand dollars which he gave to Iowa College in its dark hours, but as drops to the ocean in comparison with the measure of his charities, to be the more esteemed in association with the counsels of his life and the prayers which followed his gifts. I have no doubt that the Dodge Professorship would have been fully endowed had his life been spared to make a desired visit to Iowa, whose people, in their intelligence and prohibitory temperance legislation, won his admiration. From the surviving members of the family the college is still the recipient of money gifts, prompted by the same spirit which helped forward a college on the Bosphorus and in most of our States in the Union.

The temperance cause has lost its most ardent advocate as well as its most liberal patron, the national organ having been sustained by him financially for many years; and there will be found what is not known to the public, that there is a fund, secured by his liberality and solicitation, amounting to sixty thousand dollars, the interest of which will be used for the suppression of intemperance. Whatever may be said of the colossal wealth of the deceased, his warm living hand has disbursed charity in millions of dollars, being the patron of colleges, seminaries and academies here and in all lands beyond the ocean, and more than thirty men are ministers of the Gospel who gained their education by the benefactions of the lamented William E. Dodge. Though a Presbyterian, he was the vice-president of the American board, and the largest contributor annually to missions, which was an index to a character never moved by clamor and built up in adherence to sacred principles. Thus in our rebellion he was a patriot. In Congress the friend of labor, and an advocate of a tariff in seeming opposition to his pecuniary interest as an importer. His last public speech was in Cooper Institute, with Peter Cooper and Evarts, in support of the American system.

Mr. Dodge was a most accomplished presiding officer, sagacious, quick in execution and genial. Facts in moral and financial discussions he marshalled with adroitness, and used them with the skill of a persuasive orator. He never wearied; nor faltered under the heaviest load and the darkest cloud, but as a great-hearted friend he will longest be remembered.

OAKES AMES.

It was by a casual remark on leaving Congress, and in response to the good wishes of Mr. Ames, that I said he could best show his regard for me by endowing a professorship in Iowa College. His reply was, "What! would you advise me, a large borrower of money and with the Pacific Railroad on my back, to pledge money to a college? But I will think of it." He set out after years of accumulation to carry forward a great work, which I hoped might keep our name to be remembered with honor; but there was some doubt in the midst of capricious enemies. I took a hopeful view of the Pacific Railroad scheme. The next day at lunch he took out his memorandum book, and wrote, "I propose to place in the hands of Mr. J. B. Grinnell six thousand dollars, as the beginning of a professorship in Iowa College at Grinnell."

Years passed, and knowing of his troubles by false and timid friends, and observing as we met in Boston that not only was his credit gone, but that he was sinking under his misfortunes, it was no surprise that there was an announcement that the great-hearted Ames, on being clouded in his reputation by a vote of Congress, had died of a broken heart. Later, his son, Oliver Ames, since and for several terms an honored governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, wrote me as follows: "I find a pencil memorandum made by my father some years ago, proposing to give six thousand dollars toward a professorship in Iowa College. You know of his decease, and I regret to inform you that he left no money or available assets to meet the wishes indulged in time of prosperity. If there should be a turn in affairs and it is found possible to do anything, I will advise you."

It is a happy sequel that, before he was a candidate for governor, he wrote, "I think I can pass to your treasurer bonds to the amount of six thousand dollars, if you will accept them." Later, he sent word that it was his pleasure to cash the bonds in honor of his father and pay the interest in full if desired.

This act, the prompting of generosity, I made public in honor of father and son; and I united in a volume with the leading men of the nation in vindication of the motives of Mr. Ames in regard to the "Credit Mobilier", and, later, called out the car-loads of passengers to cheer in the shadow of the monument in Wyoming, erected in honor of the brothers, builders of the Union Pacific Railroad, saying that their names would be remembered with gratitude —

"Until the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old."

MRS. DANIEL P. STONE.

By solicitation of President Magoun, this liberal lady, faithful to the benevolent wishes of her husband, gave twenty-five thousand dollars for the express purpose of endowing a chair of natural history for Prof. Henry W. Parker. She acted in consultation with her relative and wise adviser, Rev. William H. Willcox, D. D., who by request writes the following:

"Mr Daniel P. Stone, a Boston merchant, died in 1878, leaving an estate of about two millions. After making liberal provision for his few kindred, he gave the great bulk of his property to his widow, 'to do with it whatsoever she saw fit'. She at once made large gifts to her relatives, in anticipation of bequests they would otherwise have received through her will, and then proceeded to give away the remainder to needy individuals and institutions. I was at the time pastor of a Congregational Church in Reading, Mass., but, having married a dearly-loved niece of Mrs. Stone, she invited me to relinquish my parish and become her confidential adviser in the distribution of her fortune. It seemed such a providential call that I could not refuse. I at once decided that no wiser use of the money could be made than by appropriating it mainly to the cause of Christian education. Mrs. Stone readily accepted my advice, and the funds of our colleges and seminaries were increased by nearly a million dollars."

CORNELIUS B. ERWIN, OF NEW BRITAIN, CT.

In his munificent charities Mr. Erwin remembered Iowa College, with others made the residuary legatees. The manager of the estate predicts that our share of the fund will be at from $25,000 to $50,000. It is an instance of forecast by a great manufacturer and warm friend of the American system.

Mr. Erwin truly lent dignity to the manufacturer, personally won the hearts of his townsmen, and made the church with which he was associated and many educational institutions his debtors for gifts never to be forgotten.

OTHER BENEFACTORS.

Most fortunate is our state, so rich in nature and advancing with rapid stride under high social and moral conditions, in enlisting so eminent a roll of benefactors, for its first Christian college. I shall mention the names of many, in the hope that their spirit may be contagious, and in further belief that we have been derelict in recognition of our obligations to those who have not only given of their abundance but of their limited income. The small gifts of those omitted may outweigh the donations of thousands, while a mention of names will be proof that the college would honor the children by a remembrance of the good deeds of their fathers, gone to their reward.

First and worthy of recall are those early associated with the founding of professorships, in an institution which they had never seen and a thousand miles from their homes.

Preserve Wood Carter, a native of Wolcott, Ct., and an extensive manufacturer in Waterbury, Ct., was the founder of the Carter Professorship. His son, Franklin Carter, now the distinguished president of Williams College, wrote me, during the last year, facts from which I glean the following:

"Rev. Ephraim Adams, Prof. Erastus Ripley and Rev. Julius A. Reed, men of Davenport, Iowa, awakened his interest in Iowa College, which led to a gift of five thousand dollars, while his entire property was not worth over fifty thousand dollars. He enjoyed giving, but never gave so large an amount to any other institution. He gave to Yale, to home missions, to foreign missions, to churches and local charities. Everything that related to the West interested him. This gift was a great thing for him," says this son, "and I always feel that I have inherited a right to beg for this college. He was a whig and republican. My earliest remembrance of politics goes back to the campaign of 1844, and I remember standing by him as he read the *New York Tribune*, giving the details of Clay's defeat. He gave utterance to the feeling that no more good could come to our country. He was of an ardent nature, a profound believer in Calvinism, and named his eldest son Calvin. Neither of his sons has accomplished as much, considering all things, as he accomplished. I am very glad he gave that money to your college, but he died worth only about seventy-five thousand dollars, leaving a widow and three sons. I am the last of the family and I thank God for such a father and mother as I had."

Ebenezer Alden, M. D., of Randolph, Mass., father of Secretary Alden, of the American Board, gave anatomical models, and, after the tornado, replaced the set with a more valuable one; also, made bequest of $5,000 to the college, to be increased by part of the interest to $10,000, as an Alden fund.

In the East, from the estate of John C. Whitin, of Whitinsville, Mass. ($5,000), and Dr. E. Alden, of Boston, money came for the Museum, supplemented by gifts, already mentioned, from Morris K. Jesup, the benevolent banker of New York, and the late George H. Corliss. Wendell Phillips found his "next friend" with a thousand dollars, while Deacon David Whitcomb, of Worcester, Deacon E. Farnsworth and Samuel Johnson, of Boston, and William Hyde, of Ware, Mass., on more than one occasion in extremity came to our relief.

The burning of East College was a heavy blow which enlisted new friends, among whom were James F. Joy, of Detroit, Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, and B. F. Allen, of Des Moines, each giving a check for a thousand dollars, followed by smaller sums from J. W. Brooks, John N. Dennison and H. H. Hunnewell, of Boston.

How many of our benefactors have passed away — some whom I have mentioned, and others who were also large givers. How fatally wide the scythe of time has swept, thinning their ranks. W. E. Dodge, David Dows and S. B. Chittenden, of New York, John F. Slater, of Norwich, Ct., Ethan Rogers, of New Jersey, Wendell Phillips, J. Nickerson, Deacon David Whitcomb and Deacon Ezra Farnsworth, of Massachusetts, and Frederick Billings, of Vermont, have during the last eight years gone to their reward.

IOWA BENEFACTORS.

These are numerous. The earlier gifts were by self-denial, the later meaning less of sacrifice, but prompted by confidence in the college and a conviction that a religious college was one of the chief demands of the state. The zeal of our patrons is not to be estimated by small subscriptions, but in association with numerous other gifts and enlightened Christian zeal.

SENATOR AND GOVERNOR JAMES W. GRIMES

was peculiarly an adviser and friend, supplementing his interest in popular education by the gift of a valuable section of land, to which Mrs. Grimes has added money, making a total sum of ten thousand dollars. Governor Grimes was pleased with the rural central location of the college, and predicted that it would at an early day rival our best eastern institutions. He provided that promising students should be aided by his gifts, in perpetuity.

REV. JOB CUSHMAN

was a lineal descendent of Robert Cushman, deceased in 1625, who preached the first sermon printed in America. Its subject was "The sin and danger of self-love", and it was dated 1621. It was at an early day that he came to Grinnell, and he is remembered as a singular character, of warm attachments and decided conviction. In the East a pastor for nearly a half century, he had witnessed the struggles of poor clergymen, and was pained at their neglect in old age. In the town of Chester, near Grinnell, he made an entry of a large tract of land, from the profits of which he established a fund for poor ministers. Iowa College, later, awakened his sympathy, and he gave a liberal sum toward ornamenting the campus, and other moneys amounting to six or seven thousand dollars, in bequest on his death. Old age ended his career and he was buried in our cemetery after affectionate care for him in his sickness. The college erected a suitable marble testimonial to his memory.

CHARLES F. DYKE.

This gentleman, an eastern manufacturer, fortunately for Iowa College married the daughter of the Rev. S. L. Herrick (now Mrs. J. M. Chamberlain), early a professor and for a quarter of a century a trustee of the college. Mr. Dyke was a large-hearted philanthropist, and the needs of the colored people at the South awakened his attention while living, and, at death, his bequests amounted to a large sum. His stay in our city was not long, ill-health requiring a change to the Pacific coast. His dust, however, reposes here in Hazelwood Cemetery. He was a noble character; and some seven or eight thousand dollars came from his estate to our almost empty treasury. The kindly offices of Mr. Herrick and his daughter, Mrs. Dyke, here deserve grateful mention.

REV. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Apart from gifts, there are few persons who have been longer associated with the institution, and none in more honorable service, than Rev. J. M. Chamberlain. For nearly twenty years he was treasurer, and now is acting librarian, not prompted by a salary, rather by the impulses of a scholar. On the board of control for twenty-five years his counsels have been marked by conservatism, together with vigilance and wisdom.

The scheme for a circle of ladies' cottages was especially championed by Mr. Chamberlain, but involved a plat of ground which the college did not own. The tornado wrecked his home in the midst of a vacant square adjoining the campus, and he transformed his calamity into a gift of benevolence — a ladies' campus annex to be improved and occupied. The gift was large and opportune, and a reflection of the generosity of one who at the corner-stone dedication, in clear and winning speech, won most hearty plaudits. The generosity of our friend and his wife will find a heartier appreciation in the lapse of time, when a fine group of buildings in good service shall crown the aspirations of the givers.

SETH RICHARDS.

This gentleman of Yankee birth was broadened by the pioneer activities and environments related to an eventful career. It is thirty-five years since, on a Sunday morning, he left the stage-coach, walking miles to reach our prairie school-house in sight, to become a worshipper rather than a stage-traveler. He became my guest, and, after listening to our educational plans, said, "My ideal town will have a church, and the model state a Christian college." This was in keeping with his early agency in determining a site for the college, eventually located at Davenport. The public is in doubt, alike as to the sum of Mr. Richards' benefactions and of his total wealth; but it is no mere guess that his gifts have been large and discriminating, and that he is one of the few wealthy men of our state. Bentonsport, Iowa, has for near fifty years been nominally his home. Later, in Oakland, Cal., he has erected a mansion (from which his esteemed wife has just passed away to her reward), in view of an institution of learning, which is said to have shared largely in his benefactions. I do not even venture an opinion as to the measure of his charities, but recall how welcome was the announcement that the gift of the Christian philanthropist was $20,000, the income of which was to be used in perpetuity for the Richards professorship of Iowa College. Bravely does our friend meet the infirmities of an octogenarian, while maintaining a lively interest in our temperance issue, and the success of that party which he has ever upheld for its devotion to the American financial policy, not less than to its constitutional guarantees for the freedmen.

EX-GOV. SAMUEL MERRILL AND J. H. MERRILL.

The interest of these brothers in Iowa College dates back to ante-bellum times, when residents of MacGregor, Iowa. After the tornado, Mr. J. H. Merrill, a Christian financier of the highest rank, aided in restoring our wastes in the sum of $5,000, since added to by liberal amounts and expenditure of time and thought in the interests of the institution, of which he has long been a trustee, and from which his son and daughter have graduated with honor. At a late day the Ex-Governor handed me a proposal and obligation to found a professorship in the sum of $20,000. Bonds and stocks have been passed to the treasury as an earnest of the good faith of the donor. Mr. Merrill served the state officially with great credit, and has been successfully engaged in railway construction and as president of the Citizens' Bank, Des Moines. The precarious health of Mrs. Merrill, deceased, and of their son, required a change of climate, and he is, we trust, only temporarily a resident of Rialto, California.

EDWIN MANNING.

The name of this gentleman, a resident of Keosauqua, Iowa, has been as a household word in the Des Moines valley for nearly fifty years. My first vote in Iowa was cast for him as a state officer. It was his last official trust, for he often declined promotion, while in the varied roll of pioneer land-owner, merchant and banker, his policies have been wise, and in executions of great trusts he has shown that fidelity and broad patriotism which gave him high rank as a war-patriot. The millionaires of the dark hours among whom he is classed, were esteemed the cautious. Not of this class was Mr. Manning, who offered of his money and his credit to equip the soldiers, when compelled to decline a field office in our late war. Mr. Manning, now passed his four-score years, is full of vigor and takes a lively interest in the great moral, social and financial questions of his time, being an ardent republican. Repeated have been his gifts to Iowa College, now expanded to a tract of land in Iowa of the value of $20,000, which the guardians of that institution will regard the more highly for the eminent character of the donor.

LEONARD F. PARKER.

It was by a good fortune before mentioned, that Professor and Mrs. Parker became associated with Grinnell University, and later with Iowa College. The invitations to become a professor in the State University at Iowa City were earnest and prolonged, resulting in an absence of twenty years, greatly to the advantage of another institution, while our loss was in corresponding measure. He returned to us with native enthusiasm, to fill the chair of his choice. Was it in memory of labors and sacrifices here, that here in our cemetery reposes the sacred dust of his children, and that the warm devotion of long and partial friends overcame all obstacles to a return, to take up the congenial labors of his early life. Such may seem the three-fold cord to allure and bind. There are other facts, not now for the public, which are significant of the generosity of a friend and his devotion to the college. Professor Parker, in addition to faculty service, is officially appointed to write an educational history of Iowa, which can but be of interest to her youth and their guardians, while the freshness and vigor of his occasional addresses and sermons, cause an exhaustive demand upon his time.

The Leonard F. Parker professorship is as assured as the solidity of our finances and the perpetuity of our institution.

ALONZO STEELE.

If true that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country", it is not always true that a college is not held in honor at home.

Mr. Steele, of Arcade, N. Y., a farmer and manufacturer, was attracted to Grinnell by the college, on which he has bestowed a gift of $20,000. This home endorsement is of peculiar significance and value, for its founders were his friends; the finances were managed with business care, while a corps of able professors won his regard not less than the students and graduates.

Our friend is yet robust, at over seventy years, and takes a lively interest in public affairs, while the prosperity of the college is a welcome theme. Says the generous giver, "When I saw plainly the path of duty I had the decision to walk in it. Leaving large amounts to children often brings more evil than good. I was not permitted to have a liberal education, and have often felt the want of it, and it will be a pleasure while I live, to see the graduates starting out, and to know that they can speak and act well, after we have passed away."

The name of the professorship is only an incident to its founding and value, yet most appropriate. There was a daughter, Myra, a lovely character, who passed away when budding into the beauty of womanhood. Her life was a cherished memory, now enshrined in the endowment of the Myra Steele Professorship.

Other townsmen might be added to this list if it were permitted to mention their names. Mr. L. N. Sherman is not spared in life to protest, and his memory is fragrant in association with early gifts, and a later one of $1,000, supplemented by a generous provision of his will, which in a contingency leaves a large sum to the college. He well represented the many intelligent and noble people of our adjoining Christian town of Chester, which has not only given material aid in our needs, but also sent hither many of our best students.

LADY DONORS.

The "Lords" are not alone the recipients of the honors of wise stewardship.

Mrs. Rand, of Burlington, Iowa, is one of our later but not less valued friends. Her husband, the late Hon. E. D. Rand, held the place of one of Iowa's most liberal givers to the church; and as legislator, financier, was one of our noblemen. Iowa College was in his thoughts, but he could safely leave the disposition of property to one so long of his spirit, and who, on the death of a favorite grandson, has made a gift in memorial for the founding of the Gear Professorship, the sum being $25,000. Coincident it is our further good fortune to elect the son a trustee. He brings the guarantees of the career of an educated gentleman that the family trust-fund will be well expended, and the weal of the college promoted.

MRS. LAVINIA PIERCE.

This lady was of Cummington, Mass., and twenty years ago gave $1,000 for a ladies' educational fund, from which has flowed a rill refreshing the spirit and smoothing the way for indigent but worthy lady students.

MRS. WILLIAM E. DODGE.

This generous benefactor has supplemented the $10,000 given by her husband in the sum of $1200, the income of which is appropriated to students of promise.

MRS. R. D. STEPHENS.

The widow of an honored trustee, to whose place she was elected, she, with the same spirit, has made repeated and liberal gifts. Her home is in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

MRS. HARRIET B. SCOTT,

the wife of one of our early pioneers, and now at an advanced age, has seen great good flowing from the early generosity of herself and her husband, Mr. Anor Scott, and has made the college a gift of several thousand dollars.

In concluding the names of our noble friends, there is one, a character whose name, if I were permitted to write it, has a sacred designation in doing "more than they all". The long roll given mainly represents those who have given of their abundance, while the founder of the Ellwood fund gave of his living. But who is he? His name and benefactions must be unknown until the ear is deaf to human praise. Bowed with years and trembling, he leans on a staff. In the circle of prayer he is heard in broken emotional accents. Copious tears flow on the mention of good news for the college. He waits patiently to end his pilgrimage, following his family to the home beyond. His large gifts came almost without suggestion, and in the reflection that a feeble old man had long rested on a Divine arm, and that home bereavement made it possible in the exercise of faith to link the departed Ellwood with those who should preach that gospel which for more than a half century had been the giver's solace and trust. This is the Christian mechanic whose poverty compels frugality, and whose threadbare clothing hides the heart of a nobleman, never weary in the mention of the love of Christ, nor fearful of hunger though made poor by pecuniary sacrifices which in the education of others may bring delight to him and honor to his Saviour.

OUR RELATIONS TO THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

As the oldest collegiate institution this side of the Mississippi, Iowa College has a right to exist, and independently; and it will so continue. There is room for the State University, with post graduate and special courses, in accord with the popular ideas. There is, also, a field large enough for denominational colleges. It has been cultivated without unseemly rivalry and friction. With these advantages, tax-payers are restive under their indirect burdens in educating lawyers, now too numerous, and in support of certain schools of medicine, when the public demand may be met without state aid. The present policy savors of favoritism and cannot in reason long survive the edicts of popular opinion.

Then there has emanated, from those enjoying state patronage, an unseemly decrying of the colleges, with a proposition to mass all in an overshadowing university to lessen cost and gain the fame of an Oxford. Without questioning the motives of the agitators, I deprecated the scheme as utopian, using this language:

"It must be only a wild and chimerical scheme, the bringing of four thousand students together, involving an appropriation of a million of dollars for buildings, and tens of thousands annually for instructors, which could find no advocates save in a locality, or by those depreciating the scholarship in the colleges and indifferent save in the advocacy of a scheme where there should be no religious basis.

"The suggestion is at once chimerical and revolting. Fathers and mothers ask not how cheap is the college, but what strength will it bring; how high a standard in morals, and what perils will be escaped. Iowa colleges are founded in the philosophy of the fathers, and have been and will be cherished with the devotion of Christian patriots. As a rule the attractions of education have secured electic affinities, the localizing of families whose virtuous execration, joined with instincts of self preservation, have made the saloon and correlated infamies to share the fate of hated exotics. No, no, owls and bats shall never occupy our vacated college halls at the behest of jealously false economy, or the dictation of pedantry and shallow statecraft. Founders, who watched college growth with a devotion kindred to that felt for their children, shall not live to witness such perversity, nor will the vandalism toppling the shafts in the cemetery and defaming the names of our honored dead, be imitated by even grosser acts of sacrilege in razing the college walls made vocal with the grateful praise of occupants, fitted and schooled therein for life's toils by the generous founders of professorships, whose fame and fortune can never be clouded and absorbed in a state pool.

"But this is the crowning consideration and fatal to the scheme. You cannot hide the deformity of the old lie, that there can be the highest and completest education without a thoroughly religious influence. 'Sectarianism,' often unjustly charged upon Christian colleges, is another thing, and has been carefully avoided by Iowa College."

A COLLEGE TRUST.

I may be somewhat singular in the views I here offer, but it is more than a conviction; it is a fact that ninety-nine hundredths of our funds came from the adherents of a national protective policy, who believed that their prosperity was due to it. What trustee, remembering this, can be indifferent to a palpable, implied obligation? Where can be found a real excuse for a divergence until there is an essential change in our commercial relations? What else would it be than a grave dereliction and reproach to the dead, and an offense to their kindred.

It does not meet the case to say, "There is a toleration of the silent patrons and we give all sides". No! he that is not for is against, in a sharp issue. Certainly there has been no doubt as to the instruction in political economy in Iowa College in the past; it must have been a great controlling fact in the minds of some of our benefactors. Strict fidelity, then, in the use of trust funds will not overlook the known wishes of testator and friend, though not written. There will be more than respect for the prudent and sagacious patrons who, if permitted to speak, would execrate a departure for which there is no excuse found in radical and changed economical relations.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Tornado of 1882—*Descriptive Incidents—Relation to the Town—Visit to Princely Givers—Personals.*

REMINISCENCES of the Grinnell tornado may be prefaced with one of the most vivid descriptions, of which there were hundreds, of this direful storm. It is from the pen of Rev. David O. Mears D. D., of Worcester, Mass. He, as the Iowa college orator for that year, was on the ground, and not only witnessed the desolation, but stimulated the courage of those who were enlisted in the work of restoration.

THE TORNADO.

"The 17th of June, 1882, in Grinnell, was a day of terror and of death. All through the sunshine the sky seemed a curtain, above which the intolerable heat could not find a vent. Not a breath of air moved even the topmost leaves of the highest trees. The grass, parched by the burning heat, rustled like silk, beneath the tread of men who ventured upon their errands. Even the children gave way to the oppressiveness of the day, and waited for the sun to set. The cattle sought the shade of the trees, but panted for breath, as if between them and the sun there was no foliage. They sniffed the air in fear of what men did not see. The birds winged a hurried flight before the storm-clouds for safety.

"The evening gave no rest. From an hour before sunset, hurrying clouds banked the western sky. These clouds, colored with green and yellow and crimson, swayed to and fro in malignant shape, arresting attention through their fantastic changes. As if to keep company with such furies, a rising gale swept the heated streets and homes. At eight o'clock, after the sunset, the huge clouds put on their deepest black, as of mourning for what was to come. Following a fierce thunder-gust of rain, and a brief, deathly calm, at a quarter past eight, the black funnel-shaped cloud was seen making its awful course. Within its sable folds the caged lightnings were at their horrid play. Almost in a moment of time there was the fearful terror of blackness and the deadly roar—and all was still as if the shrill whistling train of death were passed.

"There was only death and ruin left in its track, save where people had hidden in cellars, some of whom were yet prisoners beneath the debris. Buildings had been tossed like egg shells from their foundations. Freight trains with many cars had been seized by the fiery hands and tossed off the track. The ponderous locomotive had been lifted from its standing place as children toss their toys. Trees within its track were twisted from their roots, some one way, and some another, by the electric forces in their havoc and play. The spokes of wheels were twisted from their hubs by a process no man has discovered. Carriages were lifted from the street and lodged in the tops of trees. Human beings were seized by the terrible blast and carried away hundreds of feet, and left among the ruins that had covered from sight the streets and gardens. Huge timbers were driven deep into the earth as no ponderous hammers could drive them. The college buildings of stone and brick were crumbled under the crunching hand of destruction. For the width of a quarter of a mile, the prostrated ruins were a monument of death. Thirty-two dead bodies were left as its evidences, while nearly a hundred persons more were seriously wounded. Soldiers, who had seen the field after the battle, declared the tornado an avenger even above war itself. The City Hall, as a morgue, revealed a power putting the pestilence as mortally slow."

Never was destruction so met by sympathy from all sources. The position of the city upon the question of morals and education, was a reason for quickening the responses for help the country over. Nearly a quarter of a million dollars was given in funds to relieve the town and the college.

The dead were not buried when the founder of the town started out for assistance. City and college were on his heart. Before the boards of trade in Chicago and New York he made his plea for the people whose interests seemed his own. Among the prominent churches of the land, he plead their cause. He was introduced to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, whose words were reported in a daily paper.*

The greetings of the churches of the country were hearty and emphatic, like that of the Plymouth Church. The first substantial messages of sympathy were from the writer's life-long friends, William E. Dodge and Wendell Phillips. The spirit of the business men was signalled by that of John V. Farwell of Chicago, who said to his clerk, "If Grinnell does not come around for help to-day, send him a thousand dollars to-morrow." In Boston, it was the same as in New York and Chicago. Over the stricken city, there was a common sympathy from those whose names were and are a tower of strength. Autograph-seekers would find great joy, could they only get the signatures of the generous contributors to the relief of our suffering town. It is somewhat indicative of the power of sympathy over merely church lines, that of some forty thousand dollars raised by the writer among his business acquaintances, for Iowa College, in a few months, not more than ten thousand came from members of the same denomination as the College.

Such a universal sympathy gave courage to the desolated town. Upon the following week was to occur the college commencement; what should be done? In reply to a telegram of inquiry from one who had been invited to deliver an address upon the occasion, Mr. Grinnell replied: "Come, and speak; church not destroyed. College will go on with buildings destroyed." In the city shadowed by the awful event of the week before, the friends of the College met to leave no broken commencement. The students left the bedsides of the injured to perform their parts. Papers of the injured were read by those able to do them such a service.

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* "Not long after I came to Brooklyn I was associated with a preacher who is now on this platform, who was, however, obliged on account of failing health to remove from the East to the then hardly settled State of Iowa, and purchased large landed interests there. Mr. Grinnell has devoted his life to the welfare of that state, and very properly the city of Grinnell took not only his name but that of his ancestors in New York and Massachusetts. In that city Mr. Grinnell has been everything—except a bad man. (Laughter.) He has been railway receiver, college trustee, member of the state Senate, member of Congress, president of the University, but I think not anything military; but he has been a farmer, a lawyer, a preacher, and everything by turns—a thoroughgoing Yankee. Largely owing, perhaps wholly owing to his zeal and enterprise, the college was founded in the city of Grinnell, and his influence has been felt for good all over the city and in every part of the state, and we are only waiting for him to die to make a very remarkable man of him; and I hope we may wait a great many years. He comes before you this evening to speak, at my request, of the great temperance victory that has been won in Iowa, and also of the tornado disaster that has befallen that state, and I have much pleasure in introducing to you J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa."

Without a building upon the campus, there went forth the invincible spirit that of itself invited new students in good numbers the coming term. While the fires were smouldering beneath the ruins of one building, a new cornerstone was laid with impressive services. A poem by Professor Parker was given, also an eloquent address by President Magoun. Then the writer was introduced, as a speaker. He had just returned from Chicago, cheered by the responses there. He declared that this was no time for groans. He reminded that only God had been here, who tempers the winds to the shorn lamb. He saw in the desolation a new advertisement for the college. He spoke of the older buildings that were in ruins; and reminded them that the new shall exceed the old in beauty. With a thought of the humorous, he said that there were less trees on the campus than formerly. It seemed a rude act in the sight of some to cut away any of the trees; but now the storm has given sunlight. But not alone the sunlight; the speaker referred to the hand of the Almighty in this great stroke. At the same time he wished it distinctly understood that there was not one chance in twenty-five millions of a tornado ever striking the same place again. Heroism in the line of duty was stirred to its depths by his recital of the fact that the only uninjured thing in all that devastation was the slab, in one of the destroyed buildings, on which were chiselled the names of the dead soldiers who had left the college for the war.

Under the azure of that beautiful sky which only a few days before had been swept by the terrible tempest, the resurrected college came into view. The famous words of Marius have been handed down the centuries, words sent back to Rome as a confession of his weakness: "Tell the Prætor that you have seen Caius Marius, a fugitive, sitting on the ruins of Carthage." A sentiment like this found no place either in the city or college of Grinnell. It was rather the heroism of the Pilgrims by the side of the returning Mayflower, refusing to return even though it might save some of the lives not already sacrificed.

My diary of the electric tornado of June 17, 1882, is not a brief one. Never in our nation's annals has there been recorded a more devastating track by a storm. In chronology it is the day and the month of the historic battle of Bunker Hill, June 17. Being a speaker for the state constitutional amendment against the saloon policy, I was West at the city of Atlantic that night, contending against oppressive heat, in ignorant unconcern for our people, where houses were wrecked and the occupants, a hundred or more, were maimed, and forty meeting death by the storm. A trivial loss was our college buildings, the pride of the town, compared to the sad fate of two noble students buried in the ruins, and others seriously maimed. Mr. Royce, superintendent of the Rock Island Road, dispatched a train for me, giving but an intimation of the extent of the ruin. While the train was making fifty miles an hour, my agony in fear for the fate of my family can better be imagined than described. Not until I reached Des Moines could I hear of their safety.

It was Sunday morning when I reached home; but few were the religious services in central Iowa on that day. Special trains on the four roads brought physicians, nurses, and thousands of the curious, to crowd the blocked streets from which the maimed, the dying and the dead were being removed. The part of the town destroyed was much like a half moon, and for three quarters of a mile one could walk on the debris. A hundred photographic views were taken of the ruins, but none nor all could depict it fully. Some were rescued with broken bones; others carried into the air to fall lifeless. Hospital care and the burying of the dead were the first services — an occasion of touching scenes never to be pictured. Great was the gratitude of those who had escaped, and the opening of a brother's heart to the unfortunate, homeless and bereft of child or parents. Next was the proffered aid by hundreds of strangers, supplemented by telegrams from distant friends advising of drafts on the way, and words of cheer. In a mention of the sufferers, there was no regard to property or station — some of the best houses utterly destroyed, and their treasures scattered to the winds. Several of the well-known and substantial citizens were maimed, but the deaths were mainly the young and of those less known in society. I make exception of Deacon William Ford and wife, he above seventy years, remarking but a few days before that his work was done and he was ready to go. The venerable couple were borne into the air while watching the storm, falling no doubt lifeless.

The front of the house of our venerable ex-mayor, L. C. Phelps, was entirely removed, with the rich contents of the rooms, save a portrait of the absent son, Prof. L. A. Phelps, of the Chicago Musical College. That face, unremoved on the wall, lent a smile of hope and was an omen of cheer brought by his early presence and that of devoted and liberal kindred.

Twenty-nine were borne from the Congregational church to Hazlewood cemetery in one day. There was no lack of the best medical aid for the maimed; and those engaged in the work of restoration began making shelters for the homeless.

The Clarkson Brothers, of the *State Register*, gave a most full and graphic account of the disaster, and, like most of the press, sent liberal contributions in relief. Governor Sherman made a state and national appeal. Even early in the morning, Hon. Ezekiel Clark, of Iowa City, with emotion and tears said, as we met, "Here is five hundred dollars". This, by one so well known, stimulated bankers, cities and companies of farmers to great liberality. Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars came into the hands of Mayor Perry and the committee. This is a larger sum than all the kindred calamities in the West for years before or since have received in charities for like sufferers. For this no one person can take the credit—it was sweet charity, and a tribute to the character of the town with a temperance history, and the seat of Iowa College attractive to elevated citizenship. There was no scandal in the collection or disbursement of funds, and I think no one made a charge for financial agency in their collection, which reflects the highest honor on the part of the local committees. Our maimed and the dead can never pass out of the thought of the living, nor can the spared cease to wonder that so beautiful homes could so soon rise on the ruins. It is a great fact that the greatest era of the city's prosperity dates from the restoration of homes and colleges. This was not possible without the courage inspired, not by words of sympathy alone, but by the great charities, never to be forgotten by the recipients. I only instance the well-built and furnished home of Professor Buck, which was in ruins. Scholars and brother professors said it should be restored. It was. The orator at commencement, Doctor Mears, gave cheer in his oration, which hastened the laying of the granite corner-stone for Alumni Hall before the weeping Jeremiahs ended their grief.

The orator asks: "Am I wrong in saluting Iowa College a child, both in spirit and deed, of Pilgrim and Puritan? Its early history will rank with that of Harvard and of Yale; and as history repeats itself, I stand, in this time of your losses and your griefs, to say that in the remembrance of the dead, for every hand that built those now ruined walls there will be two to rebuild, and for every hard-earned dollar of the fathers and mothers giving it foundation, the children of such parents will sacrifice two."

Mr. Thomas H. Dodge, of Worcester, Mass., then a new, unknown friend, being in Chicago, caught the spirit of that city and sent a message from his own burdened heart.*

It becoming evident that the generous contributions could restore the homes of the indigent, and that the maimed would be well cared for, the situation of the college made a moving appeal for liberal aid in the restoration. There were many reasons related to financial and personal matters, especially prostration by nervous debility, which required quiet rest for me at home; but it was the time for action. The visit to the board of trade in Chicago, and encouragement from the East, caused excuses to pale before imperative and public demands.

THE CHICAGO VISIT.

It was Hon. John V. Farwell who showed the worth of a great man in the time for decisive action. The week previous I was in his company, visiting the herds at his Iowa farm near Montezuma. We had a severe yet laughable experience on the muddy roads, and

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* The following was his telegraphed message:

LELAND HOTEL, CHICAGO, June 23d, 1882.

President Magoun, Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa:

Millions of tearful eyes and sympathetic hearts will be drawn toward Grinnell by your heroic action on the morrow.

Transmit to me copy of the Oration as soon as delivered, and I will have an edition printed for your use, that the words thereof may go forth with clarion voice to proclaim the great truth that the Model City of the West and Iowa College—ever faithful to her high and lofty mission—are not destroyed, but still live, and will rise again, though bowed in grief and baptized in blood, to complete their high and holy destiny in promoting learning, religion and good government in the great West, thereby rendering the name of your loved city, "Grinnell", like the sacred soil of "Piedmont", emblematic of sanctified Christian faith and undying courage, in the Master's work.

THOS. H. DODGE.

Then followed an elegant edition of the historic college oration, giving a wide knowledge of Iowa College and an eloquent plea for a restoration both in promise and prophecy.

I detained him over the Sabbath to speak to the great congregation, which won his friendship for the college and the town. "Visit me in Chicago," said he. "I will cheerfully," was my answer, but the promise was fulfilled under a dark cloud. Overlooking his building, he hailed me in the distance, to say, "Come on, I have heard of your calamity. What can I do besides a money check." "Please go with me to the board of trade," was my answer. "I will." As we entered, Mayor Harrison, and Mr. Dunham, president of the board, said, "You have struck it. Get Mr. Farwell to speak." This was his speech:

"Gentlemen, our neighboring state has been visited by one of the most dreadful storms on record. I was at the beautiful city of Grinnell last week, founded by the gentleman who is at my side. It is a model college town. It must not suffer by our neglect. This is no time for speeches, but for sympathy which reaches the pocket. I must go, but here is my check for one thousand dollars, with regrets that I must leave to keep a distant appointment. Iowa did not forget Chicago in ashes, and we must cheerfully reciprocate."

The following is the substance of the Press report:

MAYOR HARRISON

said that on the floor of that board it was said that corn was king, but in Iowa the storm had ruled it over corn. They could not succeed there if Iowa was in distress. They owed it to themselves to respond liberally to the cry that came to them for help. They had the reputation of being enterprising and large hearted, and for nothing had they a better reputation than for charitable deeds. By the tornado $500,000 had been destroyed, forty men, women and children had been killed and 100 were dangerously wounded. He had been requested to introduce to them a gentleman from Grinnell. It was true Iowa was another state, but the people of Chicago recognized no state line. He had told Mr. Grinnell that the proper way to get the thing started was to get the board of trade started, and then there was no danger of failure. If there were failure let it be charged to him. He had great pleasure in introducing to them

HON. J. B. GRINNELL,

of Grinnell city, Iowa, who said:

I thank the president of the board of trade and the honorable mayor for their kind introduction and cheering words. The words of sorrow are few. I come from an appalling calamity by a tornado in Iowa, desolating everything in its way for 200 miles, centering its fury on the city of Grinnell, a place of 3,000 people, 300 miles west of Chicago. One hundred and twenty buildings were swept down in the tempest, many of them homes of taste and comfort, a large

> portion homesteads and representing with household goods the entire property of the owners—the two spacious college buildings with their contents, libraries, cabinets, etc., representing more than $100,000. But all this is trivial to the loss of life and the maiming of 100 persons, causing our city to be a hospital, while many brave spirits with broken limbs and bruised bodies hover between life and death.
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> I will not stir your blood with harrowing details. My voice fails me. History furnishes no such desolation of a city in an hour, causing a loss of from $400,000 to $600,000. My plea is for the maimed, the homeless and the poor, beggared in an hour, and they are hundreds, good citizens, and even brave in the midst of the loss of property and of their loved ones.
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> I come to brave Chicago, risen from the ashes. Your desolation, which moved the world, was not like ours. There were treasures in your safes; you had insurance. We had none. Our losses by death and maiming were greater than yours, and I do not forget that in the midst of your sorrow the good people of my city never slept until they loaded cars for the relief of your poor.
>
> Our interests are blended by an annual trade of hundreds of millions, and we cannot turn a furrow that is not to your commercial interest. The Des Moines *State Register* has made an eloquent appeal to the nation, and Governor Sherman has made a touching call for aid, and I leave all to your generosity, in ministering to the unfortunate who are dumb. We want a hundred car-loads of lumber, nails, hardware, furniture and clothing of all kinds, and one hundred thousand dollars in cash at once. May Heaven move generous Chicago to aid us in our purpose to rebuild the college, and never rest until every family has a home reared on the desolation. I trust you will burden the railway trains, on their generous offer to bear your benefactions free to the wounded and unfortunate poor, and my beautiful city and all on the track of the tornado will take heart under the raven wing of desolation and horrors I cannot relate.

Great as was our indebtedness to other cities, like Minneapolis and Des Moines, the $500 by Hon. Ezekiel Clark, of Iowa City, was the key-note for Iowa; and $1,000 by Mr. Farwell, of Chicago, became an inspiration. Hon. W. J. Pope, grain-broker and merchant, was most active and efficient in the lead and direction of committees, which ensured nearly $20,000 from Chicago for the sufferers. Then the fire insurance companies, with risks on our colleges, generously waived technicalities, and for loss of the contents of the colleges, passed to us several thousand dollars. They could have shielded themselves under court decisions that exempted them from liability when buildings take fire after falling. Of citizens, H. W. Parker alone had tornado insurance.

COLLEGE RESTORATION.

I am to mention friends. If he gives twice who gives promptly then by the record Mr. R. E. Sears, of Marshalltown, a college trustee and graduate, who gave the first $1,000, has special honor.

He was then engaged in a large manufacturing business, and has since been in honorable association with gentlemen in securing the Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown, and now with capitalists in the control of large coal properties, which give promise of competence.

Hon. William E. Dodge, of New York, and Wendell Phillips, as already said, sent words of cheer by wire and advised of drafts on the way. On their warm invitations to come East, I started.

Mr. Ethan Rogers, of Ocean Grove, New Jersey, I found at his home, and he gave me his dividend in our Grinnell Bank, for about seven hundred and fifty dollars, most cheerfully. Mr. Dodge, anticipating my visit, had left word at his office that I should follow him and spend the night at Irvington, his home on the Hudson. It was my good fortune to meet Mr. and Mrs. Dodge at the station. Their welcome, charming society and elegant home, beguiled away the hours, in talking of our great calamity. Some years before he had become interested in the college, and had passed through Iowa to admire our town. Its temperance standard was of especial interest to him.

Mr. John I. Blair, his business associate and my friend, I mentioned as not to be found. "He must be seen," said Mr. Dodge, "and please excuse me." Soon returning, he read a letter to Mr. Blair which was truly an emotional, grand appeal. "It will do our friend so much good," he remarked, "to give, and I have read this to Mrs. Dodge, and we have prayed that you may be spared to hand it to him, and I have asked for it God's blessing." After evening prayer, he said, "I retire early, but I am up with the birds and the sun, to look out on our Hudson, so refreshing to me in its scenes and stories of an early day; and the berries you must join me in picking, the best, I think, you ever saw."

Long were the night watches, and, burdened with my mission and thought of home, there was little rest; yet I joined Mr. Dodge in the morning, who delighted me with his cheer. No word had he intimated as to his personal gift, and at the table he bade me look up, for God reigns. On a removal in exchange of the first plate, I had occasion to credit it, with a smile, in recognition of a check of $5,000 for the college, found under a napkin. Mrs. Dodge, with her warm motherly heart, said, as the strawberries were passed, "Large as they are, they may relish better if sweetened by my joining Mr. Dodge with a thousand dollars, to help the worthy young girls." Her gift was twelve hundred, the interest of which is to be in perpetuity for lady students. This sum she supplemented later by another thousand, and, still later, by hundreds on solicitation of Mrs. Professor Crow. To their generosity I was dumb, but the visit resulted in lifting a cloud which hung over me, drear and dark up to that hour.

Henry Ward Beecher I had missed, but his warm welcome to visit his church and speak he had committed to my long-time friend, S. V. White, with whom I had often been a guest. He was a former Iowan, now with national fame as a stock-broker and a member of Congress. On Brooklyn Heights he maintains a private observatory and telescope, and has the refined tastes of a scholar, savant and patron of education. His gift of $1,000, without solicitation, had in it far more than the face value of that sum, for it gave me the desired *entrec* to a circle of millionaires. I was quite safe in the wake of his example, if not in the arena of brokers and bankers, whereof our friend is a bold leader.

Mr. Beecher, if singular in his theological evolution ideas, was peculiar in the warmth of an invitation to his pulpit. I made an address in the evening at Plymouth Church, after his introduction before noticed, which I regarded as a facetious offset to my introduction of him in Iowa with his subject "Hard Times", of which he knew nothing, of course, personally, yet a fit theme to display his imaginative genius.

The following was the address, as reported:

> The recent tornado was a terrible visitation. It was heralded by a few moments of rumbling, sounding not unlike the moving of a heavy train of cars, with immense clouds seen forcing their way for an hour or two, to leave in its way desolation and death. Its course was from the north-west in a track a quarter of a mile wide, and swept on south-easterly for about two hundred miles, and it is believed that the destruction will cause a loss of about two million dollars. The greatest destruction was in my immediate vicinity. Horses and cattle were taken up and borne away in the air. When it struck my own town it tore down one hundred buildings. There were one hundred persons wounded, their limbs broken and so bruised and mutillated they could scarcely be recognized by their friends. Thirty of my neighbors, my dear friends, were buried in a single day, and when I left my home it seemed as though I left a hospital, so many were wounded. All our homes are crowded, for three hundred persons were left homeless, but they had kind neighbors and friends who did all in their power for their immediate comfort. But such horror! such desolation! Oh, I have no heart to speak of it! Men and women of advanced years were whirled through the air for one hundred feet or more and dropped dead. The air was filled with electricity, and the very watch springs were broken by the force of the electric fluid. The colleges, the pride of my heart, where were gathered three hundred and fifty brave boys and beautiful girls, were swept down. Forty persons were killed, not to mention those who may

have gone to their long rest in my absence. This is a matter of grave and serious concern to me, and I never expect to rest until our poor are housed, until the maimed are provided for, and until those colleges are rebuilt. I cannot do it. We cannot do it. God does not ask us to do it. We sent out our appeal, and before I left home I signed over seventy responsive checks and drafts. The employes of the *New York Herald* sent a bountiful sum, and many publishers of other papers.

Mr. Beecher. — Tell about your own town. There has not been any liquor sold there for twenty-eight years.

Mr. Grinnell. — I don't deny that I am the man Horace Greeley told to go West. I took up a large tract of land; but not from mercenary motives. My first business was to lay out a town and I determined that no intoxicating liquors should be sold there, and up to this time I may say that not one drop of ardent spirits has ever been sold upon that tract of land. I began three miles away from any house, and three years ago when we had our quarter centennial celebration, we made the declaration that God had been wonderfully with us. No fire had desolated a human habitation, no man had found his way to the poor house, not one had gone to the jail, and not one to the state prison. [Applause]. And happening to be mayor of the city for the last two years, I will say there was only one person brought before me and fined for drunkenness, and during the campaign which has just closed we were made a special point of attack by the enemies of temperance. Money was sent there and transient persons who had no visible means of support, but they could not demoralize our people.

Mr. Beecher. — Do not forget the Chinese.

Mr. Grinnell. — No, we received a draft for three hundred dollars from Chinamen for the poor sufferers in Grinnell. [Loud applause.] Mr. Beecher shouted, "Put them out. What business have the almond-eyed heathens here giving their money in charity?" [Cheers.] It is a great work we have undertaken, but I believe that beautiful city will, with God's blessing, be rebuilt. Those who have been temperate, honest and frugal, they shall be cared for. Hundreds of persons escaped by going into their cellars, and when the college fell it engulfed two boys and one beautiful girl, who were preparing for work. Let me close by saying that my great friend here (Mr. Beecher) and the nation's church shall be allied with the resurrection of that place. And let it be known on earth and in Heaven that Plymouth Church and its people have not forgotten those whom storms have desolated. [Loud applause.]

The meeting was a success. It advertised the calamity and my mission, apart from a generous collection taken and the $1,000 by Mr. White, supplemented by other sums from Mr. Moses S. Beach, William Marshall, General Duryea, and others.

RAILWAY MAGNATES.

Fortunately an early connection with the Chicago and Rock Island Road, and later with local enterprises, gave me an easy access to friends. While in Chicago I solicited through Superintendent Riddle, as our college is built on his line of road, five or ten thousand dollars in freighting. He referred me to Mr. David Dows, of New York, chairman of the board, whom I had known many years, having sent my clips of wool from Iowa to his commission house. By Mr. Dows I was received with great cordiality, and he said —

"I favor your request, and I will see the committee, but just let me give you a thousand dollars, as I do not choose to ask the company to do what I will not aid personally."

The Rock Island Company's donation was $5,000, afterward increased to $6,000, besides freighting large donations without charge.

I next called on President C. P. Huntington, of the California and Central Railroads. It was not possible to gain an audience at the rooms in the Mills Building against the denials and rebuffs of the door-keeper, yet a promise that sometime Mr. Huntington should see my card. While the door was ajar, on the retiring of some official, I continued the plea with some persistency that my presence should be known there.

"I know that voice," called out Mr. Huntington. "Let him in — certainly. They say men have their prices, but I never heard that you had one," referring, I presume, to scandals in Washington, and the railway lobby. "What a wicked set you must be out in Grinnell, to need such a storm!"

Of course I could only reply that it was from the *West*, and if there was anything in desert, California would have a visit. "Nothing in it, nor true that lightning don't strike twice in one place—I know it does," said Mr. Huntington. "You have a beautiful city, seen as I have been through Iowa, and had I known who it was at the door, my messenger would not have detained you. Let me give you some help in building the College"—and his name and check were for $1,000, with an apology, saying that I could call again.

Gen. G. M. Dodge, as an Iowan of high fame, with characteristic promptness made his check for $1,000. Hon. Russell Sage, well-known, one of the largest operators in New York, who has railway interests in Iowa, followed General Dodge with $1,000. My business relations with him had been large and pleasant.

I was not fortunate in finding others known to me in the city, and proceeded to Worcester, Mass., by invitation of Messrs. Washburn & Moen. To the country they are known as the most extensive manufacturers of steel wire in the world. They gave $1,000 for the town, and $1,000 for the college. Their interest was further shown in handing me an introductory letter to Mr. J. F. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., whose princely gift of $1,000,000 for the education of the poor in the South had just been made public.

I esteem it a good fortune to have conversed with so calm and sympathetic a stranger. His philosophy of giving was original. "Let me put down $1,000 — if I were to make the sum larger it might keep back others who should have a share in restoration for their own good, apart from aid to the College." Rising, he said, "I have two friends in the library — please let me call them — you want the blessing to go round." They were Mr. Moses H. Pierce and Henry B. Norton, who without solicitation added $500 to the gift of Mr. Slater, he urging me to partake of his hospitality then or any time.

I omitted to say that Deacon David Whitcomb, a noble soul of Worcester, had, on hearing of the tornado, sent on $1,000, and later gave $600, to aid ladies who had suffered by the storm.

From Boston, Deacon Farnsworth, of Park Street church, and Mr. Samuel Johnson, of the Old South, had forwarded a handsome sum, as did Mr. John N. Dennison, increasing our obligation to a noble philanthropist. Thomas Nickerson gave me $500, also Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, in continuation of personal friendship for years.

Hon. Frederick Billings, of Vermont, I met in New York. I am reminded of a check held in his hand, being a part of the $100,000 given for the finest library building in the country to the University of Vermont, at Burlington. I could not ask his aid in the presence of such benefactions, yet he made me a check for $500 without solicitation, just like the nobleman he was.

Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, N. Y., made me welcome. He was one of the largest farmers of Illinois, and the most noted producer of garden seeds in the world. A great patron of Cornell University, he was thought to be too liberalistic to have sympathy for an orthodox college. But he has been a free giver, and I brought home from his warehouse seeds to the value of $1,000, the proceeds of which were for restoring the college museum.

I returned to Chicago with good fortune in meeting with Hon. John I. Blair, of Blairstown, N. J. It was on Sunday and after church that I heard his name, for it had become his habit in order to escape observation to place his name on the hotel register on departure and not on arrival. Mr. Blair, while over eighty years of age, bears the marks of but sixty, such is his agility in the business activities of a many-times millionaire.

"That tornado of yours is surely dreadful," he remarked. "I received Mr. Dodge's letter; he has been my business partner for thirty years, and the world has never known a warmer heart and such a giver! I do well to keep half way up to him, yet of late have had Blairstown Seminary, Princeton and Lafayette Colleges, besides other things I dare not name, which make me out or in near a million of dollars; still I must follow Mr. Dodge if it is a good way off. But what did he do?" I answered, "Mr. Dodge had before given $5,000 to the college, and for our rebuilding gave another $5,000, to which Mrs. Dodge added $1200 for the girls." "Just like them — they are never so happy as when making checks in charity; and he will perhaps expect me to equal his sum in rebuilding." Just then there was a caller, and, on learning that Senator William B. Allison was in the house, he said, "Bring him in". I knew that Mr. Blair thought as highly of Mr. Allison, perhaps, as of any man living. It thus became my policy to seek his good offices with Mr. Blair. The senator said, "Let me put down $500 before I ask him for $50,000, which I hope he may give, having so large an interest in Iowa". Mr. Allison met a hearty greeting by his old friend, who remarked, "I have had no breakfast, and let us go to dinner and then talk up tornadoes with Grinnell". Senator Allison gently interposed, "Let us talk calamity, Mr. Blair, before dinner, for when you get in sight you will be set upon, you know well, by a crowd."

"I think if I follow Dodge you will call it good sauce for dinner."

"Please don't think of less than $50,000 for that great calamity!"

"You will beggar me — where's the book? I must have some dinner."

"But," said the senator, "you have twenty times my interest in Iowa."

"Well, $10,000."

"Don't say less than $25,000, and enjoy a dinner after one good Sunday deed, as you haven't been to church."

The book is taken and $15,000 was put down, then a hurried retreat to the dinner table. I thought the old gentleman gave a sigh of relief on escape from appeals, yet he cheerfully proposed to keep us in mind and interest friends in the college. This generous gift without condition was supplemented by a donation of slate for the covering of two of the colleges; then, at my request, he sat for a bust in plaster, to be presented to the college, and also gave an oil portrait, life-like, which smiles a welcome on entering Goodnow Library Hall. Later we met by appointment in New York, making a call on Mr. Jay Gould, Mrs. Gould's father having been his early friend, and he recalling her as a child. Mr. Blair said blandly, "Here is a plea which has interested me in calling with Mr. Grinnell. Meantime, will you say to Mrs. Gould, 'It would please an old man to see the daughter of my old friend, for I knew Mrs. Gould before you did, when a child'?" "Certainly, Mr. Blair," and Mrs. Gould came in, and there was mutual entertainment in reminiscences of early days. Pleasantly Mr. Gould had replied, "I shall be happy to aid the college in proportion to your Iowa interests and liberal gift, Mr. Blair". He made it a thousand, thanking us for the call with the manner of a true gentleman. It was a very quiet scene—no satins, diamonds, show or formality, more than in the library and parlor of the plainest people.

"Vanderbilt we must see to-night," said Mr. Blair. We called, to learn that the indoors were closed and Mr. Vanderbilt had retired. Thereupon a note was left with a request for an audience in the morning. This meeting was frustrated by a telegram received, calling for Mr. Blair's early departure from the city, and I made the venture alone. My reception by the messenger was a cool one, for Mr. Vanderbilt had been trying to get ready to leave town. "My orders are to admit no one less than the Almighty." "Well," said I, "that bars me, but can you take my name and cause?" "No, I wish I could." Not to be baffled, I called upon an old friend, Mr. J. P. Chambers, an officer of high rank in the Central Road, who cheerfully proposed to get my subscription book under Mr. Vanderbilt's eye, and sent it to the house by the hands of a messenger. After two days I called to learn the issue, and the word came back, "No one has seen the book, but his clerk was to make a good search". Then another call and no discovery, and the loss being a serious one it made by rumor no small storm in the house. At last Mrs. Vanderbilt came out with it, being the custodian of requests, which I judge were placed where most convenient to be forgotten. On the door-keeper bringing out the found book-treasure, sent by Mr. Chambers, I was curious to see the result in dollars of this exciting episode. *Nil.*

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew's name, the counselor of Mr. Vanderbilt, struck my eye, and I resolved to seek cheer by a call on my genial friend. If failing to get money, the loss of my book was at least suggestive, and I asked Mr. Depew "if the case of the circuit rider out West was not much like mine." "Tell it, and I'll see." "The preacher informed his Sunday congregation that it was necessary that the steward should pass the hat for a collection — children out of shoes, and no oats for his horse. It was observed that in the circuit of the hat there was not a cent dropped in. Whereupon, the minister played his part well, in reproof and in mitigation partially, for his disappointment. The hat was turned down with gravity and the sarcastic remark, 'Bless the Lord, brethren, I got my hat back from the congregation'." Depew laughed and said, "That isn't your case". "Yes, I passed the book, waited three days, no draft and no name." Then he said, "That story of yours I'll tell to Vanderbilt to-day". I am confident he did tell it, with ornamentation, for a telegram came from the office before I reached Worcester, asking me to call as I came back. I did call, and a personal regret had been left at not seeing me, and there was also a draft of $1,000.

In Boston, Mr. Blair with a spare hour called with me upon Mr. Frederic L. Ames (son of Oliver Ames, deceased), just moving into a new house on Commonwealth Avenue. The affluence of the owner seemed in keeping with artistic decoration, spacious halls, alcoves, with orchestra, and all in the most tasteful devices. Mr. Blair hinted to his business friend that the music from those orchestra seats would not be in time for him, but as the house couldn't be taken in in one day, he would call again. Meeting Mrs. Ames, with her apologies for the confusion, having had but a week to settle, Mr. Blair said, "Excusable, madam — certainly; I assume you have not been over the house yet, for I am a fair pedestrian and weary enough to halt". Mr. Ames gave $1,000 freely, without solicitation, a gift which I associate with the wit of Mr. Blair, and a view of one of the elegant American abodes which an Ames can adorn.

Hon. S. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn, gave a few hundreds, a repetition of like sums. He is a great patron of Yale. Other names I may not give, making an aggregate of over $40,000, three fourths of which was "from the world", at least outside of our denomination. The smaller, constant givers I avoided, and certainly "burnt over" no ground that promised a harvest to another in the churches or by personal appeal. Scowls did not meet me—smiles greeted me, while I helped the blood circulation of men—not the "worms of the dust". That phrase I strike out with pleasure and expurgate "total" from the old doctrine of total depravity. I only did my duty, and am grateful for a view of a more elevated plane of life, and have greater detestation of a vicious custom and common habit in ascribing bad motives to givers in great acts of charity. Against this low view, hundreds and thousands to distant strangers and the poor testify. The world has its more quiet givers, some of whose names I am not at liberty to mention. They were pictured by Job: "when the ear heard, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me"; and for us a deliverance came to the poor that cried, and the fatherless who by the desolations of the storm had none to help them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Historical Address at New Haven, Vt., 1887 — *Distinguished Vermonters — Iowa Vermont and New England Associations — Eulogy on Senator Solomon Foote — Shorter Catechism.*

THE OLD HOME WELCOME IN NEW HAVEN, VT.

It was in compliment to our pioneer family. As a boy I was hardly remembered; as a man, appreciated ever far above my deserts for any personality or the public service to which distance might lend enchantment. There was for me an inspiration and deep emotion for which written words were but a mockery of the occasion. The welcome was given in the great church, the posts and beams of which were drawn by my ancestor in the year when resting the soil as before described. On the front row of seats sat a score of veterans who knew my father, and their children of the third generation had smiles of welcome and cheers for the guest visiting after fifty years' absence.

From the pamphlet of proceedings, notes of eminent Vermonters and pioneering incidents are elsewhere given. Such a reception brought more than recompense for the trials of youth and a struggle, away from home, to honor our name. It occurred Sept. 5th, 1887, in accordance with an invitation from citizens of New Haven, Vt., saying, "While you are East and setting up a memorial for ancestors in New Haven, your birthplace, permit us to request that you will consent to make an address upon the history of your town, and give us such information as you may possess with regard to those who have gone out of it". Hon. E. A. Doud presided; and after my address (afterward printed, by request of the audience, and to this volume supplying memoranda used in other chapters), speeches were made by a former pupil of mine, now Hon. L. D. Eldridge, of Middlebury; my kinsman, Prof. A. P. Grinnell, M. D., of the Vermont University; Rev. W. B. Hogue; Judge William S. Wright; Hon. Luman Pease, of Illinois; and

George W. Brown, Esq., of Boston, the only surviving son of the veterans of Lexington—his father, Deacon Solomon Brown, a merchant, having moved to New Haven, probably soon after the Revolution. He it was who, it was abundantly proved, fired the first shot of the Revolution, and the very musket is preserved by a grandson in the old New Haven home.

VERMONTERS.

It was no uncommon occurrence for the writer of these pages to be rallied on his enthusiastic praise of Vermonters. The answer would be, why not? There is no fiction in the distinguished part which the state has borne, never too highly colored, and there leaps to the tongue the old quotation, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead", etc. A eulogist of the fortunate dwellers in the Switzerland of America has said: "There has been to me a transmission of blood in living currents under the laws of heredity. The spirit of Vermont ancestry is mine without cultivation. In youth I was a listener to the stories of the Revolution and of hated Tories fleeing to Canada, and of their children across the line, expert smugglers. The state craft of New Hampshire and the cupidity of New Yorkers, with a design to absorb and divide the state, stirred the blood of my ancestors, and there was fire in the spirit of my father, a volunteer with a musket, making a march of forty-five miles in a day to take part in the battle of Plattsburg." This generation is rich in such an inheritance, and joins in voice with a challenge in Whittier's verse, read in the shadow of the statue of Ethan Allen:

> "Come York or come Hampshire, come traitors and knaves,
> If you rule o'er our land ye shall rule o'er our graves;
> Our vow is recorded, our banner unfurled,
> In the name of Vermont, we defy the world!"

I have often asked, what town of twelve hundred rural inhabitants, has produced so many eminent persons as New Haven, Vt.? I have found no answer and support my claim with specifications.

New England has furnished but one citizen knighted by a British sovereign, and that is the late president of the Atlantic Cable Company, who endowed the Mills School, the honored Sir Curtis Lampson, of London, a native of New Haven, Vt.

The distinguished enterprise in building more miles of railway than any American, is reserved for a late citizen of New Haven, Hon. R. B. Langdon, of Minneapolis.

That man in Chicago, who has by his steam elevator tolled and stored more grain for twenty years than all the consumption of Vermont for that period, is Hiram Wheeler, proud of his New Haven birth.

For years, and not long ago, another New Haven boy annually sold groceries, not intoxicants, equal to the consumption of the entire population of Vermont, Wm. M. Hoyt, of Chicago, whose wife honors her Phelps and Langdon blood.

That corporate wonder of the West, the North-Western Insurance Company, has a bank president for its treasurer, who survived the New Haven flood, and is one of her fortunate sons who daily turns his key on over twenty millions of cash and securities, equal to the banking capital and saving deposits of the State of Vermont — Charles D. Nash, of Milwaukee.

Another favorite son, philanthropist, savant and gentleman, the companion around the world of President Fillmore, the only New Haven boy presented to the Pope at Rome, and waiving the salutation by a kiss of the toe of his Holiness — was Elam R. Jewett, of Buffalo.

Then there are clergymen, natives of the same town, whose memories are yet fragrant: Doctors Miles P. Squire, Milo J. Hickok, the brothers Dr. Ovah P. and Otto S. Hoyt, Smith, Hall, and others, to which may be added a long list of teachers of just distinction and fame, without a mention of bankers and legislators.

The residents of Grinnell, born in my native town, pushed out like eaglets from the crowded nest, are prominent citizens whom I may recall in every profession. Herrick, of the clerical, erect at eighty years; his son, an ex-mayor, merchant, leading the choir; and Brainerd, retired from the pulpit, a brother of a Vermont U. S. Senator; Phelps, an ex-mayor, one of his sons a lawyer, in the choir, and another a distinguished musician in Chicago; Whitcomb, the eldest deacon, whose family are honored in Chicago, Texas and Montana; Marsh, a relative of the venerable diplomat, proud of a son in European-Turkey, educator and minister; Kellogg, architect and builder, kin of a late eminent judge; Blakely, an educated shepherd farmer; Preston, civil engineer, and general in the army; Hatch, ex-mayor and merchant; with others alike worthy representatives of our old home, rounding a circle of virtue and intelligence, including my family physician, Dr. E. W. Clark; the pastor of the church, Rev. H. M. Tenney; and Geo. A. Gates, president of Iowa College. Vermont had no seaport, and, if not the nurse of sailors, it had a loyal military school at Norwich, where so many began their career of distinction in education for the army, yet not more brave than thousands who fell dead from their Morgan steeds, or came home with torn flags and mutilated limbs. General Phelps, the emancipator, is not to be forgotten. Generals Richardson, Moore, Ransom, Stannard, Smith, Seymour, Hawkins, Babcock, with General L. A. Grant, now the popular assistant-secretary of war — these are but a few of the distinguished whose names are found in the military archives of Vermont.

In the railway service there are most marked examples of genius and enterprise. General G. M. Dodge, railway magnate of national military fame, gained his education at Norwich, Vt. Charles Paine, of the Lake Shore, Frederick Billings, of the Northern Pacific, Wm. B. Strong, of the Santa Fe, J. C. Gault, of the Chicago and St. Paul, Hitchcock and Hammond, of the C., B. & Q., C. J. Ives of the Burlington, Johnson, Dunlap and the Wheelers, of the North-Western, H. F. Royce, of the Rock Island, with Nutt, Baxter, Crittenden and R. B. Langdon, form a group in challenge for rivals to the boy-coasters, sleigh-riders and mountain road builders of Vermont to-day, who, like them, may drift into railway service.

The press, too, is honored by the sons of Vermont, such as our Dunham, and Ex-Postmaster General Hatton, of the *Hawkeye;* and Richardson, as well as George Jones, of the *N. Y. Times;* Story, of the *Chicago Times;* Eastman and Saxe, poet editors, and Walter Colton, the pioneer of the California press.

Publicists and authors were George Bush, T. M. Post, W. F. Shedd, O. A. Bronson and Hooker. In politics, two of the parliamentary leaders of a century, Stephen A. Douglas and Thaddeus Stevens, sprang from our evergreen home, the paradise of schoolmasters.

Early the missionary spirit found a welcome in Vermont, to be cultivated and heroically illustrated in the persons of Green, Fiske, Munger, Levi Parsons and Brigham. I have yet to travel or listen on the prairie, or in the crowded cities of the East, or by the dashing waves of the Pacific, where honored missionaries from

Vermont are not mentioned—in all lands—teaching the Indian in his western wigwam, sailing up the Bosphorus to teach the besotted Turk, and holding up the beacon light of Christianity to the millions of Japan. Dr. Hiram Brigham was the missionary historian; jurist Redfield, the highest authority in railroad law; Dr. Horace Greene was long the leading medical authority in the Metropolis; and Rev. Dr. T. N. Post, the eminent veteran of a St. Louis pulpit.

Before the political *lapsus* of '84 (Rum, Romanism and Rebellion), Vermont furnished president, senate president, a senatorial master in finance and head of the judiciary, and three foreign diplomats of a high class. To-day, Phelps at the court of St. James is exchanging civilities with Sir Curtis Lampson—the only American knight, a Vermonter.

There is one unmentioned. When clouds of sorrow hung over us drear as night in the loss of our beloved President Garfield, our fears for the nation's future were quieted in the known character of a successor, a gentleman educated in the school of patriots, ample in the resources of knowledge, a reader of men, with the skill of statesmanship, of whom we are proud in his eminence—a Vermonter president—Chester A. Arthur.

Diplomacy has rounded eminent civil service when a Vermonter's son spoke for our nation in a European capital, while Stoughton was minister at St. Petersburg, Kasson at Vienna and Marsh at Rome, the latter longer in diplomatic service than any American.

In art, our painters have made respectable attainment in landscape, while in sculpture, Mead and Powers have no American superiors, the latter the restorer of glory to marble in the Greek Slave.

Under the inspiration of our poets, you long for the mountain air, and a stroll by the trout brook. Saxe mounts his pegasus, and all the Saxon race laughs. Hudson recites his conceptions of the great poet and we read our Shakespeare anew.

While at the Iowa State Association of Vermonters, I organized a New England Society absorbing the Vermont. In a copy of my valedictory I find these words:

> I am one of those tramps, born by the mountains with no expectation or desire of being born anywhere else. In this we are kin, protesting that the down-South prodigal adventurer, with several outs to one in, who, after filial invitations, came

to himself and on the way wired his father, "Fatted calf for one", was not a Vermonter. They return home with a trophy, a seal skin caught in exploring for the north pole, a robe won in a buffalo hunt on the plains, gold from the gulch, or with an honorable scar or well-earned star from battle-fields, or a medal of honor. If clouded by misfortunes, they indulge in the charities and chances of cold victuals and cider elsewhere. Every child was born with bright expectations, and the warfare and early trials of the pioneer left an impress with posterity.

Nature was our mentor, in solitary grandeur, and a symbol of character in a backbone of granite the length of the state; for in the stern tests of principle none to the manor born or the true sons abroad called in any Dr. Appalacca as cosmetico for a curvature of the spine.

It is the day of unions and leagues. Let us in our western home, emulous of the fame of our mountain comrades, spread the table for brother east of the Hudson, embracing the noblest of yeomanry in the world's history, not forgetting marital adoptions and exchanges, unifying a people akin in origin and blended in labor.

It is related that a shepherd dog, hunting all night in cold and storm on the mountains for the lost sheep, moved the admirer of canine fidelity to the inelegant comparison "that all there is of good in man is the dog that is in him". If we have spoken in earnest praise of our old home and the fathers, it is not a just conclusion that most of the good in our national family is the Vermont blood in it, when the bald truth is, we have given and gotten, exchanged our jewels and been fortunate in matrimonial ventures.

Hail, old mountain home! A tear for the veterans dead in the valleys, gratitude for memories of her, grand in history, rich in every animal production save the mugwumps.

Hail, Vermont mothers, the Cornelias whose jewels are the Gracchi sons, founding states afar from the old hive. Our marble is white and finer the deeper quarried, so shall the deep study of the virtues of our mothers, as well as fathers, deepen our love and admiration for them and the home of our childhood. They are the true mothers of sons who moistened many a battle-field with their blood; and whenever led by generals worthy to lead them and determined for victory, the soldiers of New England, whether at Bull Run, in the swamps of the Chickahominy, with spade or gun, or fighting above the clouds on the mountains of Tennessee, were true to the flag, true to their ancestral fame, and true to their God:

"Right in the van,
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With hearts that beat a charge, they fell
Foeward, as fits a man."

SOLOMON FOOTE.

The Hon. Solomon Foote, for thirty years a senator from Vermont, was a friend of my father and taught school in an adjoining district. Being chosen by the Vermont representatives, to speak at the funeral obsequies in the capitol, April 12th, 1866, I said:

It is a pleasing reflection that my early years were spent near the mountain home of the lamented senator. He gave me assurance of his friendship, and that he cherished the memory of my dearest deceased kindred furnishes me an occasion to pay a brief and sorrowful tribute to his character and virtues.

That biography which follows the eulogistic sketches in the forum will place the deceased in the front rank of our American gentlemen and statesmen, the measure of whose success should be unseparated from the associations and means by which it was attained. The grave senator ever with emotion and pride spoke of the rural town of Cornwall, Vermont, where he was born. Its population is not a thousand souls, and less at the beginning of this century, yet has the distinguishing honor, in addition to an intelligent yeomanry, of furnishing thirty-six educated clergymen, eighteen lawyers, twenty-three physicians and fourteen professional teachers. Its town institutions were the church, the lyceum and the school. In the church young Solomon was baptized; at the lyceum he spoke, to give promise of future eminence; and the school he left to become a teacher and college graduate, later tutor, and founder and head of an institution of learning. He honored the vocation of the schoolmaster and never wearied in giving this humble profession credit for its devotion to a refined civilization and the general welfare. With truly American simplicity he taught our youth self-reliance, and for himself, who owed nothing to wealth, the partiality of friends, or the issue of campaigns, he regarded it as fortunate that he was called in discipline to tread the hard, rough paths of life. He was proud of his origin; and that filial affection of a fatherless boy for a doting and devoted mother was an augury of future fidelity and devotion to the national weal, most fortunately realized in more than a quarter of a century of service, and ending in one of the most glorious tributes on record to the worth of parental instruction and the reality and value of the Christian religion.

As husband and father he was doting and beloved; a scholar without pedantry; a gentleman free from the arts of the courtier; brave in action without bravado; matchless in volume and sweetness of voice; persuasive in eloquence, yet abstemious in speech; genial as a companion, unwavering in friendship; in society

"Pliant as reeds where streams of freedom glide";

a senator and statesman,

"Firm as the hills to stem oppression's tide."

Bereaved and gallant people of Vermont, millions are mourning with you to-day. It has been your fortune to furnish a noble exemplar for the nation, reflecting in character the grandeur of your evergreen mountains and the clear waters distilled in the rugged cliffs.

In the shadow of the shaft of the purest marble which will be reared to commemorate his virtues in the chosen place of his burial, he shall sleep with the honors of a hero, for here he met a mightier than earth's mailed soldier, the "king of terrors", and with a smile. With a premonition of an early dissolution, he was raised from his pillow to gaze once more upon this Capitol, and then, with mortal vision ended, to behold in its brightness the city of the living God, the home of the ransomed soul.

In the address to my fellow-townsmen in Vermont, I summed up some of the celebrities of that state in the following

SHORTER CATECHISM

of biographic mention, which will have the merit of brevity and verity, giving the names of a few eminent in our annals:

Who, in recognition of the God of Armies, in laconic speech, demanded in the name of God and the Continental Congress, a surrender of the key to the fortress of American Liberty at Ticonderoga ? — ETHAN ALLEN.

What jurist, in a fugitive slave case, first trampled on the traditions and laws of human chattelship, in demanding before a surrender of a slave which was held for return, a "bill of sale from God Almighty"? The first Vermont judge — THEOPHILUS HARRINGTON.

Who was the general in the late rebellion who first (in Louisiana), comprehending the value of the slave, without orders enlisted colored troops ? — GENERAL J. W. PHELPS.

What law-maker and leader of the American Congress, by his eloquence and courage, gained the title of the "Old Commoner"? A native of Peacham, Vt. — THADDEUS STEVENS.

Name the veteran diplomat and first in the rank of linguistic scholars and critics, and it is a Vermonter, with more than national fame! — GEORGE P. MARSH.

The Christian philanthropist who gave the library of this great scholar to the University of Vermont, and one of the chaste edifices of the world to his college — the peer of princes, also a Vermonter — FREDERICK BILLINGS.

The only idol of the democratic party loyal to the flag since General Jackson, the "Little Giant", born in Brandon, Vt. — STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Before what Vermont sculptor has the world paid homage in recognition of that master-piece of high art, the Greek Slave? — HIRAM POWERS.

What other American has chiseled his genius in marble and immortalized it in decorative bronze, in our parks and galleries, until rising to national fame? The Brattleboro boy (though born in New Hampshire) — LARKIN G. MEAD.

Who has thrown upon the canvas the beauty of the valleys and grandeur of the mountains of his native land better than our "Beech Hill Painter"?

Where an Anglo-Saxon the equal in puns, smoother in verse, more brilliant in wit, than our lamented — JOHN G. SAXE.

None but the Almighty may "weigh the mountains in scales, hills in a balance", but next, by the world's acclaim, decorated by kings, is the exact weighing of earth's jewels and products by the late governor — ERASTUS FAIRBANKS.

If Vermont gave to the world Joe Smith and Mormonism, with many wives, it was reserved for your senator to crush the monster Hydra — GEORGE F. EDMUNDS.

The highest ranking minister, save him who holds intercourse with the "King of Kings", is a Vermonter, at St. James Court, in London — EDWARD J. PHELPS.

What American divine filled one of the first places west of the Mississippi river? The lamented veteran of St. Louis — DR. T. M. POST.

First of emancipation orators, deceased in New York, was — ALVIN STEWART.

Who presides at the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia, in memory of the adoption of the National Constitution? A Vermont diplomat — JOHN A. KASSON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Cherokee Neutral Land Purchase — Emigrant Aid Company — Vindication of Secretary James Harlan — James F. Joy — First Bridge across the Missouri — A Texas overland Trip — Journey to Mexico.

In 1868, after leaving Congress, I had connection with a great land sale. It drew on the chief actor a deluge of epithets by the envious, and loaded the press with crude and false surmises. This will be my apology for the narration of an agency resulting in honor to all parties interested.

The Cherokee Indians were, as far back as the time of President Jackson, a disturbing factor in society and politics, especially in the state of Georgia, where in "Old Hickory" for a time they found a friend. It was in the interest of slavery that the tribe was forcibly removed in 1838 by General Scott to the Indian Territory. Beside an exchange of land, they made a purchase of 800,000 acres in south-east Kansas, now embraced in the counties of Crawford and Cherokee. The majority of the tribe in the Indian Territory were making progress in agriculture, but gaining only a trivial income from their reservation, the neutral lands being fast occupied illegally by defiant squatters. The Indians feared that the government would fail to protect their rights, when they became powerless by the occupation of their reservation. It was a fair tract of land with an abundance of coal. Then the railroad extension from Kansas City, south, devised a right of way of fifty miles, and a law to facilitate settlement.

Judge D. N. Cooley was commissioner of Indian affairs, and Ex-Senator James Harlan, of Iowa, was secretary of the interior. It was Mr. Harlan's judgment that the value of the land at interest would be worth more to the Indians in the present and prospectively than the title to the land, in jeopardy and without revenue.

A treaty was made with the nine chiefs called "head men", persons of business sagacity, whereby the secretary was authorized to make treaty stipulations and to sell the land. A sale was effected to the American Emigrant Aid and Land Company for the sum of $800,000, on which the company was to pay five per cent. for the use of the money. Scandals were at once set afloat by professional black-mailers, as to bribes. Squatters on the land held meetings to resist any law which would compel the payment of money, even on the land illegally occupied.

Hon. James F. Joy, of Detroit, representing Boston capital, was building a bridge at Kansas City in contemplation of a trunk line of railway southward through Kansas and the Indian Territory, possibly through Texas to the Gulf. This tract of land was on the line, but had passed beyond their control; and the late purchasers set a high price on the contract under Mr. Harlan. Andrew Johnson, no longer the "Moses of the colored man" to lead them out, would not tolerate radicals, and Mr. Harlan, secretary of the interior, resigned. O. H. Browning, of Illinois, was his successor, and, taking legal advice, abrogated the sale made to the emigrant company on the ground that time payments did not conform to treaty stipulations. Mr. Joy appeared as a purchaser for cash, in the interest of Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad, but the title of course was clouded by the previous sale, and only the courts after long delays could determine the status of the parties. Every hour of delay in adjustment attracted new and defiant settlers to the land, in dispute as to ownership.

A PURCHASE.

At this stage, and in prospect of litigation, I became interested in the purchase; it not being true that I had part in the negotiation or was even privy to the sale under the treaty. The owners held the purchase by tenths. They could not part with a tenth without the assent of a majority. Mr. Dewitt C. Wheeler, of New York, about to leave for Europe, had one tenth, paying down $25,000, and proposed a sale of his interest, and a majority of the company had urged me to take his place, which I did. This was after a full knowledge of the field notes of the land by a late survey and a private personal inspection of the tract. Becoming the agent of the company in this transaction, I called on Mr. Joy at Detroit to enjoin him from assuming any acts of ownership, but first indicated that, after years of litigation, there would be only loss for both the contestants. Well-formed as his head is for stern, legal controversy, and being then the great railway magnate of the time, he was ready coyly to listen to a compromise which was made on condition that his purchase should be officially ratified. That could be done only in the most quiet manner, and by a supplemental treaty noticed hereafter.

The following attack, enlarging into many scandals, was made in a western paper and a reply by Mr. Joy followed:

HARLAN AND GRINNELL.

"Mr. Grinnell was a member of Congress. He was also Mr. Harlan's middle man in the dealings with the Connecticut Emigrant Company, and their assigns, Mr. Joy and his friends, in the Cherokee treaty. After Browning had set the illegal treaty of Harlan aside and sold the lands to Joy, Grinnell was then the man who managed the payment by way of compromising with the Connecticut Company, and in getting the subsequent supplemented treaty through the Senate, after Mr. Harlan got back there, for which over $50,000 was paid into Grinnell's hands at one time, a very considerable portion of which, said to be three tenths, was placed at the control of Senator Harlan or his family. Grinnell is still the active middle man and lobby agent of the enormous fraud on the part of government officials. Mr. Joy played only the part of getting as good a bargain as possible from them."

In reply to this, Mr. Joy's letter is here given in justice to Senator Harlan and myself:

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.,
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, DETROIT, Dec. 30, 1869.

"*My Dear Sir:*

"With reference to the statements made by the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* relative to Messrs. Harlan and Grinnell touching the negotiations for the sale of the neutral lands, and in which allusions have been made to myself, I can only say that there never was $50,000 paid into Mr. Grinnell's hands in any form. That amount was paid to the American Emigrant Company, of which $25,000 was to reimburse it for the same amount which had been paid to the secretary of the Interior by it, on its contract, and which the Railroad Company acquiring the lands had the benefit of as a payment on its own contract. The other $25,000 was paid as being the difference in value between a contract on time at five per cent. interest and a cash contract. We therefore deemed that we were receiving full value for that amount of money which was paid that company. There was no other $50,000 paid, nor the half of any such sum, for all expenses connected with this matter at Washington, accounting everything. The money paid did not go into the hands of Mr. Grinnell, but was paid to the treasurer of the Emigrant Company. Of course Mr. Harlan did not, and could not receive any part of it from him, nor could any of his family. This correspondent is therefore in these particulars wholly mistaken. There was no money used in Washington with any authority of mine to promote the passage of the treaty. At that time we cared not enough about it to lavish money to acquire these lands.

"As to Mr. Grinnell's being the active middle man and lobby agent of this 'enormous fraud', I have to say he is not now, and never has been, the agent in any sense of myself or the Railroad Company, whether in the lobby or otherwise.

"These statements being due both to Mr. Harlan and Mr. Grinnell, you may make such use of this as you please.

"Yours truly, J. F. JOY.

"HENRY STRONG, ESQ., Burlington, Iowa."

The above states the conditions of the transfer. There could have been no successful negotiation with the chiefs or with the Indian department, if the affair had been made public.

Mr. Harlan was in his old seat in the Senate and held in honor for his personal and official integrity. He desired a settlement of the question in the interest of owners and purchasers outside the courts. Secretary Browning personally was favorable to an early settlement, aside from his well-founded doubts as to the legality of the second sale.

It was here that I entered upon the most delicate and difficult service of my life. I began at the lower stratum, after the manner of starting a coal fire. My first week's study was with the chiefs, to learn of whom to make a confidant for quiet work; not a council with speeches was necessary; the open course would have awakened an army of half-breeds, outside lawyers and agents, ending in complication and defeat. By strategy I kept "Big Indian" from the saloons, and isolated and sworn not to divulge the signing of a request. All assenting, there was but one party entrusted with the secret, viz: the commissioner of Indian affairs. Ex-Governor Morrill, of Maine, was chairman of the Senate Indian committee, and, with all his caution, came near giving away the device for settlement.

Fair as the prospect was, and for mutual interests, the long speeches in executive session to kill the treaty are known. I did not shorten them, and if a Kansas City capitalist did, it was not by my money or sanction.

In the White House there was a long hitch and actual peril. The president, I dare say when not sober, had declared the treaty should never be signed by him, and there was a rumor that his son, his private secretary, demanded so much, saying a certain sum would get the "old man's name". I was powerless with the president, I am happy to say, having no standing at the White House;

and weeks passed with no word as to the treaty. What local capitalists may have done to avert bankruptcy I do not even guess; nor will I start a rumor related to official depravity in the demand of one person, limited in means in a career of dissipation. The president was still unyielding, soured by the impeachment trial and suspicious of all.

Senator Grimes was apprised of the steps to sustain Mr. Harlan, his colleague, and of the interest his personal business friends took in the ratification of the treaty, and was slow in crediting rumors of venality and the obstinacy of President Johnson. It was difficult to impress the senator with the peril, and more difficult to assure him that he was the only man who could bring us success. A good and just status he has maintained, refusing to vote on the treaty because as a railway stockholder his road might have an interest in the neutral lands. At last, on advising with his personal friend, Senator Fessenden, he made a formal call on the president, the first since he had voted against impeachment. The gratitude of the unimpeached is assumed, also the diplomacy of his caller, who had an incidental errand—it was to inform as to the scandal in opposing that treaty, against which there were only four senatorial votes. The president said, "I hear there is a pile of money back of it, and I am waiting to see Browning, for Culbert says there are millions at stake". Grimes' answer was, "Culbert was an outside Indian, no doubt, and if your secretary is a party to a job the sooner you know it the better. I did not vote for it on account of a possible contingent interest, though not holding stock in this railroad scheme." The bell calls. Bob, the son and secretary, is summoned, and an order given to bring the treaty. it was not at hand, and there was a suspicion of theft or concealment. Senator Grimes left, receiving a pledge that soon he would hear from the treaty. What followed as to the cost of finding and securing a signature, is related to a scandalous rumor. The fact is, no one could have saved the supplemental treaty but Senator Grimes; and to him outsiders said there would have been a deaf ear, but for the favor of an anti-impeachment vote. This is history, and complimentary to the sagacity and integrity of one who was above casting his vote to secure an official favor. Angry settlers were on the neutral lands. They had, by delays, become a formidable party, resorting to law; and belligerent threats came forth in resolves. "A railroad engineer would require a coat of mail for protection; and Joy, Grinnell and Coates, might grace a tree by suspension." A more unreasoning border community bent on violence, has not been known.

I happened to be in a small town on my way to Baxter Springs, where, while the mail was changing, a band of settlers had met. They raised a stage coach curtain to say they were on the look for enemies, but guessed the men they wanted were not along. I was unarmed, and the second on their list marked for violence. It was not safe to return the same road, so bent were they on taking the life of one in reality aiding their good fortune.

On the failure of the treaty, the squatters would have been removed before the bayonets of regular troops. The first step toward a settlement was taken in appraising the lands, improved in good faith for homes, and commissioners had the protection of soldiers. These lands were choice selections and only priced at about $1.80 an acre, on which time was given for payment. The next device toward a peaceful settlement was an offer of a double price for the lands where a railroad should be built. Mr. Joy, denounced as their great enemy, soon came to be regarded as a friend. Welcomes took the place of threats, and the honors paid and homage felt were illustrated by a ludicrous incident connected with Mr. Joy, whom I am later to set in a biographical picture.

THE MAYOR BLACKING BOOTS.

We paused at Paola, Kansas, a young city in the agony of expectation, the citizens happy over Mr. Joy's arrival, and I was the "next man" who got up the treaty, preparatory to a railroad. Going down in the morning first, I returned to inform Mr. Joy how much of a lion he was, and that even the city's Mayor was radiant with smiles, ready with a coat-brush and to black his boots. "Nonsense! I'll submit to no such thing." "But that is what the landlord says, and they may have, like some of our northern cities, a very common mayor." On going down and waiting for the obsequious official, a light mulatto man presented himself with a "Fine morning" salutation, ready to give a shine. I had taken in the compound truth and joke, and said, "Mr. Joy, we are on the border, with new experiences, and among people not bred to high notions, but hearty friends and obliging dignitaries". "Yes, I see our man is here, an artist with a brainy head." "Yes and it is no illusion of mine that you are now complimenting the city mayor — I dare say as good in giving a polish as in gaining votes." The job was done, and Mr. Joy held out a quarter. "No sir! I want no pay. We want a railroad, and you are the man to bring it. It is your kind of gentlemen that I like to serve." At this point I quietly suggested, "This is more than the freedom of the city, granted by eastern mayors to distinguished visitors". Mr. Joy, still doubting, asked, "But, are you the mayor, sir?" "I think the landlord here will tell you that I had a good majority. But this was my old trade down in St. Louis, and shoemakers stick to their lasts. And this is a mighty dirty country, sah, so I hold on to de brush. Color don't go far, down in dese parts, if the people set out for sport." "Then you were elected?" "Certainly; but I ain't doing very much in the mayor business. There's not much to do, and I turn it over to a white man, so I can wait on you gentlemen." "Is that the reason?" "To tell the truth, sah, I was mighty popular. But railroad coming, Mr. Joy and other big people, I thought best to wait and serve big men, and our big city by-and-by." "Didn't you take the oath of office to serve?" "Not yet." "Why didn't you, if a legal, fair election?" "They call this a white man's country about here, and I didn't, for I was afraid they would take an appeal on me."

The laugh on "taking an appeal" was boisterous. Mr. Joy was convulsed, saying the humorous jest of the man in his fear of an appeal was up to the best stories of the jurists at the bar. In the carriage on a long tour, "taking an appeal on him" was the signal for a round of stories enlivened with the appeal episode.

The Jay Hawker tale, told by Gen. Blunt, may here be in place. This neutral land had, like the Indian Territory, been swept of food, stock and homes, first by one party, and then the other, led by Kansas adventurers, and every grade of Jay Hawkers. Their character and occupation was set out by Gen. J. G. Blunt, a bold fighter and an ardent Union patriot. The Indians and border whites were divided in politics, and their homes were alternately burnt by the foraging war parties. If there was honor among thieves, it was drawn at the line of loyalty giving absolute protection to your own clan, and impoverishing secret enemies. Where one party had left stock, goods and food, it was a sign of disloyalty, and a signal for consumption or destruction by the other. He was a hero that despoiled most, and that raid only a success which left nothing behind for an enemy.

This was General Blunt's story. The last chicken was plucked, pig roasted, and pony mounted for an adieu, when a store with colored blinds was opened, it being that of a small grocer with a stock of drugs. The tobacco and sweets were soon pocketed and coffee distributed, but what of the glass jars and jugs? Here was a test of the passion of destruction and appropriation. Jars and bottles were musical in breaking; but what of the contents? It could not be left to an enemy, and there was a scramble and ludicrous swallowing of a materia medica outfit. Salts, jalap, quinine, and everything with a whiskey component was devoured with especial avidity. "Heavens!" said he, "what have you done in your raids? Not content with the last fowl, you have swallowed a drug store!" I think he burlesqued the affair by an order that the prescriptions hereafter should be made by the surgeon, and it would be against the army regulations to swallow another drug store even to prevent its falling into the hands of an enemy.

What was this land scheme treaty to the parties? Every way beneficial. The trespassers came to have a legal claim to home and realty. From a threatening and blood-thirsty company they rose to the standard of peaceful citizens, and friends of order and capital. Their titles were perfected under the sanction of a treaty, and company warranty. A railroad, first class in all appointments, brought life where before was stagnation, although in proximity to an extensive coal domain. It was possessed of timber for ties and bridges without purchase, and had control of coal mines hitherto undeveloped for want of capital, and means of freighting. Lands were graded according to quality and proximity to a depot. Freighting of cattle from the Indian Territory and Texas became a source of revenue, and stimulated a profitable cattle industry. By a mistake in making the south terminal at Baxter Springs rather than in the Neosho valley, the franchise across the Indian Territory, by a technical ruling of Secretary Cox, was lost. A more profitable device was found in extending the road to Springfield, Missouri, and later on to Memphis, a distance of six hundred miles from Kansas City.

HON. JAMES HARLAN.

This man deserves here more than a simple defense. He has been an honored, able servant of Iowa and the nation. A gentleman of education, he was elected territorial superintendent of public instruction. Then he was president of the Methodist College at Mt. Pleasant, until called to the United States Senate, to which he was four times elected, filling vacancies and full terms.

Education and probity well equipped him for the secretaryship of the Interior, to which he was appointed on Mr. Lincoln's second term. His daughter has since married the surviving son of the president, Robert T. Lincoln, secretary of war under President Hayes, now our British minister. There was nothing held in common by President Johnson and Mr. Harlan, who resigned as cabinet minister at an early day. Mr. Harlan served several years as judge on the court of claims, and everywhere has maintained a high character. Reference is often made to a check of several thousand dollars found by a voucher, for money used in a political Iowa campaign. It came by an agent of the Union Pacific Railroad, but there was no evidence that Mr. Harlan disbursed it, or that it was used for any but legitimate odjects incident to the efforts of partial friends in an exciting campaign like that for senator in Iowa. The cry of great wealth gained while in public life is also a baseless aspersion. Mr. Harlan, after thirty years of service, had only property to bring a moderate income, and has never been charged with extravagance or speculation. Mrs. Harlan and two children died some time since, leaving the honored statesman to the company of Mrs. Lincoln, his daughter, between whom in Chicago and his Iowa home he passed the days of quiet and honored age with wide and warm friendships.

JAMES F. JOY. LL. D.

The City of Detroit has a citizen eminent in affairs, and alike noted for versatility and the youthful, firm bearing of one over eighty years of age. In his Western career of half a century the public recalls no single conspicuous failure, not even in the nomination of Blaine for the presidency at Chicago in 1884. The first of the "Plumed Knights" were sagacious as to a spokesman — one who has the fame of a financier and the poise of a sedate gentle man. It is no just reflection on the orator that (in mental lapsus) there was a mirthful pause, when on reaching the climax of praise he had to seek in *sotto voce* a prompter for the name of his hero, James G. Blaine.

It is near fifty years since Boston capitalists sought to purchase of the state of Michigan its pioneer Central Railroad. The capitalists sought the famed lawyer of Harvard, asking his efficient assistance in a draft of the contract. On this, there was a rare case of self-abnegation in commending Mr. Joy, a graduate, and equal to any legal occasion. Besides, he was on the ground and well versed in Michigan statutes. That legal service was soon rendered by Mr. Joy, and was in the line of that eminence which brought the rare autocratic prerogatives of a railway magnate, of whom it was to be true that neither chance nor charity had anything to do in future promotions. The Michigan Central was soon engaged, and the C., B. & Q., with lines into Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, numbering from fifteen to twenty; their inception mainly traced to the broad brain without a peer in repute and authority a few years since, not only in the use of capital but in delicate combinations based on the natural growth and the most sanguine predictions of the West.

The first bridge across the Missouri river was by him located and built at Kansas City — a commercial strategic key. I read a poem by Prof. H. W. Parker, of Iowa College, at the dedication. The following extract from the poem may be appended, premising that the builder's name was Chanute:

"O Missouri wild, the mountains' child,
Unfettered since man began!
You have learned to stray in a devious way,
And have laughed at the power of man.
But a wooer bold, of a mighty mould,
Your roving will shall bind;
With his girder arms he clasps your charms,
And tames your wayward mind.
Then sing of the Bridge, the first to invade
The heart of the mountain maid.

Old King Canute, he thought he was cute
When he sat on Britain's strand,
And looked for the tide to humble its pride
Through fear of his royal command;
But a wiser than he to-day we see —
Chanute, our builder brave,
Whose master brain, with Xerxes' chain,
Has bound the careering wave.
Then sing of the Bridge, the first to girth
The proudest river of earth.

Let the King of yore, on oblivion's shore,
Recline in his golden chair;
The future shall sing the railroad King
Who dwells by the Lake St. Clair.

With harvests glad the wilds shall be clad,
And a scene of *Joy* shall reach
From the land of the pine to the seething brine
That breaks on the Texas beach.
Then sing the Bridge, the first to unbar
Our way to the bright Lone Star.

Great river, flow, from the peaks of snow
A thousand miles away!
A mightier stream we see in the dream
That floats before us to-day—
A river of souls and wealth that rolls
Across the flooding tide;
Lo! onward it steams along the beams
That span these waters wide!
Then sing the Bridge, the first to stride
The glorious Missouri's tide."

A road southward toward the Great Gulf, to appropriate, under treaty, the Cherokee neutral lands for the benefit of all parties and for developing its coal fields, rich and wide, was a most happy scheme. To this was connected by sagacious investors other Kansas and Nebraska extensions in sober pace with population. Later reverses are not the sequence of his conservative management, and it is the sentiment of financiers that the compensation given a national president would have been a cheap return for his wise counsel.

Mr. Joy was a classical scholar of Dartmouth, tutor of some most eminent Americans, an advocate in the high courts, a financier, long trusted custodian of money, and prince of adventure in the West. When securing on the prairie a right of way, or when a visitor *incog.* on the border, a pocket edition of some favorite Greek or Roman classic would be found in his hand. Divert him from reading? No! So ardent were his friends, who knew of his learning and probity, that Mr. Lincoln endorsed a long and able Bar petition for him as justice of the Supreme Court. This fine compliment to the fame of the jurist found an approval at the cabinet meeting. It was then that Mr. Lincoln spoke. "I assume it is all right; but somewhere I have filed away a letter from this gentleman which I had forgotten." Mr. Joy, as executive of the C., B. & Q. Railway had, in a local legal contest, asked Mr. Lincoln to appear for his company. On a rendering of a court decision, Abraham Lincoln sent his bill, which was so large that Mr. Joy asked to have it cut down. The answer came, "Mr. Joy, no reduction!" to which there was a reply, "It is out of reason for a country lawyer to make such a charge; it is next to extortion, but I will pay it and this will end our business."

As a bird of the air gives the news, Mr. Lincoln only said, "Our would-be justice in his economic mood was rather severe on the country lawyer". The remark was followed by silence; no one made a motion. The court lost a brave, learned justice, but in the language of Mr. Joy, "I escaped routine, and an elevation which would have caused restiveness, pecuniary loss, also loss of physical vigor, now only maintained by the activities of a business life".

Thus, in service as trustee, manager, magnate, disburser of a hundred million of dollars, with autocratic prerogatives, he has escaped even well-grounded suspicion of dereliction in duty, or disloyalty to noble purposes, in the fiscal concerns of our great era of railway construction, conservation and combinations. With admiration for the youthful professor, ripening in cultured tastes, abstemious in habits, now graceful with age and the optimism of youth, I feel sure that the great scheme of a tunnel under the Detroit River, of which he has long been the champion, is certain, by his advocacy, of ultimate success. And when the Canadas shall come to us, falling gently like ripened fruit, I name James F. Joy as the minister plenipotentiary, to arrange the conditions of the nuptials and union, not doubting that his agency would be exercised with tact, probity and honor.

A TEXAS OVERLAND TRIP.

My service in the neutral land treaty came to be germane to a larger scheme in railway extension, through the Indian Territory, to Galveston, or to Bolivar's Point, deemed a better harbor on the east.

I set out on this trip *incognito*, April, 1869, with letters from the war department asking military escort if necessary. Incidentally I visited points where there was illicit distilling; yet openly I was a traveler, with an eye to railroad building in which William E. Dodge, of New York, was interested; and there were suspicions as to persons in his employ — names and particulars not public.

My company was chosen for a thousand miles of exploration, where Indians, ex-convicts, counterfeiters, and every degree of

Texas outlawry, brought such dangers that General Sheridan sought to dissuade me, saying he would rather take his chances in any battle in which he was ever engaged, than trust his life on such a trip. I was to go; and did, unarmed. My company of five was reduced to one, on hearing of assassins and murders. It was Major John Delahoyde, who had seen years of service in our war, and bore wounds as the marks of service, who was my sole companion, though he, too, deemed army campaigns not so perilous as this journey.

In the course of this journey, we found the doors were without locks, and dogs, numerous as they were and energetic with fleas, seemed too stupid for alarm; and we slept only by turns in watching, for there was a suspicion that spies, neutral land avengers, were on our track for robbery or revenge. There was more than a suspicion. The mail stage refused to take more than one of us; the other, to divide the load, was to go by another conveyance. I took the first hack, the other to follow. After some delay it did not start, and the major engaged a buggy and driver at almost the value of the horse, and followed. I was in the company of one of the most desperate of the border ruffians, and on a by-road I was to be an easy victim. A stop on a false pretence was made, and I was about to conceal myself in the thicket when my companion came in sight, with a horse able by rapid driving to go faster. I left my company fortunately, waiving hack fare and compliments. There was a plot, and the hotel people, back thirty miles, expected only to hear of murder; and an officer was even indulging a hope of fees on the return of the driver and his accomplice. It was then I recalled Sheridan's caution, and only realized the good fortune in my escape when at Red River the military commandant gave an opinion that it was a close call, on a route where so many adventurers ended their lives or were never heard from.

At Fort Gibson I spent Sunday. It is a delightful location on the Arkansas river, and assumed importance as a military post during the war, with fine store-rooms now empty, and a neat white church with columns facing the public square. My hotel lady was a queenly half-blood who took no sides in the "wah", and entertained me with stories, little regarding Sunday, which she held to be as good as any other day. "A heap of people used to go in thar — it is Piscopal now; nobody owns it — mighty fine." I asked if there were not enough to fill the church. "Laws, yes, but no chaplain, and travelers don't often stay over. The wah ruined everything." The street porcines were numerous and active, stirred by hunger. Soon a mother swine appeared with a large litter of pigs in her train, walking up the steps and passing through the door. Venturing the remark that if numbers made a congregation there was a good start—"That is nothing", said my hostess, "stragglers and the drinkers make the seats a bed, and may drop some crackers which the hogs will eat". A couple of hungry goats soon went up the steps to compose a mixed gathering, and the swine came out of the other door in a race before their pursuers. They were not more than in full possession before a lank, belligerent-faced dog entered the church, and the bleat of distress and the bark stirred my curiosity to look into the church, so attractive to the animals. Billy-goat had taken to the pulpit, and his ample horns resisted an assault in the canine push for supremacy. Another herd of swine came on in the rear, to enliven the scene in a Sunday tableau. It was a ludicrous scene, and the sacrilege led me to interpose; and, before my cane, pigs, goats and dogs retired in the order of their entrance with reluctant speed, while I both mused and laughed over the animal incidents—a most impressive lesson on the wastes of war, and the decline toward barbarism of one of the most beautiful of all American regions, in a clime "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile".

In my travels I recall only one parallel relapse toward barbarism seen in the occupation of a public building. In 1853 I was figuring on the value of a tract of land (forty miles west of Hannibal, Mo.) which by the map was near Marion College, to which our family had made a contribution of money; and this institution was supposed to enhance the value of our land. Nearing the spot as laid down by the map, I made inquiries, but got no light. At last I directed my questions to a polite colored man, who wanted to know what a college was. It was a brick edifice I was sure; and he said, "You turn down such a road in the brush and you will see a mighty long house". The college was found after a short ride. What a campus! Tall weeds had sprung up where the plough had been, and open windows indicated vacant rooms and anything but a seat of learning. We hitched the horses to a tree, and resolved to go through a Missouri college. The doves, frightened, came out from the upper story of a long brick edifice, in great numbers.

Nearing the door, or the place where there had been one, out rushed a flock of sheep from the lower story, where they had quarters in an escape from flies and heat. The waste by slavery I had only read of in old Virginia. Here I had seen a new state driving out northern enterprise, clinging to barbarism, and a spacious college building vacated by students, and only of value as the home of brutes, enforcing the adage that "no grass grows where the devil dances".

The journey continued, was not barren of incidents, after crossing Red River, the northern boundary of Texas. Reconstruction had not perfected society, and the great need was the revival of muscular inspiration in the towns. There came from every corner the ejaculation, "The d—n nigger must work". It would leap to my tongue, "Suppose you set him an example or give the courage of a partner." At Sherman, Texas, the military held a check on a populace mad on loss of slavery and belligerent by the use of poisoned whiskey. The country in nature was rich and inviting to farmers, but with a drawback in bad roads, the worst I had ever seen. I paid just twenty-five dollars for a hack ride twenty-five miles, from Sherman to McKinney, and my livery man had the worst of the bargain, exhausting three teams and giving the service of a day and a night, dislodging mud from the wheels to make locomotion possible. It was my first experience with "hog wallows", the dread of southern travelers. They consist of holes apparently made by scooping out the earth from a few inches to a foot in depth, leaving no sod to hold up a wheel, and clay soft and like paste in its adhering qualities—holes and hills to be passed through and over.

My journey was at the wet season, and seemingly crossing the swollen and roaring streams lengthwise. At Dallas on the Trinity River, the ferry-boat made a trip of miles to reach the high land on the shore. The weariness and monotony of the journey by hacks and stages southward from Kansas City for twenty-five days, was only relieved by my escapes, and by tales of robbery and the crossing of "dead lines", the haunts of assassins and the witness of daring defences by drivers, the voluble historians of escape and tragedy.

Contracts to carry mails with celerity and safety were not made. I could forego a dinner or breakfast to jump on a pony, to get a view of a flock of sheep, and hold a brief chat on wool-growing with the shepherd, which I reported to Hon. Henry S. Randall, of Rochester, the most able writer on sheep husbandry of our time. His compliments are not material, but my predictions as to wool-growing in that country and the need of care with flocks, have been more than verified in poor results, due to lack of care and the delusion that wool is a "raw material", which will not soon find an echo in an official message after 1888. Nearing the terminus of the railroad, then at Byron, one hundred miles north from Galveston, there were hours of ecstatic expectation. The boom of the age in locomotion can only be appreciated after snail-like movements for weeks, and attendant fears, aches, delays and night inhaling of miasma, contrasted with safety and celerity, inspiring the sentiment of Saxe — "Bless me, this is pleasant riding on a rail."

The scream of the locomotive heard in the distance was a friend's welcome, and the headlight hurrying in a race after it was like the shining of a good deed in a naughty world. It was a truthful engineer who said, I kissed the steam box, but I was not a crazy man. Not an earthly object, so said the reporter at dinner, save woman, seemed so comely and lovely in promise of ministries to a weary, forlorn traveler. Houston, a city of twenty thousand people, had, by a mayor and council, tendered me a dinner, on the rumor that I was a *protégé* of railway capitalists; not the first time that fictitious heralding has brought notoriety. The only incident related to this affair, was my excuse for leaving before the last glasses were drained. I apprised the mayor that the citizens of Grinnell were supporting a lady teacher in their schools, and I was to visit her. "I regret the occasion, but I do not know the lady." It was only by a call on several colored drivers that the location of the school-house was learned, and I was driven to it. Approaching the church turned into a school-house, I saw a row of colored men leaning against the building. I should not have known pupils from sentinels — many in faded American blue coats — but for a book in hand. They were voluble, and rivals in the service of introducing the white man to "missus". An accomplished lady made me very welcome, having been advised of my visit. What a school-room and how ludicrous the position of the occupants! A juvenile row of spellers were toeing the crack, everyone barefoot. On benches the pupils were at full length. The elevated pulpit platform was covered with sleepers, black, yellow and dubious shades, like mosaic in color. An apology was soon made for the position of the pupils in slumber—that after a walk of from two to six miles to the school, there was weariness which forbade study without rest. The success of these schools is a high tribute to the teachers from the North, socially ostracized by white people. Returning to the hotel, I recounted the incidents of my visit to the mayor, who was surprised that we were educating colored people, in charge of a lady of whom he had never heard. "I will call upon her," he said, and did, to appreciate her service and lift the cloud of social neglect. By hearty, yet not quite official recognition, he brightened the days of a stranger engaged in the good offices of a teacher, in the line of service under the Freedman's Bureau.

Galveston was the city on the Gulf, putting on the airs of a mistress without a rival in the state. It escaped from the burdens of civil war, and the discouragements which clouded so many in commercial pursuits who were waiting on northern capital and enterprise, which, however, up to this date has neither been appreciated nor always rewarded by fair returns from liberal investments. The last days of April were most oppressive with heat, and a breeze at night from the Gulf the most refreshing cordial I recall on many journeys. The wind was welcome, though furious, and the novelty of the morning view was a vessel, full rigged, in one of the main streets, driven there by one of those storms common on the Gulf. Bolivar Point, by reason of bad title or official silence, was not the great natural sea-port, not even a rival to Galveston, with deep water and natural harbor. My errand of observation, relating to a bonus held out by a railroad corporation, was restricted, yet I left for New Orleans after a gathering of facts of use to other parties and with a large accumulation of valued experiences.

MEXICO.

It has been my fortune to travel in all parts of the western United States and Territories, and to Mexico. To the land of the Montezumas I went in part for health, but chiefly as one invited to go on a tour of observation. Some notices of the social, industrial and agricultural condition there in 1887, with an estimate of President Diaz, and a visit to Protestant missions, may have more than a personal interest.

The country has an area twenty times the size of New England, and the grand mountain, burning Popocatepetl, rising three miles with his white crown, fills an American with wonder. My nearest view was from the ancient Chapultepec, three miles from the city Plaza. It is a fortress in nature, girded by art and beautified by all the skill of arboriculture, decked with memorials of the ill-fated Maximilian, on whose couch I leaned, with a tear for Carlotta, the ambitious bride, giving room to the young wife of President Diaz. Blessings on his reign! He made me welcome where he dines in state, and I bore away a bouquet from the spray of the fountains where Montezuma wept three hundred years ago.

The city is mainly of adobe buildings, giving little indication of such luxurious life as I found at General Frisbie's, and other eastern-born and western-reared gentlemen, whose fountains, flowers and paintings are a reflection of artistic tastes and generous hospitality. The city is in a basin 7,000 feet above the sea, but is to be drained, under Colonel Harris, an American engineer, at an expense of millions of dollars. One can linger long in the cathedral, the largest on the continent, and nearly a hundred years in rearing. In the museum and art galleries, all the gods in stone have a place for money, as plain as the channel for the flow of blood from the "sacrificial stone", which, by tradition, had an office for hundreds of years, and on which millions laid their heads for sacrifice. Mexican painters have not held a high rank, but there are traces of genius on the walls, and no doubt it is an honest portraiture of the generals and presidents, some of whom I have seen in Washington. Juarez has a strictly Indian face, and answers to our martyred Lincoln as president and friend of good order and progress; honest, and for the last thirty years no friend of a state religion.

Oh, the cloud that hung over Mexico for three hundred years! What slavish toil, blood and death were in religious despotism, for which so many millions now nurse their hate. The priestly livings are gone, but a thousand cathedrals are occupied by the Catholics at the will of the President. Indeed, in rides of two thousand miles, I estimate the cost of the churches more than that of the homes of the people. Yet there are lessons we can learn from the inhabitants. They post your letters at once in the sight of all. The car and hack service is swifter, prompter and costs less than in the United States. The policeman is never, save by an alarm, more than fifty feet from his bright lantern in the center of each street corner. Of drunkenness and violence in the streets I saw none. In fact, in the interest of labor and sobriety, they close up the beer-saloon at six o'clock P. M. Their hand-shaking, bowing, embracing, is not mere fashion, but the spontaneity of a race only waiting for a free religion and an elevating civilization to take that high place of which so many of the land of Cortez gave promise. A new era dawned with the introduction of railroads, six years ago, and no passenger has yet lost his life in traveling over them.

I should have larger hope for the Republic could there be a colonization upon the rich, well watered lands. Hundreds of thousands of acres can now be purchased cheaply. Then our better methods of labor, rearing stock and making cloth, would be a study and inspiration; brute muscle would be in service in place of slavery, and the way would open for an introduction of the Protestant faith.

The best of American horses are driven or ridden in these streets. Cattle are seen in great droves on the plains, where new, fresh blood will be infused from the north; and Mexican sheep, white and fat, will be crossed for wool, where good pastures abound and mutton is the popular food. Swine are almost unknown, yet I have seen a fair specimen held by a string in the hands of a Peon, while grazing. I saw fifty-seven yoke of oxen in one field, at pronged wood ploughs, drawing by the horns, yet steel ploughs are coming. Coal and iron ore from Durango are to meet, that money may be made in mining, food better cooked, and a new civilization known. Man has yet to do his part among a people, active, artistic, brave and devout, where God has sent balmy air, grand scenery, a soil rich in producing good crops of corn for hundreds of years, and the finest grass, not one blade in a thousand used for food.

Mexico, as I have seen it for 1225 miles, is mainly dry and sterile, yet never out of the shadow of mountains and of the grandest scenery of the world. The valleys are rich and have two crops a year. Beans and corn are the staple food, the latter soaked and rolled by women into paste, which is eaten by Peons — four-fifths of the people; coffee being their drink, or pulque, like milk and water in color, and having, say, four per cent. of alcohol. The laborers live on less than seven cents a day, including their cheap soup, sugar and coffee.

The mining towns, of which there are more than 100 in Mexico, are full of life — street railways, elegant riders showing off the finest of American horses under the saddle, and gay families in the glitter of jewels and rustle of silks, in great glee, in coaches, this city of Mexico furnishing the climax — a full view of show, gayety and squalor. The laden donkeys are quite as numerous as the laborers you pass — all courteous and civil in the profusion of hand-shaking.

The power of the Church is broken, and since Maximilian was shot, the Catholic usurper, religion has been free, and the advances for twenty years are a marvel. Dr. Butler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is a representative Christian laborer, with our townsman, Rev. Samuel F. Craver, with his accomplished lady and two boys, at Queretaro, a city of 40,000 people, 150 miles north of Mexico. He is florid and stout, and you may guess the welcome by a noble son of Iowa College, and missionary of manly devotion, to the only person from Grinnell greeted at his home and foreign residence for twelve years! The Mexican adobe house of the family — property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has as much room as the elegant residence of his brother, Charles F., besides school-rooms and chapel under one roof, with open promenade on top and a court with trees and flowers in the rear, all barricaded by the custom of the country with bars, heavy locks and huge doors — on two or three occasions of service, to repel fierce and angry religionists, now quiet, in sullen toleration. This house is not unlike an *hacienda* — farm-house — barricaded, with port holes, like castles and cathedrals, all evidences of fierce barbarisms and fear of hostile invasions.

I attended a chapel meeting, where dogs in concert, martial bands in the street, and the peal of loud cathedral bells could not drown the quiet voices of Protestant singing of Mexican girls in "Hold the Fort", etc., nor break the solemnity of a circle in prayer. Mr. Craver has some seven preaching stations, and in rearing churches and in missionary labor has rode this year 12,000 miles. As I named rest, and yielding for a time to younger recruits, the reply was, "No! A visit would be pleasant, but this is the place of duty if separation from home costs us tears of regret. It is better to follow the Master and die among these people, long degraded and the victims of bigotry, than to accept ease and refined society in Iowa." This is courage and devotion which shamed me, and what amend can we make for our coldness but to send, at least, dollars to cheer the hearts of the devoted in this rude society where an American cheer and vernacular has almost a benediction.

The city has 40,000 people, street cars, but not any more business than Grinnell with 4,000 people. It takes for the daily potation thirty to forty barrels of pulque (their beer) from the cars doled out around the floral-decked Plaza and fountain; but a limp mail boy brings the letters for a capital city, and there is only one bank near this last city of refuge for the ill-fated Maximilian—shot twenty years ago by the liberals after being cut off from food and water, having impotently declared the death of any orator, or soldier, that opposed his reign. The mockery of his career I found in the Mexican museum—a carriage—the gaudiest of earth, a huge bust, and the Emperor in oil, full size, on a blooded steed.

Mexico—beads, bulls, beggars, burros and banquets, have been minor studies, all overshadowed by the country as God made it, in an air of balm, soil rich, and mountains to kiss the sky. The best as the worst of society is here—say one-tenth seeking power—civil or ecclesiastical; another tenth pleasure any way, and 10,000,000 eager for a bare animal existence, nominally *free*, but bound to the soil by the bigotry of priests and the poverty of serfdom—yet some very good. But all are rising under the iron ruler Diaz, the visitation of railways, American enterprise and devoted Christian teachers—only one where hundreds could work, perhaps with earlier results in Christian colonies engaged in manufacturing and on the soil.

I attended a dinner, in honor of Americans by the American colony of the City of Mexico—a grand spread, where we sat three hours, in honor of Thanksgiving Day, nursing the loves of the two republics. President, mayor, minister of war, U. S. Consul Moore, bankers of Kansas City, generals of both republics, warmed with the flowing cheer and clink of glasses; yet there was decorum without excess, only less joviality than at our annual banquets. My part was only a minor one at the feast of the gods—a toast and tribute to the liberality of Americans, spending one hundred millions of money to reach this oldest capital of America, fragrant with the aroma of the flowers of the tropics—a profusion which recalls the fairy tales of childhood and a mirror of Eden, the garden of the Lord.

It is asked, what of Diaz, the president? We shall look to him in vain for high, moral restraining force. He is virtually an uncrowned king, while the constitution confers a ballot for president. The June election, 1888, revealed that he has no rival; for the press has one voice, re-echoed by the army of forty thousand, taken up by miners and railway capitalists, favoring even despotic powers to avert the wastes and woes of anarchy. He manifested a diplomatic turn in taking for his bride the young daughter of a Catholic official. A lawyer, he gained repute at the bar; in the field, the honors of a leader in battle; and he drank the dregs of want as a fugitive while chieftains thirsted for his blood. No ruler of our times has been taught in so many schools of adversity, and I confess admiration for the political wisdom of an Indian of unmixed blood. If plunderers and assassins in the evening are shot at break of day, it is to promote order and give that rare security to life and property, especially railway property, in Mexico now enjoyed. If the army seems large and costly, it is an economical device to prevent the cost and waste of revolution, which would be destructive to credit and to a wise system of internal improvements now attracting immigration, and soon to bring coal and iron ore together, insuring domestic fabrications for the miners, and hardware-making, that there may be here more of the comforts of home. His rule is not measured by the area of an American state, for Mexico is a hundred times as large as Massachusetts. A homogeneous people are not his subjects, but those vexed by European rule, princely adventurers, American rascals of low degree on the border, chieftains of the blood of Cortez, and the large majority of natives, only for thirty years released from under the yoke of slavery. If he wins the stranger by the suavity of a real gentleman, he has a broader claim to the regard of his people by the compulsory education of the children of the republic — a late enactment by the local government of a city of three hundred thousand people, where a supreme presidential voice insures personal safety and protection to property equal to that enjoyed by us. Of my other journeys, to every Western state and territory — once with a memorable company to Yellowstone Park and to see the silver spike driven on completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad — I have no time and room to write.

CHAPTER XXV.

Grinnell Quarter Centennial Celebration — Silver Wedding — A Sermon on Sermons — The Home Library — Tribute to a Life's Companion — Money Making — Words to Children and Grandchildren — Memorial of Faith.

The first quarter centennial of the founding of our town occurred in 1879. It was computed that there were 10,000 persons present — a park full, cheered by bands of music, and the scream of locomotives. There were social feasts which our people are famous for spreading, making bountiful contributions from the larder and farm, and the best and rarest fruits from many lands.

The late venerable C. F. Clarkson, of Des Moines, gave a grand address on the western advances in the last twenty-five years, and in special compliment to a model town that has no timber, coal, water power, nor a central county-seat location.

It became my office to draw a picture of the changes since the surveyor's lone red flag was planted where it was predicted there never could be a city, by reason of wind exposure and other disadvantages. Then we were found by the Indian trails; now we are reached pleasantly riding on the rail. The deer in herds, whose haunts I disturbed by the grove, are scattered, and prowling wolves no longer howl at night. Walk about the brick blocks, colleges and churches to discover the American spirit, content to draw from the earth by husbandry the luxuriant grains and comely farm-stock. The wide, unshorn prairie garden has given place to homes of taste and business blocks, where tradesmen make facile exchanges with mechanic and farmer, replenishing stocks from the industrial centres of the nation.

Jubilation over material progress did not alone invite the long joyous shout. There was felicitation for intellectual and moral advancement. The roll-call of school pupils whose presence levied a tax on parents only, was ended. A payment to education was no longer assessed by the affluence of a patron in the number of children, but rated by the acres, stocks and money. A state public school policy had made education to the poor as free as air and sunshine.

Hear and answer! I said. What house in our township has gone up in flame during the last twenty-five years? I recall none; do you? No answer. A college building was burned by the neglect of a student, and a mill by fault of an engineer. Who of all our citizens has occupied the county poor-house? I know of none so unfortunate. "None!" was the response. "None of us rich, yet not objects of public charity."

We have in later years a jail for suspects, tramps and the vicious; but have one of our number looked through the bars? Proud I am that I am oblivious of one exception — one who here had birth or domicile. He escaped. "Too smart to be caught," was the response. Not one of our people has worn the stripes of a criminal in our penitentiary. Far are we from claiming to be a people without common passions and temptations. What, then, is the great secret of exemption from society ills? It is the inhibition of a saloon, never tolerated in our city. Had it been, I could not have challenged you to name the victims of crime. I should not have asked you to look at these homes of taste and comfort, a community strong in moral affinities, saving hundreds of thousands of dollars which dram-shop licenses would have sunken. It is a moral and social status which is the pledge of a still brighter halo encircling our homes when our semi-centennial shall be observed by our children, who, let us hope, will not omit just praise for the virtues of their fathers, acknowledging the Divine hand which led them here.

SILVER WEDDING.

The second notable occasion of home festivity was a Silver Wedding celebration, Feb. 5th, 1877. There was a spontaneous inpouring of citizens and friends from neighboring towns and several cities, on special trains, making an aggregate of one thousand guests welcomed at the Home, of whom seven hundred partook of a banquet at the new hotel. On this occasion, Prof. L. F. Parker, of Iowa City, on behalf of the guests, presented the very numerous silver and other gifts, and made an historical speech; poems by Prof. H. W. Parker, then of Amherst, Mass., and by an Iowa College graduate, S. Henderson Herrick, Esq., of Grinnell, were read. Conspicuous among the gifts was a Wooten's patent extra grade desk from citizens of the town and officers and employes of the Central railroad, of which gift the recipient in response spoke as "a Centennial product and wonder with one hundred compartments, that may serve a like office to the fortunate user, in business facility and order, to the one hundred gates which gave protection and renown to the city celebrated in immortal song".

It is gratifying that the fairer of the two recipients of this ovation received deserved compliments in the speeches made, for her well recognized worth. As for the other, without recalling to his disadvantage the story of the preacher who boasted that his service cost the people nothing, and was answered that perhaps it was worth nothing, the following volunteer toast from Mr. John W. Cheshire may be quoted as showing that some gratuitous services are recognized as such:

"Here is to the citizen that gave a town for education, ground for a 'college-green', and a cemetery for the dead; a preacher without pay; a university and bank president without salary; president of the State Society of Wool Growers, with the honors of a competitive sheep-shearer at the festival, and paying the awards; of the State Horticultural Society chief officer, gathering by proxy the fruits of the orchard, securing the national medal and award for Iowa, and meeting the bills; a lawyer, waiving fees to make settlements and friends of litigants; lecturer and occasional orator, as a merry pastime; projector and president of railroads — only reward given, cheers, resolutions, and an occasional walking cane; spurning combinations to put him in the national Senate, or a governor's chair; a liberal Orthodox in church; an enigma in politics; a devotee to pure blood in animals; a pardonable weakness for the fair and a teetotaler in habits. From silver goblets on this silver wedding day, here's to your health in the cloud-distilled, fashionable beverage of Grinnell."

A SERMON ON SERMONS.

A sermon is a religious discourse with an inspired text. I have many, uncounted, perhaps equal to filling the traditional barrel. They will not find a mention by will or codicil. There are also skeletons preserved, very dry bones of discourses which can never be "clothed upon", but rather left unused, like a last year's bird nest scorned by the robin or the swallow; all the material is there for an incubation, but the wise bird prefers a new nest, at once sweet, strong and plastic.

To me all sermons have value if the products of the preacher's best thought, and begotten of an inspiration to instruct and persuade to a new and higher life. My ideal was the picturing of Christ as an exemplar, and enforcing truth by drawing on the infinities of two worlds for motives. I was averse to the sermon of a century ago, long, turgid, then hortatory by fixed method, joined to the seeming inexorable spirit of a criminal court judge, pronouncing sentence. We have escaped the penance of a cold church and the elongation of a catechism recital. A dictatorial pulpit where there is no permission of debate or denial is an affront to the pews, if not an impertinence. Minute exegesis involves as a rule a muddle, raising doubts. Where before there was credit given to King James' scholars and the new versions, now incredulity is begotten by a clerical critic, who, instead of anchoring, has driven out at sea on theological breakers.

Party politics are without the range of a Sunday sermon before an audience of diverse opinions, but such politics do not monopolize great principles. No denial of political preferences, held by the man after a minister, is manly, for he is never less than a man; he has the prerogatives of a citizen. An essay is not a sermon, nor is an exhortation alone the full measure of expectation and demand. Debate with man or his theory, as an antagonist, is an eclipse of "the faith once delivered to the saints". It involves pride in victory and that ambitious personality which begets praise.

The sermon of to-day should reach and attract the uttermost. Good people become auditors from a sense of duty, and since the great Preacher came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, his successors may be imitators. The modern model sermon must be soul speaking to soul, not only through the voice, but also the eye — the window of the soul wide open, not possible in reading. It must be a message without an apology, from the great King. It must come with a fervor which arouses all the forces by gesture and emphasis, and with directness, "thou art the man", calling out the responsive confession, I am the man. Abstractions are not enough, nor excusable, when the wise use of current facts and providences can be made to intensify religious emotion and awaken hope. The falling sands of the hour-glass are no longer the measure of a discourse. It is the quickened pulse of the century, the condensing of decades into years, which is the foe of prolix reasoning, and the friend of condensation. A mild essence once met the demand, now it is the quintessence. Dynamite supplants powder. Brevity in story, editorial and preface, becomes the demands of the day. The ideal sermon of thirty minutes is extemporaneous in language; a pendulum of hope which vibrates between a smile and a tear; love the basis of persuasion; figures of beauty and sublimity inspired by the subject; the solemnity of an ambassador from Heaven's high court — the impersonal sermonizer awakening, convicting, by light, power, Divine afflatus. The greatest result of a sermon is the response, "I will arise and go unto my Father". A sermon is a plea, not doubt, denial or apology.

Is this caricature — the dialogue of the clergyman and traveler? Says the minister in pain and surprise, "I've lost my portmanean". Traveler responds, "I pity your grief". "Oh," says the clergyman, "all my sermons are in it". This was the traveler's reply, "I pity the thief".

I recall how, like a bad boy, I slept or smiled from the old church gallery, when a strange minister read from leaves dimmed by age, wanting in a fresh suggestion; yet not a sleeper, or exchanging glances with rude girls across the gallery, when the minister through his eye had a message — an appeal, a sermon for "to-day".

Once, in after years, I was caught without a note or a thought of a sermon, by a congregation asking supply from me, a stranger. I resolved to open the Bible and lean on the Inspirer of all good sermons. My eye struck these words — "Truth shall spring out of the earth and righteousness look down from Heaven". I put into use earth in its teachings, and the order of the planets with their rays of light, glowing and more refulgent in study, the mirror of a Maker, whose glory is reflected in his Son, more attractive than the sun of the universe to those waiting his beams. If there was a want of order, there was a heartfelt rhapsody in appeal which did not tire; and not the educated men alone in the audience said, "Good, you never want a line written". That was only once.

When preaching in New York I exchanged with the late Dr. Patton, of Hartford, Conn. Only at my late retiring did I discover that with some car traveler I had exchanged satchels — no pulpit suit or sermon, and I advised the elder Dr. Patton of my loss and that he must preach. "No, no, I will get you a clean collar, and you can take a text like this — . . . ." There was no evading, and he said, "Better than any sermon you lost". The evening audience was a compliment in numbers and attention. From a heart reservoir I drew, and they were not essays, but living sermons at least.

THE LIBRARY.

In my early home, so far from a library, there was a shelf and that not loaded. With my first little book there was a nucleus for a cherished hope and ambition, a library. It was in my house plan, here on the prairie, and in the grove I selected the best trees — black walnut. I beheld the logs sawed, and guarded as a treasure what came to be a room elegant in finish, and so ample and pretentious that Governor Grimes spoke of enterprise beginning a town with the finest library room in the state. Horace Greeley at my table, pleading against the demolition of the pioneer cottage, and for an addition, said, "You will never want a better room; far better than I ever owned or expect to own". He, as a guest, drew a diagram, and saved me from the blunder of building on a spacious plan, which I shall not forget.

For the owner of a library able to boast of elegance, allowing only the use of keys and no removal, there is respect, but not the emotion awakened for the florist who is profuse in bouquets to visitors as the best gifts of his heart. My library had no guard. To it the people have found a welcome. It has been deranged, out of order, and we have met losses. There are broken sets — an odd volume of Kitto, a fine one of Shakespeare, and others are missing. True, they can be replaced, and the cost may be better than the denial to others of use and inspiration. For the bibliomaniac there may be excuse, in guarding his old and rare editions, but there is none for the library owner who only wins praise for the bindings, and for the cases. My esteem for the gardener with the ugly dog at the gate, and my regard for one with volumes which he deems to be for show, is on an equality. He who said "welcome" to his library, when I had none, was a friend to me and my children. I crave for them a library, but I shall deprecate the fear of loss which denies loaning. The great Father has made a free library of worlds, to be the grand study of all minds, even the humble and the poor.

MOTHER: A WORD TO MY CHILDREN.

The portrait to be left out of "Reminiscences" is certainly not your mother's; and all she has been to us is better known by the ministries of thirty-eight years than by any pen-delineation or portrait. Of my early romances I have given no details, but it is fitting you should know that this is my matured Bible conviction, "A prudent wife is from the Lord". While endeavoring to found a Congregational Church in Washington, D. C., I preached in the First Church, Springfield, Mass., Dr. Osgood's. Later I sought the aid of his senior deacon, in whose home I was entertained. It is truer than romance; it was the woman from the Lord who opened the door of a plain, spacious, brick house, in the shadow of a century's growth of elms. The welcome was that of a true lady, you can guess. How little had I to do with this meeting? What had she who became your mother? Nothing. There are records of an epistolary correspondence without a hiatus or cloud — an antenuptial disproof of the adage that "the course of true love never runs smooth". It did once.

You know I think myself to have been one of the most fortunate of mortals in the family and the simplicity of my bride — every year adding a golden link in life's charmed chain. All that she has been to you and to me I could not tell you, enjoying the affluent affection of one who has made us all the happiest of mortals, emitting a fragrance in the household by the ministries so long a solace. It is my testimonial that you my daughters have received from your mother the best example and benedictions of a home life, whatever from him who can use no language flattering or even in just compliment to the voyage of thirty-eight years of experiences made blissful. Each fifth day of February since 1852, recalls plighted love which time ripens, and which it will require an eternity of years to unfold.

MONEY MAKING.

The writer remembers that he was early disgusted with a sordid passion for money, corroding like a canker, or, to change the figure, making an immortal to become like a stagnant pool, rather than a clear stream from a charmed reservoir of power, waiting for a dispersion to gladden all around. Wealth, as an end, is criminal, but gained as a wayside flower in a noble career, it is to be prized for use. A miser has a poor repute in this world and will find no eulogist in the next. There is no secret in being rich. Industrious saving, hoarding and compounding interest, tells the prosaic story of a life closed usually with a tearless funeral. The richest persons, save those by inheritance, have as a rule, sacrificed cardinal virtues, and cultivated only negative virtues.

I could have been rich in dollars, adding ciphers on the right hand of my figures. By lucky purchases and favored associations in business, I might have been the envy of neighbors, and the recipient of many thousands annually, requiring for the last will a frequent codicil. With injustice to no one I could have taken for my Iowa land purchase twenty-five thousand dollars (from which the College gained several times that amount); that at compound interest would have been, assuming that I could otherwise support myself, two hundred thousand dollars. Unallured by public railway enterprise, in the Iowa Central, I could have saved, from a loss, with interest, of twenty thousand dollars. In the surrender of sheep contracts, on the wool collapse, there would have been twenty thousand. Much in gifts I could have withheld, with no loss of respectability; and the amount saved by refusing endorsement and indulgence to others, would have been a large sum that, lost, must be added to a retrospection of verdancy, perchance with an unseemly boast of kindness that came by heredity and not by cultivation.

If there are regrets for incapacity to do what dollars would accomplish, there is a reflection that I have not worshipped the golden calf which many of my cotemporaries have set up far from the echoes of Sinai.

With exceptions, the dolts of this age who strike for money, as an arrow goes from the bow to the mark, have large estates. But, some inherit thrift. Hence, there is a related question — What of the succession? The children of wide-awake God-fearing ancestry have every advantage in the line of example and heredity. I was reminded in reading the history of Roxbury, now a part of Boston, that the rich and stilted names were gained in the royal line of a chance sterling few; also reminded that my ancestor on the maternal side, John Eliot, could be mentioned in no words that can be held extravagant in commemoration of his virtues.

If these statements should not be of use as a mollifying ointment in binding up the wounds of regret, it is yet a true explanation of the fact that my pioneer work brought only a competence. It is certainly a solace that yearly I have released from obligation some unfortunate dependants. I would not push out the homeless; I could not unfeelingly make a levy of costs for the poor, nor use the courts for gains. The last year I remitted for the family of an old friend hundreds of dollars; to parties on the frontier I have relinquished my rights, if not to insure the praise of the widow and orphan, yet to keep a good conscience. I dare not say there has been no absolute yielding to temptation in the strife for gain, but I commend to all who come after me an avoidance of the meshes of the law plots which are the occasion of boast. Thus am I a believer in the philosophy that only kindness, fair dealing, even charity to the poor, is the way to that true wealth not attained by the misers, who forget the relations of a Christian people in building up an elevated society and cultivating cardinal virtues of our religion.

So, at the going down of my sun, with regrets in the memory of so few kindnesses, I can commend a small estate gained in the way of Christian citizenship as more to be envied than a great one amassed for show, personal pleasure, or by extortion. The good which one has kept and that bestowed upon self may be loss, and bring reflections to embitter the last hours in reminiscence, while gifts in charity and to churches, and little regard for show, furnish pleasure rather than an occasion for apology.

THE GRANDCHILDREN.

Our natural love for kindred has, of course, no virtue. I have regard, even a heart overflowing with affection for the grandchildren, but did not know its depths until this time of reflection in sickness. This moves me to dictate some thoughts retrospective, and amounting to convictions.

I have seen the ups and downs, individuals rising into heroic men though born in humble life; also the stilted on the backs of ancestors of renown, or rich in dollars by bequest. I have seen pretension and masquerade of superiority, only clothed in the rags of fallen royalty with few to pity for the issues of indolence. These had less concern for the future than the animals that lay in store for winter, without the instincts leading the fowls of Heaven to seek a winter home. That want is a blessing, I do not say, for that is not the heart's choice in the love we bear to those who come after us. Still, it is not romance that poverty is the good angel hovering over the cradle and casting a shadow on our way, to be brightened by toil. Let that blessing be only brief on the road to competence and honor. Let us escape the delusion that only the poor know what gratitude is, and that they only are the honest. The temptation of poverty I do not covet for any, nor a surfeit of riches to beget a denial of the great Giver of all; rather the product of saving in ways of self-denial, to avert slavish dependence and want incident to poverty. Nature's demands in perils and the weakness of decrepit old age are realities. Pride is the twin beggar of want. Perhaps less entitled to relief is pride than the victims of calamity. It is out of fashion to save; yet what but unreason to squander earnings or heritage to become a companion of the sluggard, begging in vain in harvest.

A great delusion of the time is, that most of those who are envied came to their estate of honor or wealth by smart trickery. A student by deception of his instructor brought high markings; duplicity insured voters; and hard bargains great wealth, whereas it is a life-lesson that all out of line with probity and justice is loss in the final result. A tainted reputation is more than a canker to the tongue and rust to money; from such a character society should flee as from a viper or as when in the vicinage of contagion. A professional "trader", alas, is the prey of the tempter as a rule. A place hunter who must rise on the depreciation of rivals, has achieved only a cheap, brief honor, nothing for his children in the royal line of heredity. Sleight-of-hand performers are for "one night only"; tricky buyers, sharp lawyers, misleading courts, enjoy only ephemeral success, becoming a company of despised conspirators, savoring of hypocrisy in deeds which late repentance can only extenuate — not fully atone for.

I have seen the literary plagiarist — how proud until discovered; the doctor famed by the professed cure of a malady, when the specific disease was only a myth; the lawyer with the plumes of a fraud in plea; and shyster, hard even to impoverishing widows and orphans, rich by estate settling, with almost ghoulish glee over the fat pickings of the dead. Their repute was a worthless veneering. They preferred the false fruit golden to the eye, but ashes to the taste—the foretaste of dregs from the cup of woe, which I fervently hope none by me known and regarded may drink!

Then open honest gains—no dagger hidden for the dark curtain of night, but becoming what we wish to appear on the road to success by fair, frank ways. Let there be decoyer for the fish, a trap for a bird, but never brutality in use of strength or finesse or fraud in dealing with rivals; only the love born of the Great Exemplar, and holding precious the words, "that mercy I would show to others, show thou to me!"

MEMORIAL OF HIS FAITH.

Mr. Grinnell left for his children a dictated expression of sick-room experience, which will remain to them a precious memorial of his faith. In this he speaks of the dread of the disease which fastened upon him and the final liberty from fear which he gained through the thought of how little he was suffering in comparison with the Saviour. This is the memorial in full:

So, my children, the religious trust of my parents, so far from being a delusion, is my joy and trust. For you all I wish broader acres, a larger bank account and honors; but the commendation of a life of virtue, mingled with gratitude and trust in the great Father is worth more than all. The garment of my profession I can not make white. Thoughtless words may never be recalled, but a confiding trust in my Saviour I express with the pleasure of one who has received so much and can leave with cheerful trust kindred, the church, my country and all in the hands of that Providence who, I believe, will never leave or forsake his own. Then in the last words, confidingly, the Bible is our guide, providence a study, Christ the exemplar, who will bring inconceivable joy, even in hours of pain; and if at last there should be a delusion there will be no regret that I was sent forth on this mission, but pleasure, with a dying breath to mention my Saviour, the world's captain, a physician for the sick soul and His example to be a perpetual study and imitation. I know these may be mere words, but they express convictions; they may want the enforcement of life but they are the honest thoughts I would have in association with an unworthy life; and the only sermon falling from my lips for which I crave a remembrance and heed by those who shall ever care to inquire, "What did he do? What did he become? And to what did he aspire?" Ah! that I had a gift of tongue to leave a conviction of what I feel. Ah! that if spared days in the encounter with disease I may give a new test of my loyalty to Christ; that it may be a reassurance that houses and lands and all earthly goods are of trivial concern contrasted with a fitness to meet and worship with the King of glory through all eternity.

APPENDIX.

The circumstances of Mr. Grinnell's death, the addresses at his funeral, and the subsequeut memorial meeting, together with a few testimonials by persons not present on these occasions, are here appended:

Hon. J. B. Grinnell died last night at 10.30 o'clock. The sufferer was in a chair and leaning forward on a pile of pillows, apparently sleeping restfully. His attendant, Mr. Newman, said he was resting better than he had for some time. Mr. Grinnell awoke and said he was free from pain, speaking in a firm voice. He could not be induced to lie down and died in his chair. He was conscious to the last. Mr. Grinnell had been in failing health for about two years, from bronchitis and asthma, with intervals of release from suffering, in which his energy of character at times carried him beyond his physical strength and aggravated the relapses. Professor Jones, of Normal, Ill., and Mrs. Grinnell were at Mr. Grinnell's side when he passed away. Mr. Grinnell was fully conscious of his approaching end. He passed away without suffering.

Mr. Grinnell was married Feb. 2, 1852, to Miss Julia A. Chapin, of Springfield, Mass. They had two daughters—Mary Chapin, now the wife of Rev. Dr. D. O. Mears, of Worcester, Mass., and Carrie Holmes, now the wife of Professor R. D. Jones, of Normal, Ill.—*Iowa State Register*, April 1st.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

The citizens united in doing honor to his memory. The restless, tireless spirit of the city's founder beats for her no more. His soul has gone to its reward; his own unostentatious spirit of generosity will live on. It was one of his requests that there should be no mourning for him—quite in keeping with his public life—and the ordinary symbols of mourning will be omitted. No robing in black at his death. He has gone where is joy and comfort and peace.

The funeral was held at the house at 2 P. M., a small number being present, and all arrangements under direction of R. M. Kellogg, a long and trusted friend of the family. The exercises were brief, consisting only of a prayer.

Then the funeral procession took up its march to the church. It had been preceded by Gordon Granger Post G. A. R., a very graceful and appropriate thing for the post to do. Then came sons of early settlers, the active pall-bearers, followed by the honorary pall-bearers; after them the relatives and friends. As the procession passed down the church aisle Professor Kimball played on the organ

Beethoven's funeral march. In appropriate places in the church were seated the mayor and city council, officers and directors of the various banking institutions, the college faculty, trustees and students. All available space in the church was occupied by friends, the city seeming to have turned out *en masse* to do honor to the memory of its founder.

Prayer was first offered by Presiding Elder T. B. Hughes. Rev. J. F. Heilner announced the opening hymn, "Shall We Meet Beyond the River".

Mr. Tenney then read a few selections from Scripture and proceeded with the opening address, giving his personal impressions of Mr. Grinnell's individuality and character. Among other things he said: First, he was of an essentially poetic temperament. His conception of things was not simply as they are, but as they might and ought to be. He caught the ideal in every situation and with the ardor of glowing hopefulness set about attaining it. This element characterized his writings and public addresses. His thoughts, tinged with poetic glow, rushed out into expression sometimes faster than logic could arrange them and sometimes they seemed to mingle in inextricable confusion, but almost invariably they emerged in some telling climax that justified all that had gone before. There was a real Carlylian strength in his style when at his best, and many times his grasp of the situation in public speaking, and the aptness of his illustrations and telling quality of his humor, gave him striking oratorical power. This poetical element showed itself in his deeds. Seeing what ought to be done, he many times attempted what to cold prudence seemed impossibilities, and his courage and hopefulness carried him through to successful issues where a faltering, distrustful man would have made utter failures.

A second distinguishing characteristic was a large-hearted generosity. He thought not only of his own things but also of the things of others, yea, many times he seemed to forget about his own that he might think and care for others. This element made him a man of notable public spirit. He lived for his state and town, for Iowa College and his Church. Their reputation was as the apple of his eye; their prosperity his highest earthly ambition, and for their interests no personal sacrifices were too great.

And this same spirit he carried out in his relations to individuals who needed his help. There is an unwritten history of personal helpfulness to multitudes in his life which would prove him to be in the largest measure a lover of his fellow-men.

In his religious thinking he would be considered progressive rather than conservative. He held unflinchingly to the grand essentials of the Christian faith, but he was nobly tolerant in his attitude to every sincere searcher after the truth. He was ever ready to welcome the new light which was "to break out from the word".

In his personal faith and hidden religious life he ripened in these last years of experience, and evinced a humility and simple trust which was an inspiration to all who came into contact with him.

He left for his children a dictated expression of his sick-room experience, which will remain to them a precious memorial of his faith.

After Mr. Tenney had closed his address, Rev. Wm. Wright announced the second hymn, "We Shall Meet Bye and Bye."

Professor L. F. Parker, whom Mr. Grinnell had asked several years ago to give the address at his funeral, then gave a biography of the deceased, speaking eloquently, tenderly of his hopes and his fears, his struggles, his aspirations and his successes as a cultured, refined man and as an enterprising citizen. From the address we extract one passage and the conclusion. "Naturally, as the magnet draws iron, once here he could not be unseen or unheard. The first waves of population had flooded in from the south and the southern portion of the free states west of the Alleghanies. These pioneers were all along our rivers, through all our groves, brawny men, industrious, hardy and fearless as Daniel Boone, often more unfriendly to abolitionists than to slavery itself. Eighteen hundred and fifty-four was memorable in Iowa for the large inflow from the more northern and New England states, for the distinct political issue of opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and for the election on that platform of James W. Grimes to the governorship. It was the state after Mr. Grinnell's own heart. The beauty of its ocean-like prairies was fascinating to him, but most fascinating of all was the industry, the intelligence and the aspirations of its people. Its possibilities seemed boundless. Into the discussions of 1854 he dashed as Sheridan flew where bullets fell thickest. It was his introduction to the state. Thenceforward his name was a household word in all our Mesopotamia, his colony an object of widespread interest. His facile and felicitous speech, quick repartee and measureless energy were in demand in all campaigns, and his profound thought was called for in official life. He was made state senator from 1856 to 1860 and was efficient in all the better legislation of the time. The fair historian of all interests will be compelled to write his name more than once in the legislative progress of the time, for example, 1858, the Iowa school legislation.

* * * * * *

Of our friend's life from 1850 to 1870 I can speak with the perfect assurance derived from daily conference and confidence. During that time the town seemed more than his lengthened shadow. There is but slight figure of speech in the statement that it was the man himself. More than one man not in harmony with his central purpose was advised to move on; those who remained were quieted both churchward and collegeward by contrast with him.

Wieland once said of the German poet Goethe: "Since the morning I first met him my soul has been as full of Goethe as the dewdrops of sunshine." In that elder day Mr. Grinnell's magnetic personality so impressed strangers through the state that he who took his hand or heard his speech could not forget him. It was natural, then, that we who were in daily contact with him should soon learn to second all his thoughts, his plans at home, and to make him on all occasions our chief representative abroad.

Those who have met him only in the late years, when disease was sapping his wonderful vital force and making it less possible for him to take an active share in all our multiplying interests, can scarcely appreciate the universality or the stimulation of his earlier presence. Those of that time will cheerfully accord to him a greater influence toward all that we most value in town life than to any other; some of us would say more than to all others. It was then obvious indeed that he who would carry any public measure must first secure our friend's co-operation. Even if his plan did not seem to some of us quite the best, his personal effort would certainly make it the most feasible.

In church influence and church building he was not limited to externals. In addition to his early mass of business affairs he was the first and long the only pastor in the town, and always without compensation. His preaching was always fresh, fraternal and hopeful. It was fresh, for it had the tone of the West about it, of the newest West that was growing up about us. He talked little of the condition of the Jews, more of the work of the early Christians, but most of all of the things done and to be done there and then. That preaching was eminently brotherly. His religion and his expression of it was largely, very largely philanthropic. Truth came to him as it has been said to reach the mind of the late Dr. Goodell, of St. Louis, from sympathy rather than by a painful process of learning. He was humane because he was so thoroughly human. He found duty in benevolence, in good willing, in thought and in practice. His words impelled to all generous kindness, his acts attracted to it. The bereaved, the sick and the unfortunate always expected to hear his quick coming footsteps and were never disappointed without imperative reasons. It was no strange thing for groceries, a pair of shoes, or even a stove, to be ordered at the salesroom, or sent to those in want from his own home. With such preaching in our pulpit and such practice out of it, help and self-help was very easy in those days in our little community.

And do you who have come to us in later years wonder now that our preacher was so influential; that his preaching was helpful? The preacher seemed to adopt Pope's maxim in our community life and to assume that "whatever is is right". Complaint on his lips was strange; praise was easy. In turning to the future, both near and remote, it was the radiant side he saw. Henry Ward Beecher once told his congregation that whenever he wanted to study the doctrine of original sin he studied them. Whenever our first pastor wanted to study the basis of terrestrial hope he studied himself. On that deepest tablet he found the one word "hope" written, boldly written. He repeated it to us in ever varying phrase and never varying confidence. He believed in us and in our future until we, too, dared to believe in both. His hope was contagious, victorious, everything vanished before it. It filled the place with happiness and harmony.

The college has ever been the object of his highest hope and of his most constant effort. It was in his New York plan, in all arrangements here before Iowa college became our own, in his successful effort to try it here, and in all his later thought. If the name of the givers and of the agent who received the gifts were written on all donations of the college, his name and that of his family would have no parallel in library and cottage and college building. Blair Hall stands to-day, and long may it stand, the one great monument to his greatest success in obtaining a single donation for a college building after the tornado.

The entire city voices its memory and its gratitude to-day. The city flag at half mast, words of the city council, the resolutions of the business men and their closed doors, the silence in our school-rooms, this great assembly, and not least of all, the request of the "boys in blue" to be permitted to bear this sleeping dust to its final rest, tell how very near our friend came to the common weal and heart. The soldier never had a better friend than he, the town cannot have a nobler benefactor than he who launched it, trimmed the sails and so long held its helm.

Yonder park may yet bear some formal monument, but to him who would see him completest we would say, "Behold! the town itself, Grinnell in its material form, its educational institutions, its moral life." His face and his deeds are photographed on grateful hearts here and elsewhere. His beneficiaries in ordinary want and in the tornado disaster bless his memory and some have welcomed him on the other shore. If we should utter a word here of sympathy with the kindred bereaved, we should say that we who speak and we who are silent feel most like taking our seat by your side as largely the partners of your emotions. Our brother gone would not have you wear a badge of mourning for him; he would not have us remember him with tears of pain. Privilege and duty alike demand that we should permit his life work to be an inspiration and his hope to be our crown of joy. It is a rich legacy of joy, it will remain a ceaseless benefaction to us. His sickness was long and at times through agonies worse than death. He closed his eyes at last under the clouds and in the night. Morning came to us and it was golden sunshine. Light came to him, and it was the radiance of heaven.

"Beloved dust, farewell,
Hail, beloved brother!"

At the close of Professor Parker's address Dr. Magoun alluded briefly to his acquaintance and friendship with Mr. Grinnell. He said it was in 1848 that he first met Mr. Grinnell. He was introduced to him at Dubuque while a Fourth of July celebration was in progress. He was at that time, as he always was, a demonstrative, enthusiastic man. He grasped every situation and made the most of it. His young heart was buoyant and full of hope. In the employ of the American Tract Society he was the most useful man ever engaged by that great truth distributing organization. He could see more people and say more in a day than any man he ever knew. He was a herald of light and truth to the early villages of Iowa and Wisconsin. It was at that time and while riding over this western country that he first conceived the idea of a moral educational town to be founded somewhere on the open prairies — a place that should be as a beacon light for all far and near. It was some time until he met Mr. Grinnell again, but afterward he saw much of him, and it was his good fortune to become intimately associated with him in carrying out some of his great life thoughts. He had often thought that in that first meeting he had learned to know Mr. Grinnell as well as he had learned to know others in years of acquaintanceship. The frank, easy, open and spontaneous nature of the man left nothing hidden after that, to him, memorable meeting.

After giving these facts, Dr. Magoun paid a beautiful tribute to the noble Christian life of his friend and fellow-worker. It was full of eloquence and pathos, and left a deep impression upon the audience.

The closing musical selection was "Gathering Home", soprano solo by Mrs. Geo. M. Christian. It was one of the most touching things of the afternoon. The beautiful words, rendered so faultlessly by the gifted singer of the city of Grinnell, went home to the hearts of all, and many eyes were dimmed with tears as the words "One by one" fell from the singer's lips.

The exercises closed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, of Iowa College. Hundreds, if not thousands, filed past the flower-laden casket, and many lingered, showing how hard it was to part with one who through many years had endeared himself to all.

The warm weather followed by the cold spell of the night before had left the roads in a practically impassable condition. It was thought best not to drive the hearse or any carriages to the cemetery. The members of Gordon Post, G. A. R., volunteered their services to carry the bier all the way to the cemetery, a distance of nearly a mile. The offer was accepted, and the old soldiers, for the love they bore him while living, with bowed heads carried the burden. Nothing showed more tenderly the devotion to the good man, the noble pioneer and distinguished citizen who now lies buried near the city that will perpetuate his name. — *Grinnell Herald.*

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

The following Sunday afternoon, in the Congregational Church, was given to memorial services of a free, spontaneous character in honor of Mr. Grinnell, of much more value in testimony to him than any formal exercises. Familiar speeches, full of reminiscences and warm tribute, were made by Rev. T. G. Brainerd, Col. S. F. Cooper, H. G. Little, Rev. J. M. Chamberlain, J. P. Lyman, Prof. J. Macy, R. M. Kellogg, Mr. Clark (son of an early settler), Ex-President G. F. Magoun, D. D., Prof. R. D. Jones, Rev. D. O. Mears, D. D., of Worcester, Rev. H. M. Tenney; letters were read from Ex-Governor Larrabee and Mrs. President G. A. Gates (in the absence of her husband East), and resolutions of condolence by the Gordon Granger Post, G. A. R., the preamble of which says of Mr. Grinnell: "In spirit he was always with us and for us; the fighting for the Union was not always done at the front; there were enemies in the rear, and the moral conflict was not less than the physical."

TESTIMONIALS.

Resolutions by the Grinnell Board of Trade, by the directors of the Savings Bank and the First National Bank, and by the Faculty of Iowa College, testified to Mr. Grinnell's worth and pre-eminent services; also by the executive committee of the State Temperance Alliance, of which he was a prominent member and officer.

In a published interview, Hon. Charles Aldrich, of Webster City, Ia., legislator, and formerly Chicago editor, said, "I believe that he did more with voice and pen to make the resources and advantages of Iowa known in the East than any twenty other men." Postmaster Brandt, of Des Moines, said, "He was a grand man. Foremost in every good work, he has been a mighty force in the moral, intellectual and material history of Iowa, and to his influence we owe much of our proud position."

Rev. James L. Hill, D. D., of Medford, Mass., editor of *The Golden Age*, and former student of Iowa College, wrote:

"Iowa's present greatness did not happen. Let us cheerfully accord honor to whom honor is due. . . . I remember most vividly of all the patriotic meetings in which Mr. Grinnell was the chief speaker during the war. Since then I have felt the cradle of liberty rock. I have heard the best American orators in Faneuil Hall, and Gladstone and John Bright in impassioned addresses in parliament, but it was no such event to me as when the eager, expectant citizens at Grinnell came together in the church to give evidence at the slightest touch of the magic orator of the depth of their pent-up emotions. For the sake of brevity let me only catalogue three out of many things I would like to number for which the citizens of Grinnell owe their founder never-ending gratitude.

"1. He honored the church and its Sabbath in the eyes of the whole community. It will be impossible for me to forget how he held up to public scorn any man in the colony who had not respect enough for the Lord's Day 'to get up and put on a clean shirt and go to meeting'. He did stand up manfully for the decencies of life. He did create a sentiment in favor of respectability. By reason of his words and influence the hard-worked somnolent farmers would in harvest time direct their teams, followed by playful colts, toward the village church. If no one else would preach he would preach. Our preachers dealt mostly in 'canned goods' in those busy days; we thought we were honored to have a sermon preached to us that by its local allusions had evidently been inspired by the occasion.

"2. It was worth a lifetime to have given such testimony to temperance. Those of us who, since graduating at the college, have resided in places that have no scruples, even about license, see with great distinctness how far in advance of his time was the man who so many years ago laid the foundation of a prohibition town in the remote, unbroken West. His influence made it impossible to traffic in intoxicants upon those acres. His spirit has touched thousands who from that municipality have been called to a life work in other communities.

"3. He is remembered by us for the encouragement he gave to labor. Some of us who were working our way through Iowa College, without ever receiving a dollar from home, cannot forget the inspiration of his words. When we read Robert Burns' poem 'Is There For Honest Poverty?' we would get an incitement that only words from J. B. Grinnell would surpass. On the Fourth of July, at the celebration on the Common, he would drag us up on the stage and make us frightened youngsters honor the American eagle. We for a few bewildered moments would forget how ill-dressed and tanned we were, and go home resolving that we would by dint of study and practice make ourselves worthy of the recognition he had given us. Having great facility of speech himself, acquired by long years on the platform and stump, he was merciless on those who would not try.

"If all who love him and honor him had been allowed to follow his bier the line would have reached the cemetery long before some who composed it had left their town. He was an unselfish man. He was a public-spirited man. Currents that were set in motion by him have changed the course of many a life. His imagination was quick, his sympathies sensitive and strong, his wit ready and his sense of pleasure always alert. It was like an instinct with him to be in good cheer. The sight of a multitude would kindle his whole being. He had a great capacity for genuine good fellowship. He was an age maker."

At the 35th Annual Meeting of the Congregational General Association of Iowa, 1890 (making it a rule to attend as Mr. Grinnell did, notwithstanding his many occupations, and present on this occasion though an invalid), he summed up his life work and aspirations: "The soil was consecrated to temperance, education and religion, sending forth lights which we pray may never be dimmed; and may these successes be an augury and prophecy of the conquest of our beloved Iowa for Christ."

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